Notice to Reader—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on the notice, mail the magazine and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No wrapping—no address. *A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster-General.*

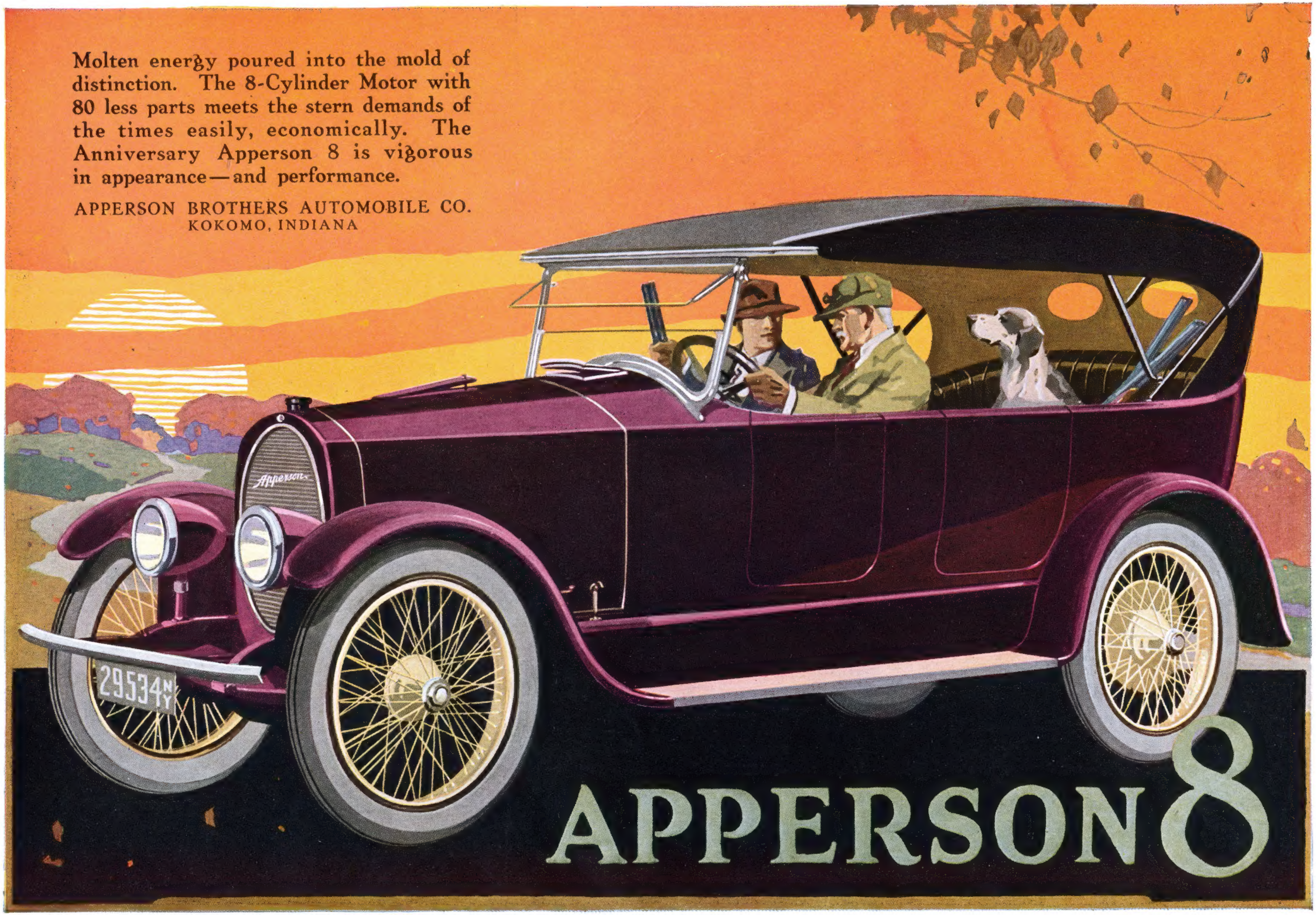
Everybody's Magazine

October 1918

20¢

The Execution of Cavell

Brand Whitlock



Molten energy poured into the mold of distinction. The 8-Cylinder Motor with 80 less parts meets the stern demands of the times easily, economically. The Anniversary Apperson 8 is vigorous in appearance—and performance.

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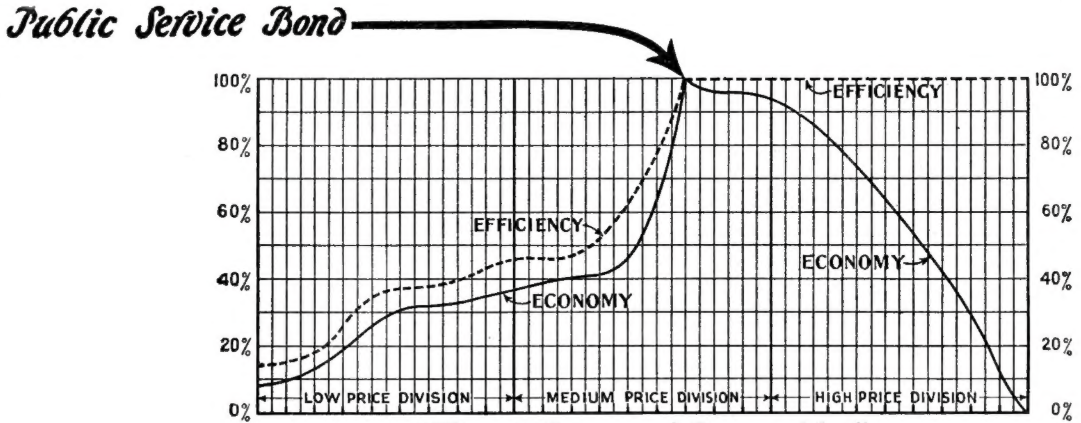

"Where Efficiency and Economy Meet"

PAPER buying should be standardized. Today over sixty-five grades of Bond Paper are stocked and sold. Figure the range of grades in the merchandise that you manufacture, or that you buy or sell. The situation is out of reason. Undoubtedly four or five grades would cover the ground.

The chart above plots the curves of efficiency and economy in Bond Paper for business stationery. The curve of economy follows that of efficiency until both reach their peak. There is little economy in using a paper too poor to represent your best interests. The total cost of a letter, including stenographic labor, with a low average for dictator's time, is well upwards of twenty cents. The cost of good paper over the cheapest is about a quarter of a cent per letter. To jeopardize the success of an entire investment in order to shade on an item amounting to less than 1% is low efficiency.

Public Service Bond is at the point where, for business stationery, efficiency and economy meet. Equal efficiency is maintained in the costlier papers, but the curve of economy drops rapidly away.

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Buy your Business Stationery on a *Definite* Basis

Many of the largest industrial corporations in America have adopted Public Service Bond as their *Standard* for business stationery. It is eminently a common sense paper, purposely built to carry business messages. Every necessary step is taken in its manufacture, but no unnecessary steps. That is why it costs less than other adequate papers.

We shall be glad to send you samples of Public Service Bond and to supply any further information that may help you to put your paper buying on a definite, safe basis. We would also suggest that you ask your printer, lithographer or engraver what his experience has been with Public Service Bond.

TAYLOR-LOGAN CO.
PAPERMAKERS
Holyoke, Massachusetts

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 4 OCTOBER, 1918 Vol. XXXIX

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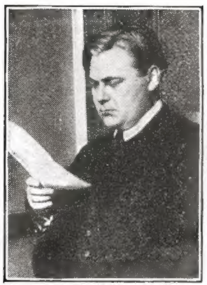

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DON MARQUIS

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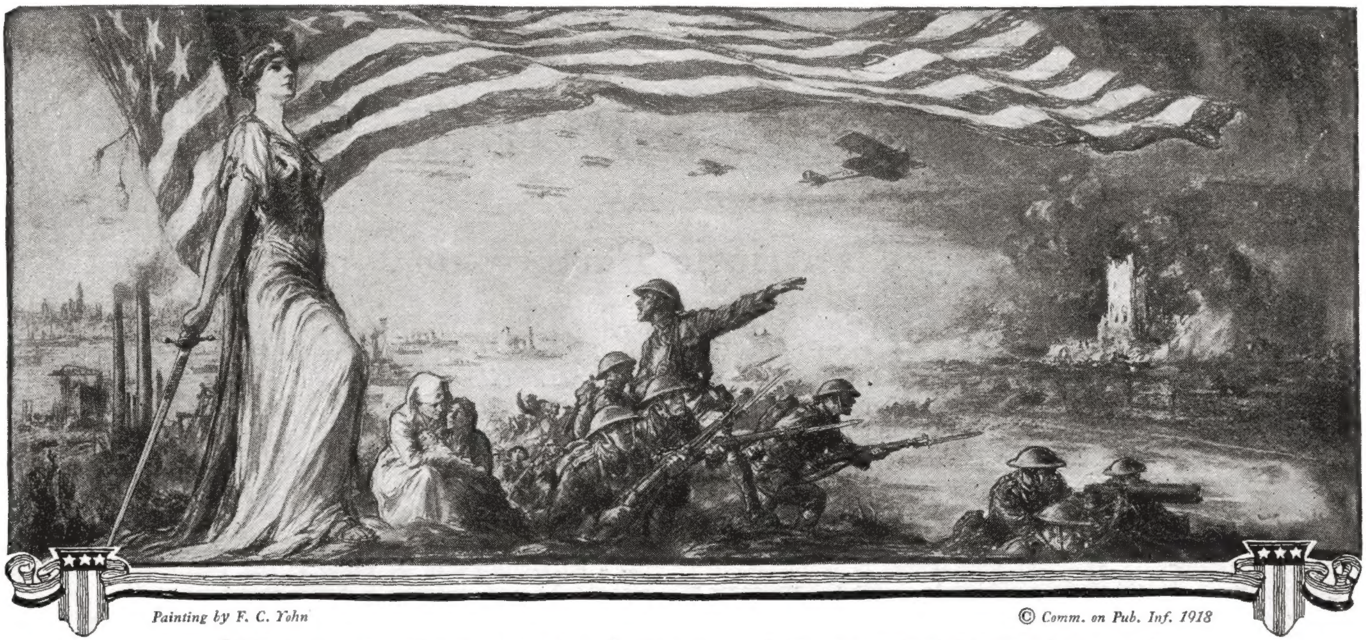

Painting by F. C. Yohn

© *Comm. on Pub. Inf. 1918*

"AMERICA'S ANSWER"

Second U. S. Official War Feature

See our boys go over the top at Cantigny!

GENERAL PERSHING himself sent to this country the material included in "America's Answer"—the second Official Government War Film.

See our boys building a 3-mile pier in a French port; assembling American locomotives, baking bread—each loaf stamped with the company's trade-mark.

See huge heaps of Yankee shoes being salvaged—quantities of worn-out underwear being put in shape for our boys by motherly French women; American motor trucks swung off ships and freed from their crates by Austrian prisoners.

See American soldiers going over the top at Cantigny—the French tanks and flame-throwers in action—the capture of German prisoners.

This stirring war film is a fitting sequel to "Pershing's Crusaders," which is now appearing in thousands of motion-picture theaters throughout the country. If it hasn't been shown in your town, ask your theater manager to get it.

* * *

ANOTHER feature-picture every American will surely want to see is "The Bridge of Ships"—a two-reel film telling a graphic picture-story of the ship-building achievements of the U. S. Government.

* * *

ALSO look for the Official War Review, a digest of current activities of the American, French, British and Italian troops on the Western Front. Shown each week at your favorite theater.

* * *

IS YOUR BOY *over there? Or perhaps your brother or husband?* Do you want to see how he is living—what he is doing and how he is doing it? His life in the new environment is vividly portrayed in these impressive war films prepared by Uncle Sam for the folks who have to stay at home.

"Thrilling"—
"Colossal"—
"Wildly Enthusiastic"—

New York Sun
"Beside real films of this sort, efforts of cinema directors, however thoughtfully conceived, pale into comparative insignificance."

New York Times
"The music, the tableau and almost every scene of the film brought forth cheers."

New York Herald
"One watching that picture feels that he is actually in the battle."

New York Telegraph
"There is a thrill in every foot of film."

New York Journal of Commerce
"Given before an audience which was wildly enthusiastic."

New York Commercial
"Portrays as no other medium has yet depicted the colossal magnitude of our war preparations. Many questions are at once made clear in the thrilling picturization."

New York American
"Really this is a representative picture, in which the fathers, mothers, families, and friends of American soldiers may rejoice."

The exposition of Captured War Trophies will be held in the leading cities of the United States. Watch for announcements.

Presented by

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, George Creel, Chairman

Through the Division of Films, Charles S. Hart, Director, Washington, D. C.

With
EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

A Patriotic Partnership

OUR Government, through the agency of the War Industries Board—Pulp and Paper Division—is devising a number of measures with the wise purpose of husbanding the paper supply of the country. The idea, of course, is that reduction of the consumption of paper releases labor, coal, machinery and other factors which should be working one hundred per cent. to win this war.

We, as publishers, and you, as a reader of EVERYBODY'S, can and will, of course, do our best to make the program a success. To do this we must assume a kind of joint responsibility—form a sort of "for the duration of the war" partnership to carry out the details.

Naturally, it was easier for the War Industries Board to communicate its plans to us than to tell them to you individually, for you run into the hundreds of thousands, while one postman does for us. The Board probably guessed that we would pass the word on to you anyway, so here are the recommendations in which your interest and responsibility coincide with ours:

(1) *Subscriptions to be cut off at date of expiration.*

We both anticipated this request a number of years ago and can be rightly surprised that it has still to be made of other folks.

(2) *All copies or exchanges with other publications, for advertising, for publicity, or for anything but cash, to be discontinued.*

Perhaps you have been one of the small number of folks who have been receiving copies because of advertising, reviewing for newspapers, or for other reasons which seem sufficient in pre-war times, but now tabu. This is war time, and we shall both know how to forego the little prerogatives of the old days.

(3) *All sample copies to be limited to one per cent. of total circulation.*

We don't see why even one per cent. should be allowed for sampling, do you? That is over three thousand five hundred copies—roughly one and a half tons of paper per month. Why force its making?

(4) *Low or nominal subscription prices to be discontinued.*

We have already agreed on that between us. There are a good many thousands of people—confirmed "price" hunters—the type that would not buy a life-preserver in a wreck at sea except at a bargain. They are not among our subscribers. They never paid their way with magazines or advertisers, and, personally, we are glad to see that the Government is not going to let too tender-hearted publishers waste any more white paper on them.

(5) *Selling subscriptions in combination with other periodicals at less than seventy-five per cent. of the publishers' price of each to be discontinued.*

Our combination subscription price with our big sister, THE DELINEATOR, if you are interested in that, will require, when you renew, an additional twenty-five per cent. per year—unless—and this is quite probable—subscription prices of both publications are advanced to two dollars instead of the present one dollar and a half, in which case it will mean another seventy-five cents for the two.

(6) *The weight of paper in publications to be reduced to lowest possible limit.*

Here, for the present at least, we are both doing our part for the Government. Some months ago, in the interests of good business, we began to make, and you to buy, a magazine fully complying with the weights now set by the Board. If they are made lower we shall both be good soldiers.

(7) *Consideration to be given to the possibility of reducing size of type, and any other means to save pages.*

For over two months our experts have been experimenting with types and make-ups which would allow us to offer to you a book of the same volume of contents as this, and which would at the same time materially conserve the paper supply. We know that you will agree to any move we may make to comply with this request of the Board.

(8) *Returns of unsold copies from news companies and other selling agencies to be cut to not more than ten per cent.*

Here, too, our partnership must be a working partnership, although we are pleased to tell you that most of the work has been done. For months our returns have been around fifteen per cent.—extremely small for a national publication on sale at perhaps thirty-five thousand news-stands—so the reduction to ten per cent. will be no task for either of us. It simply means that if you are accustomed to buy your copy of EVERYBODY'S at the news-stand, you ought to place a standing order for it. Then we will print only enough copies to fill the orders of news-stands, plus our subscriptions. If you do not place a definite order with him your news-stand man will take no chances, will underorder, and you will miss a copy of EVERYBODY'S and we will miss a reader. The worst of it is that probably no paper will be saved even then because we shall already have printed *your* copy in the belief that you wanted it just as you wanted that of the previous month.

IT IS in the brimming measure of your appreciation of our magazine—an appreciation reflected in the fact that at a typical news-stand one hundred and seventy folks are buying EVERYBODY'S at this writing where only one hundred bought it a year ago, a gain of over seventy per cent. in our readers from this source—that we have found our power not only to comply promptly and fully with the Government's win-the-war request, but also, in doing this, to continue producing for you a magazine of steadily increasing worth.

We have been enabled to carry out our determination to disregard the cheap-reading-matter folks we mentioned, to aim only at those who, like yourself, whether a news-stand buyer or subscriber, are willing to pay your way, and thus to offer our advertisers—also paying their way to secure reader attention—an exceptional clientele. And on the material side it has permitted us to retire the last of an issue of five hundred thousand dollars of bonds which were in the hands of the public, including perhaps yourself, and to close our books in June with the most satisfying six months we have worked through in several years.

There is, we hope, in this simple statement of our position, convincing evidence of our ability and intention to serve our Government and to serve our readers.

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith"? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Division of Business Education

Dept. 4210 119 W. 40th St. New York

Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly)

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name..

Address..............................

....

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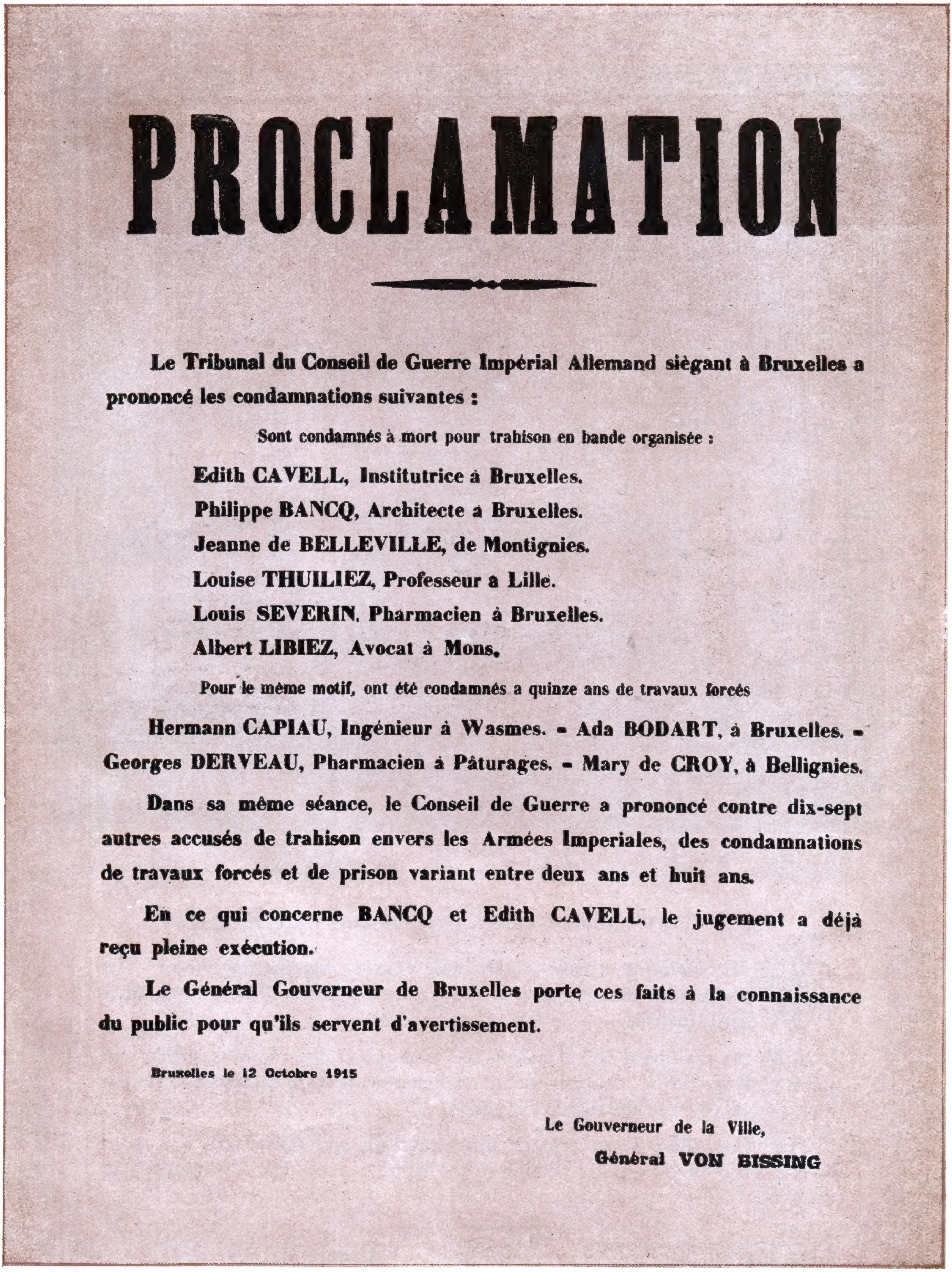

PROCLAMATION

Le Tribunal du Conseil de Guerre Impérial Allemand siègant à Bruxelles a prononcé les condamnations suivantes :

Sont condamnés à mort pour trahison en bande organisée :

Edith CAVELL, Institutrice à Bruxelles.
Philippe BANCQ, Architecte à Bruxelles.
Jeanne de BELLEVILLE, de Montignies.
Louise THUILIEZ, Professeur a Lille.
Louis SEVERIN, Pharmacien à Bruxelles.
Albert LIBIEZ, Avocat à Mons.

Pour le même motif, ont été condamnés a quinze ans de travaux forcés

Hermann CAPIAU, Ingénieur à Wasmes. - Ada BODART, à Bruxelles. - Georges DERVEAU, Pharmacien à Pâturages. - Mary de CROY, à Bellignies.

Dans sa même séance, le Conseil de Guerre a prononcé contre dix-sept autres accusés de trahison envers les Armées Imperiales, des condamnations de travaux forcés et de prison variant entre deux ans et huit ans.

En ce qui concerne BANCQ et Edith CAVELL, le jugement a déjà reçu pleine exécution.

Le Général Gouverneur de Bruxelles porte ces faits à la connaissance du public pour qu'ils servent d'avertissement.

Bruxelles le 12 Octobre 1915

Le Gouverneur de la Ville,
Général VON BISSING

The poster announcing the death-sentence of Edith Cavell, with five others, for "organized treason." The last two sentences read: "As regards Bancq and Edith Cavell, the sentence has already been fully carried out. The Governor-General of Brussels brings these facts to the attention of the public that they may serve as a warning." See page 18.

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"Only a few minutes, Dolly, and my bath will be ready"

THE bathing of a child is the most exacting test for any soap. The tender skin instantly detects the presence of free alkali or any other harsh material.

It is this test multiplied several million fold that proves the mildness, purity and safety of Ivory Soap. Ivory is used in nurseries everywhere because it never has been known to cause the slightest irritation.

To use Ivory Soap is to enjoy a delightful bath and toilet, with the added satisfaction of knowing that nothing in the lather is even remotely injurious to the skin.

IVORY SOAP.. .. $99\frac{44}{100}\%$ PURE

IT FLOATS

Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FOUR OCTOBER 1918 VOLUME XXXIX

BELGIUM

By Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The EXECUTION of EDITH CAVELL

With a farewell letter never before published

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

Sculptured figure from the Cavell monument in London, by Sir George Frampton, R. A.

THIS is the ninth instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who was in the stricken country from December, 1913, until our entry into the war, and witnessed its suffering from the beginning.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—a picture of the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

And with it the heavy cloud of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities of that reign of terror.

The wave of flame and murder passes on, but behind it the iron weight of military and bureaucratic oppression settles down; and in the mute agony of a people under that remorseless yoke begins the real story of Belgium and its deeper significance for the world.

From the first day of that world-rousing crime down to the day when the Stars and Stripes grimly and decisively vanished from the American Legation at Brussels, it is a story of outrage piled upon outrage, in a demented and futile effort to crush the indomitable soul of a free people between the wheels of a soulless machine.

The relentless pressure of the blind tyranny grows month by month, but with it mounts the elusive, passive but unbreakable resistance of an entire people. Again and again the insane fury of the frustrate oppressors breaks out in deeds of wanton brutality, culminating in one cold-blooded murder that no atonement of Germany will ever erase from the pages of history—the murder of Edith Cavell.

In this instalment, complete in its immediate dramatic horror, with all the data the world can have till Belgium is free, and including material never before published, Mr. Whitlock tells the story of that crime.

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Photograph from Paul Thompson.

The Marquis de Villalobar, Spanish Minister to Belgium, who, with de Leval, worked to save Miss Cavell on that tragic last night.

LXXV

MR. HOOVER had gone back to London late in September, 1915, and early in October, Mr. Crosby followed him, to return no more. We were all a little saddened at his going and I regretted my own inability to join in the ceremony at which the men of the *Comité Nationale* and of the Commission for Relief in Belgium expressed their appreciation of the executive services he had rendered.

I happened just then to be confined to my quarters by the orders of my physician. The long strain had told on all of us, and worse than the strain was the almost intolerable depression, one with the atmosphere all about, that settled down like a black cloud.

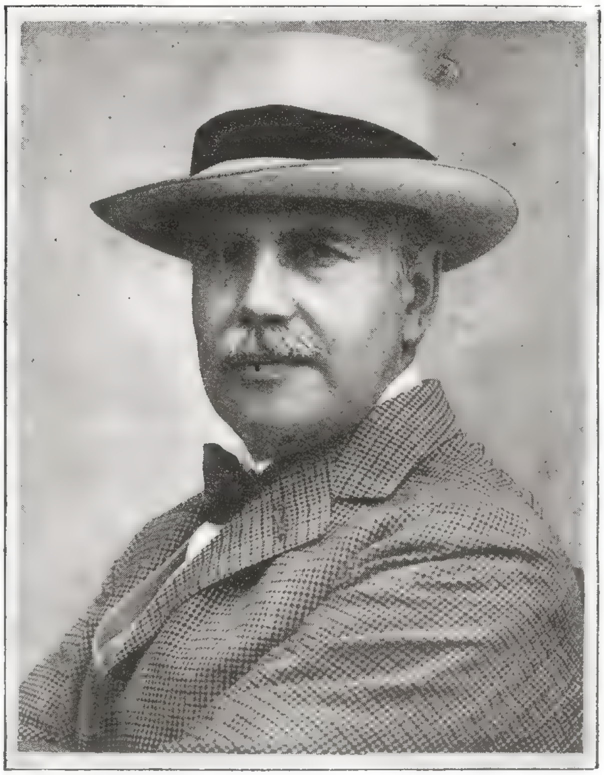
October had come, with all the signs of the early autumn and the menace of another dark winter of war. The gray, dripping skies seemed but the reflection of the universal spirit of man.

The leaves were falling, and it remains as a part of the memory of that gloomy October that the apprentice of Le Jeune, the barber, had just told me that if his master could survive "the falling of the leaves," he might live until "the coming of the leaves." It was of some old superstition, I suppose, that he had this curious notion, and yet it seemed in a way to express the feelings of all those suffering Belgians. They had felt for a while a mounting of their hope as the cannon preluded the great Allied offensive of that autumn, but after the guns had thundered in full orchestra all about the vast circle that stretched from the Yser to the Vosges, they realized, even if they were too stubbornly courageous to admit it, that they were the victims of one more great disappointment. The frequent publication on the walls of those sinister posters reporting the morning activities of the firing squad, beat down the spirits; each day seemed to outdo its predecessor in some dread news. The terror was spreading. General von Kræwel had been removed because, it was said, he had not been severe enough, and was succeeded as Chief of Staff and Military Governor of Brussels by General von Sauberzweig.

Every day brought some terrible tale; one that I remember was of a man whose wife and the baby in her arms and his little boys were all killed by the Germans before his eyes, and who lived on and indeed was kept alive only by the thought of vengeance. It was said that, the offensive getting on their nerves, many of the German soldiers were deserting, and that those brought back from Russia to face the fighting on the West Front were half mad with terror. There was a story, too, to the effect that six German officers had deserted and were being hunted down. At any rate, the Germans were beating the Forest of Soignes for deserters, and they were systematically closing streets and making perquisitions one after another in all the houses, looking for letters, pictures—everything. The Rue de Commerce there in the Quartier Leopold was closed this way, and a man was shot, so the rumor had it, for assisting some German officers to escape.

Brussels was nearer black despair than it ever had been. Winter was coming on. No one smiled and the people only hoped on because they must; there was nothing else to do. And then there came a thing that threw its black and monstrous shadow not only over us, but over the whole world. It seemed somehow like the whelming doom that had been implicit in the dreadful events of that dark month; the *dénouement* toward which they had been so implacably tending. It was so in harmony with the atmosphere, the spirit and the feeling of the time. It was one of a thousand other injustices essentially as bad, but because it doomed in its tragic circumstances a noble woman of our own blood and tradition and tongue, it well nigh overwhelmed us, as it did the world, with its horror.

Early in August, 1915, Brussels had heard, or all Belgium, or at least all that part of Belgium that lived in châteaux, had heard that the Princess Maria de Croy and the Countess Jeanne de Belleville had been arrested. The de Croys are one of the oldest families of the Belgian nobility, and the Princess Maria was a maiden lady who lived almost in seclusion in her château



Copyright, Paul Thompson.

Gaston de Leval, legal adviser of the American Legation in Brussels.

of Bellignies near Mons. The Countess Jeanne de Belleville lived not far away at her château of Montignies-sur-Roc near Andregnies, in the province of Hainault. These two distinguished ladies had been arrested for "treason in time of war" and were accused of having aided British soldiers to pass the Belgian frontier.

At the beginning of the war the Princess de Croy had established a Red Cross hospital in her château, where Belgian, English and German wounded were cared for. After the battle of Mons a great many British soldiers, cut off in the retreat, had been left behind in Belgium, and under terrible difficulties and hardships all through the winter and spring, had lived the lives of hunted animals in the woods or in the farms and fields of Hainault and Brabant. Near the château of the Princess de Croy thirteen British soldiers had hidden in a haystack on a Belgian farm and, tracked down at last by German soldiers, they were taken, stood against the wall and shot without mercy. This atrocity so affected the Princess that she determined to organize a method whereby British soldiers who, finding themselves in a position that in all civilized countries would have entitled them at least to the consideration shown to prisoners of war, could be cared for and if possible got out of the country. And, though frail and in delicate health, she and the Countess de Belleville and Madame Thuiliez and certain others organized a system to aid British soldiers who were still hiding and to send them to Brussels, where, as she declared in her interrogatory before the military tribunal, she thought they would be less rigorously dealt with than near Mons, which was under the military régime, whereas Brussels was in the territory of the General Government. The Princess declared that she did not know what became of them after they reached Brussels. There, however, others aided them to get across the frontier into Holland. It was for this that these courageous women were arrested.

One day in August it was learned at the Legation that an English nurse named Edith Cavell had been arrested by the Germans. As representative of British interests, I wrote a letter to the Baron von der Lancken to ask if it was true that Miss Cavell had been arrested, and saying that if it were, I should request that Maître de Leval, the legal counselor of the Legation, be permitted to see her and to prepare for her defense. There was no reply to this letter, and on September tenth I wrote a second letter, repeating the questions and the requests made in the first. On September twelfth I had a reply from the Baron stating that Miss Cavell had been arrested on August fifth, that she was confined in the prison of St. Gilles, that she had admitted having hidden English and French soldiers in her home, as well as Belgians of an age to bear arms, all anxious to get to the front; that she had admitted also having furnished these soldiers with money to get to France and had provided guides to enable them to cross the Dutch frontier; that the defense of Miss Cavell was in the hands of Maître Thomas Braun, and that inasmuch as the German Government, on principle, would not permit accused persons to have any interviews whatever, he could not obtain permission for Maître de Leval to visit Miss Cavell as long as she was in solitary confinement.

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"The modest English nurse whose strange fate it was to be so suddenly summoned from the dim wards of sickness and pain to a place high among the world's heroes and martyrs."

We at the Legation had not at the time seen anything more serious in the case than in the numerous other cases that were similarly brought to our notice, or of which we were constantly hearing. It was the German practise in Belgium to arrest any one "on suspicion," as we should say in America, and investigate the facts afterward. Under the German system in vogue in Belgium, as Maître Théodor had not feared so many months before to point out to the authorities, persons who were arrested were not told of the offense with which they were charged, nor were the offenses themselves clearly defined; so that Miss Cavell, like many another who had shared her fate, was arrested and held in prison while the secret police continued their investigations and made up the brief which would reveal its secrets only before the military court, which was prosecutor, jury and judge.

For one of our Anglo-Saxon race and legal traditions to understand conditions in Belgium during the German occupation it is necessary to banish resolutely from the mind every conception of right we have inherited from our ancestors, conceptions long since crystallized into immutable principles of law and confirmed in our charters of liberty. In the German mentality these conceptions do not exist; they think in other sequences, they act according to another principle, if it is a principle, the conviction that there is only one right, one privilege, and that it belongs exclusively to Germany, the right, namely, to do whatever they have the physical force to do.

THESE so-called courts, of whose irresponsible and brutal nature I have tried to convey some notion, were mere inquisitorial bodies, guided by no principle save that of interest in their own bloody nature; they did as they pleased and would have scorned a Jeffreys as too lenient, a Lynch as too formal, a Spanish *auto da fé* as too technical and a tribunal of the French Revolution as soft and sentimental. Before them the accused had literally no rights, not even to present a defense, and if he was permitted to speak in his own behalf it was only as a generous and liberal favor.

The defense was not a defense in our meaning of the word. The lawyer was not allowed to see his client before he appeared to plead the case before the court where the accused was arraigned for trial, and he was not permitted to speak to his client during the trial; often he did not know what the accusation was until the trial began, and sometimes he did not know it even then.

There were no written charges nor specifications, much less an indictment or information; indeed, the so-called judges, the bench of German officers sitting there in the Senate chamber, themselves did not know the charge on which they were to pass judgment. The secret police would bring them all the evidence, as they called it, which they had been able to collect, and present it as they pleased, with no concern as to its pertinence or relevancy.

The court would admit hearsay, presumptions, and conclusions, and inferences, and innuendoes, so long as they were on behalf of the prosecution; there was no cross-examination, sometimes even no interrogatory on the part of the presiding judge. The accused was sometimes allowed to present a defense, but it was generally only such as he might contrive in sparring with the judges if they questioned him. He had no process for witnesses in his own behalf, and no right to have them heard even when they were willing to appear.

After the evidence was in, the officer, a kind of judge-advocate, who acted as prosecutor, would state the penalty he thought applicable, and the court would vote to apply it. The lawyer for the defense, after having gone through the case without any possibility of preparation, without even having spoken to his client before or during the trial, and with no admitted principles to guide him, without the right to present testimony in rebuttal, would be allowed to make a statement or an argument.

But, as if he were not already laboring under a disadvantage sufficiently heavy, he must be careful in his argument not to say anything that would reflect in the least on one of the witnesses, especially if the witness happened to be a German soldier, or even a German; he must not contradict a judge-advocate, or question the validity or propriety of any act of the prosecution, for this would be equivalent to contempt of court and amount to the heinous offense of failing in respect to the German army. He must show the most exquisite and exaggerated respect for the court, and as a result he could only stand there niddy-nodding, pale with fear, and—say nothing.

In a word, even when the judgments of those tribunals reflected a kind of natural justice, as perhaps they did on occasion, the whole proceeding was the veriest travesty and mockery. The judges could be swayed by any passion, any prejudice, any whim, and when the accused happened to be some one who had offended the secret police or *Messieurs les Militaires* the judgment was a foregone conclusion, unless he was a personage, especially a titled personage, and then, with revolting snobbishness, he was shown consideration.

IT WAS before such a court that Edith Cavell was to be arraigned. I had asked Maître de Leval to provide for her defense, and on his advice, inasmuch as Maître Braun was already of counsel in the case, chosen by certain friends of Miss Cavell, I invited him into consultation. Maître Braun was a Belgian lawyer of standing and ability; his son was defending the most distinguished of the accused, the Princess de Croy; he was a man thoroughly equipped, who had the advantage of knowing German as well as he knew French, and had appeared constantly and not without success before the German tribunals. I asked that Maître Braun might appear for Miss Cavell, representing the American Legation.

It was supposed at first that the case was no more serious than the generality of cases brought before such tribunals, that is, that it was one of those numerous cases in which Belgians were being condemned to deportation to some German prison, like Madame Carton de Wiart or Maître Théodor, to mention the most celebrated, or, if one were to consider the cases of those less prominently situated, the many convictions and sentences to imprisonment for terms of years—two, or ten, or twenty. They all amounted to the same thing, those terms of imprisonment, for they would be freed at the conclusion of peace, if they lived and if peace were ever concluded.

It was not until weeks had passed that we heard the charges to be brought against Miss Cavell were serious, but still we were in mystery; all we could learn was that "the instruction was proceeding," and that things were taking their course. Then we heard that the offense with which she would be charged was that of aiding young men to cross the Dutch frontier. I think that we were somewhat relieved; such cases were common. The sentences provided in such cases were not in general severe, according to the standards of those in vogue in occupied Belgium.

Edith Cavell herself did not expect such a fate. She was a frail and delicate little woman, about forty years of age. She had come to Brussels some years before the war to exercise her calling as a trained nurse. She soon became known to the leading physicians of the capital and nursed in the homes of the leading families. But she was ambitious and devoted to her profession and ere long had entered a nursing-home in the Rue de la Clinique, where she organized for Dr. Depage a training-school for nurses. She was a woman of refinement and education; she knew French as she knew her own language; she was deeply religious, with a conscience almost Puritan, and was very stern with herself in what she conceived to be her duty. In her training-school she showed great executive ability, was firm in matters of discipline and brought it to a high state of efficiency. And every one who knew her in Brussels spoke of her with that unvarying tone of respect which her noble character inspired.

Some time before the trial, Maître Thomas Braun announced to the Legation that for personal reasons he would be obliged to withdraw from the case, and asked that some one else appear for Miss Cavell. We engaged Maître Sadi Kirschen. I had thought of asking to have Maître de Leval appear, but on second thought, and on the advice of Maîtres Braun and Kirschen as well as that of Maître de Leval himself, I came to the conclusion that perhaps it would not be entirely tactful to do this, for the presence of Maître de Leval as an observer might suggest to the hypersensitive suspicions of the Germans a lack of confidence that could only react against Miss Cavell.

IT WAS the morning of Thursday, October seventh, that the case came before the court martial in the Senate chamber where the military trials always took place, and Miss Cavell was arraigned with the Princess de Croy, the Countess de Belleville and thirty-two others. The accused were seated in a circle facing the court in such a way that they could neither see nor communicate with their own counsel, who were compelled to sit behind them. Nor could they see the witnesses, who were also placed behind them.

The charge brought against the accused was that of having conspired to violate the German Military Penal Code, punishing with death those who conduct troops to the enemy. Its basis in German military law is found in paragraph 58 of the German Military Code, which says:

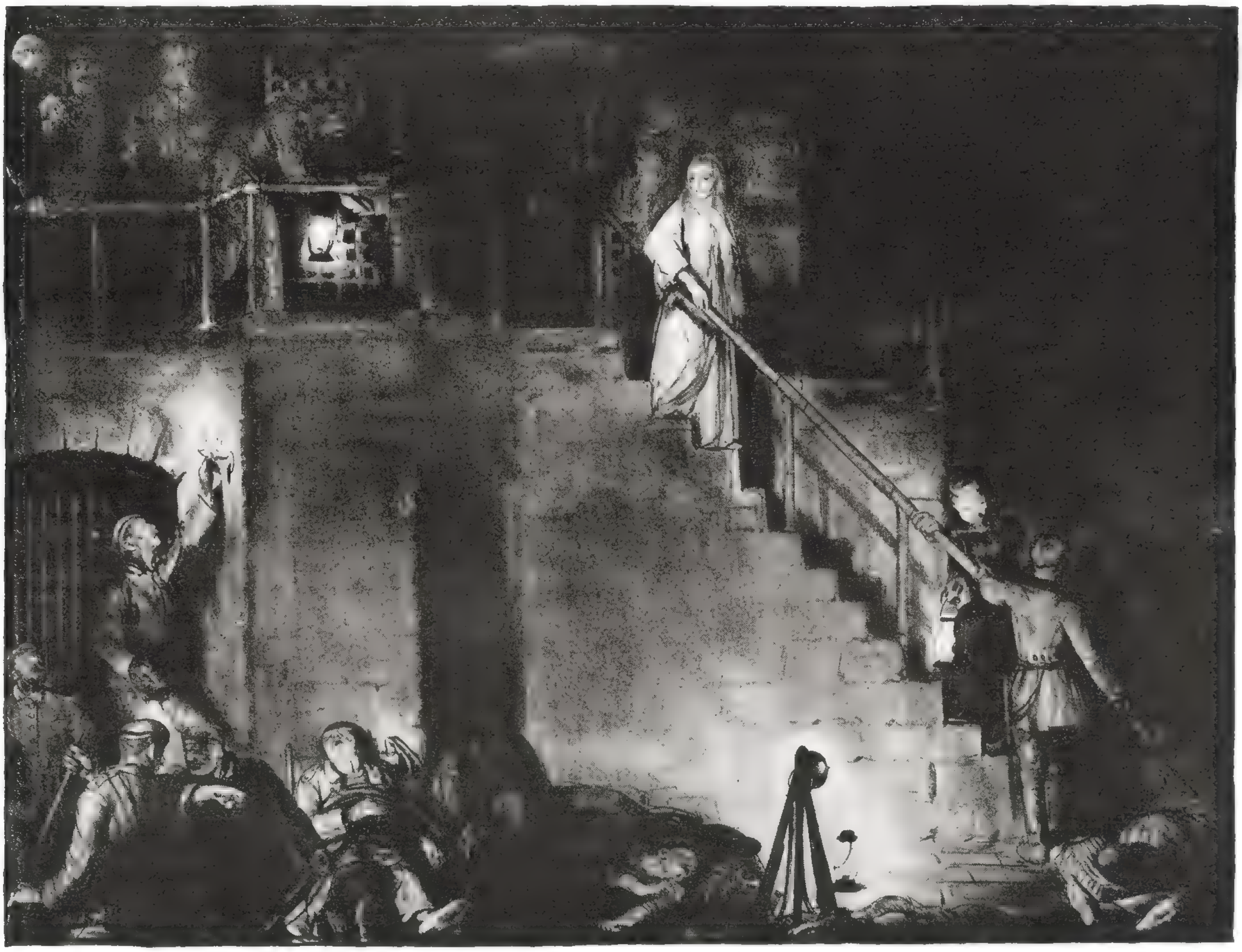
> Whoever, with the intention of helping the hostile power, or of injuring the German or allied troops, is guilty of one of the crimes of paragraph 90 of the German Penal Code, and will be sentenced to death for treason.

only in the vaguest manner, the offense with which she was charged. No written statement of it had ever been delivered to her; no written statement of it had ever been given to her attorney, and it is a pathetic circumstance that it was her own honesty and frankness, her own direct English way of thinking, that convicted her. With the naïveté of the pure in heart she assumed that the Germans were charging her with the deeds she had committed, and this she readily admitted, and even signed a aided English soldiers left behind after the early battles of the preceding autumn about Mons and Charleroi, she said yes; they were English and she was English and she would help her own. The answer seemed to impress the court. They asked her if she had not helped twenty.

"Yes," she said; "more than twenty; two hundred."

"English?"

"No, not all English; French and Belgians, too."



The Martyr.

Reproduced from the lithograph by George Bellows, suggested by the execution of Edith Cavell.

Among the crimes mentioned in paragraph 90 is that of "conducting soldiers to the enemy." ("*Dem Feinde Mannschaften zuführen.*")

We have no record of that trial; we do not know all that occurred there behind the closed doors of that Senate chamber, where for fourscore years laws based on another and more enlightened principle of justice had been discussed. The lips of the lawyers who were there, and of the accused, those among the thirty-four who were acquitted, have not been unsealed, and will not be until the little land is released from the terror which daily enacts such scenes.

Miss Cavell did not know, or knew paper to that effect. But we know enough to be able to say that Miss Cavell did not deny having received at her hospital English soldiers whom she nursed and to whom she gave money; she did not deny that she knew they were going to try to cross the border into Holland. She even took patriotic pride in the fact. She was very calm. She was interrogated in German, a language she did not understand, but the questions and responses were translated into French. Her mind was very alert and she was entirely self-possessed, and frequently rectified any inexact details and statements that were put to her. When in her interrogatory she was asked if she had not

But the French and Belgians were not of her own nationality, said the judge, and that made a serious difference. She was subjected to a nagging interrogatory. One of the judges said that she had been foolish to aid English because, he said, the English are ungrateful.

"No," replied Miss Cavell, "the English are not ungrateful."

"How do you know they are not?" asked the inquisitor.

"Because," she answered, "some of them have written to me from England to thank me."

It was a fatal admission on the part of the tortured little woman; under the German military law her having helped soldiers to reach Holland, a neutral country, would have been a less serious offense, but to aid them to reach an enemy country, and especially England, was the last offense in the eyes of the Germany military court.

The trial was concluded on Saturday, and on Sunday one of the nurses in Miss Cavell's school came to tell me that there was a rumor about town that the prosecuting officer had asked the court to pronounce a sentence of death in the case of the Princess de Croy, the Countess de Belleville and of Miss Cavell, and of several others. The court had not yet pronounced judgment, however, and there was some hope, or in the courts to which Maître de Leval and I were used to practise there would have been some hope, that the court would not pronounce the judgment proposed. I remember to have said to Maître de Leval, when he came up to my room to report the astounding news: "That's only the usual exaggeration of the prosecutor; they all ask for the extreme penalty, everywhere, when they sum up their cases."

"Yes," said Maître de Leval, "and in German courts they always get it."

MAÎTRE de Leval sent a note to Maître Kirschen asking him to come on Monday, at eight-thirty o'clock, to the Legation or to send a word regarding Miss Cavell. Maître Kirschen did not send Maître de Leval the word he had requested and on that Sunday de Leval saw another lawyer who had been in the case and could tell him what had taken place at the trial. The lawyer thought that the court martial would not condemn Miss Cavell to death. At any rate, no judgment had been pronounced and the judges themselves did not appear to be in agreement.

On Monday, October eleventh, at eight-thirty in the morning, Maître de Leval went to the Political Department and found Conrad, one of Lancken's assistants. He spoke to him of the case of Miss Cavell and asked that now that the trial had taken place he and the Reverend Mr. Gahan, the rector of the English church, be allowed to see Miss Cavell. Conrad said he would make inquiries and inform de Leval by telephone, and by one of the messengers of the Legation who that morning happened to deliver some papers to the Political Department Conrad sent word that neither the Reverend Mr. Gahan nor Maître de Leval could see Miss Cavell at that time, but that Maître de Leval could see her as soon as the judgment had been pronounced.

At eleven-thirty o'clock on that Monday morning Maître de Leval himself telephoned to Conrad, who repeated this statement. The judgment had not yet been rendered, he said, and Maître de Leval asked him to let him know as soon as the judgment had been pronounced so that he might go to see Miss Cavell. Conrad promised this, but added that even then the Reverend Mr. Gahan could not see her, because there were German Protestant pastors at the prison, and that if Miss Cavell needed spiritual advice or consolation she could call on them. Conrad concluded this conversation by saying that the judgment would be rendered on the morrow, that is, on Tuesday, or the day after and that even when it had been pronounced it would have to be signed by the Military Governor before it was effective and that the Legation would be kept informed.

Maître de Leval is one of the most meticulously exact men that I ever knew. The instant he had an important conversation of any sort he used to dictate the purport of everything, the date, the hour, precisely what was said and done. I have had the benefit of a glance at Maître de Leval's own notes in preparing this account. At twelve-ten on that Monday, not having received any news from Maître Kirschen, Maître de Leval went to his house, but did not find him there and left his card. At twelve-twenty o'clock Maître de Leval went to the house of the lawyer to whom reference has already been made and left word for him to go to Maître de Leval's house. At four o'clock that afternoon the lawyer arrived at the Legation and said that he had been to see the Germans at eleven o'clock and that there he had been told no judgment would be pronounced befor the following day. Before leaving the Legation to go home, Maître de Leval told all that had happened to Gibson, and asked him to telephone again to Conrad before going home himself.

Then at intervals all day long the inquiry had been repeated, and the same response was made. Monday evening at six-twenty o'clock, Belgian time, Topping, one of the clerks of the Legation, with Gibson standing by, again called Conrad on the telephone, again was told that the judgment had not been pronounced and that the Political Department would not fail to inform the Legation the moment the judgment was confirmed. And the office was closed for the night.

LXXVI

AT NINE o'clock that Monday evening Maître de Leval appeared suddenly at the door of my chamber; his face was deadly pallid; he said that he had just heard from the nurse who kept him informed that the judgment had been confirmed and that the sentence of death had been pronounced on Miss Cavell at half-past four o'clock that afternoon, and that she was to be shot at two o'clock the next morning. It seemed preposterous, especially the immediate execution of sentence; there had always been time at least to prepare and present a plea for mercy. To condemn a woman in the evening and then to hurry her out to be shot before another dawn! Impossible!

But no: Maître de Leval was certain. That evening he had gone home and was writing at his table when, about eight o'clock, two nurses were introduced. One was Miss Wilkinson, "*petite et nerveuse, toute en larmes*" (little and nervous, all in tears); the other, "*plus grande et plus calme*" (taller and more calm). Miss Wilkinson said that she had just learned that the judgment of the court condemned Miss Cavell to death, that the judgment had been read to her in the cell of the prison at four-thirty that afternoon, and that the Germans were going to shoot her that night at two o'clock.

Maître de Leval told her that it was difficult to believe such news, since twice he had been told that the judgment had not been rendered and that it would not be rendered before the following day, but on her reiteration that she had this news from a source that was absolutely certain, de Leval left at once with her and her friends and came to the Legation. And there he stood, pale and shaken.

Even then I could not believe; it was too preposterous; surely a stay of execution would be granted. Already in the afternoon, in some premonition, Maître de Leval had prepared a *recours en grâce* (plea for mercy) to be submitted to the Governor-General, and a letter of transmittal to present to the Baron von der Lancken. I asked Maître de Leval to bring me these documents and I signed them, and then, at the last minute, on the letter addressed to von der Lancken, I wrote a few words of personal plea for the condemned:

Mr. Whitlock, United States Minister, in Brussels, to Baron von der Lancken.

Brussels, October 11, 1915.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

I have just heard that Miss Cavell, a British subject, and consequently under the protection of my Legation, was this morning condemned to death by court martial.

If my information is correct the sentence in the present case is more severe than all the others that have been passed in similar cases which have been tried by the same court, and, without going into the reasons for such a drastic sentence, I feel that I have the right to appeal to his Excellency, the Governor-General's feelings of humanity and generosity in Miss Cavell's favor, and to ask that the death penalty passed on Miss Cavell may be commuted, and that this unfortunate woman shall not be executed.

Miss Cavell is the head of the Brussels Surgical Institute. She has spent her life in alleviating the sufferings of others, and her school has turned out many nurses who have watched at the bedside of the sick all the world over, in Germany as in Belgium. At the beginning of the war Miss Cavell bestowed her care freely on the German soldiers as on others. Even in default of all other reasons, her career as a servant of humanity is such as to inspire the greatest sympathy and to call for pardon. If the information in my possession is correct, Miss Cavell, far from shielding herself, has, with commendable straightforwardness, admitted the truth of all the charges against her, and it is the very information which she herself has furnished, and which she alone was in a position to furnish, that has aggravated the severity of the sentence passed on her.

It is then with confidence, and in the hope of its favorable reception, that I beg your Excellency to submit to the Governor-General my request for pardon on Miss Cavell's behalf.

I avail myself, etc.,
BRAND WHITLOCK.

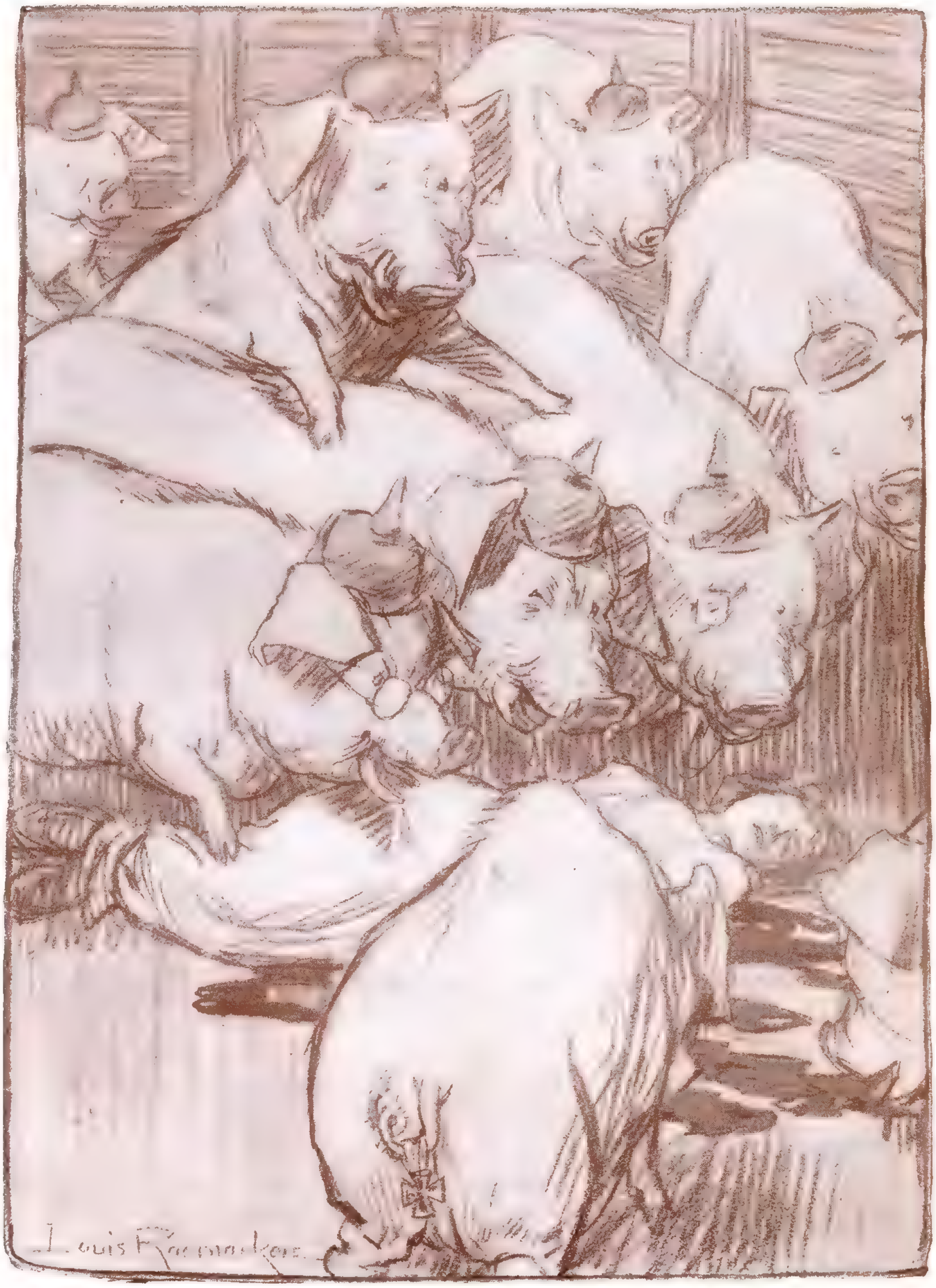
MY DEAR BARON:

I am too ill to present my request to you in person, but I appeal to the generosity of your heart to support it and save this unfortunate woman from death. Have pity on her!

Yours sincerely,
BRAND WHITLOCK.

I told Maître de Leval to send Joseph at once to hunt up Gibson to present my plea and if possible to find the Marquis de Villalobar and to ask him to support it with the Baron von der Lancken. Gibson was dining somewhere; we did not know where Villalobar was. The Political Department, in the Ministry of Industry where Baron von der Lancken lived, was only half a dozen blocks away. The Governor-General was in his château at Trois Fontaines, ten miles away, playing bridge that evening. Maître de Leval went; and I waited.

The nurses from Miss Cavell's school were waiting in a lower room; other nurses came for news; they too had heard, but could not believe. Then the Reverend Mr. H. Stirling T. Gahan, the British chaplain at Brussels and pastor of the English church, came. He had a note from some one at the St. Gilles prison, a note written in German saying simply: "*Come at once; some one is about to die.*"



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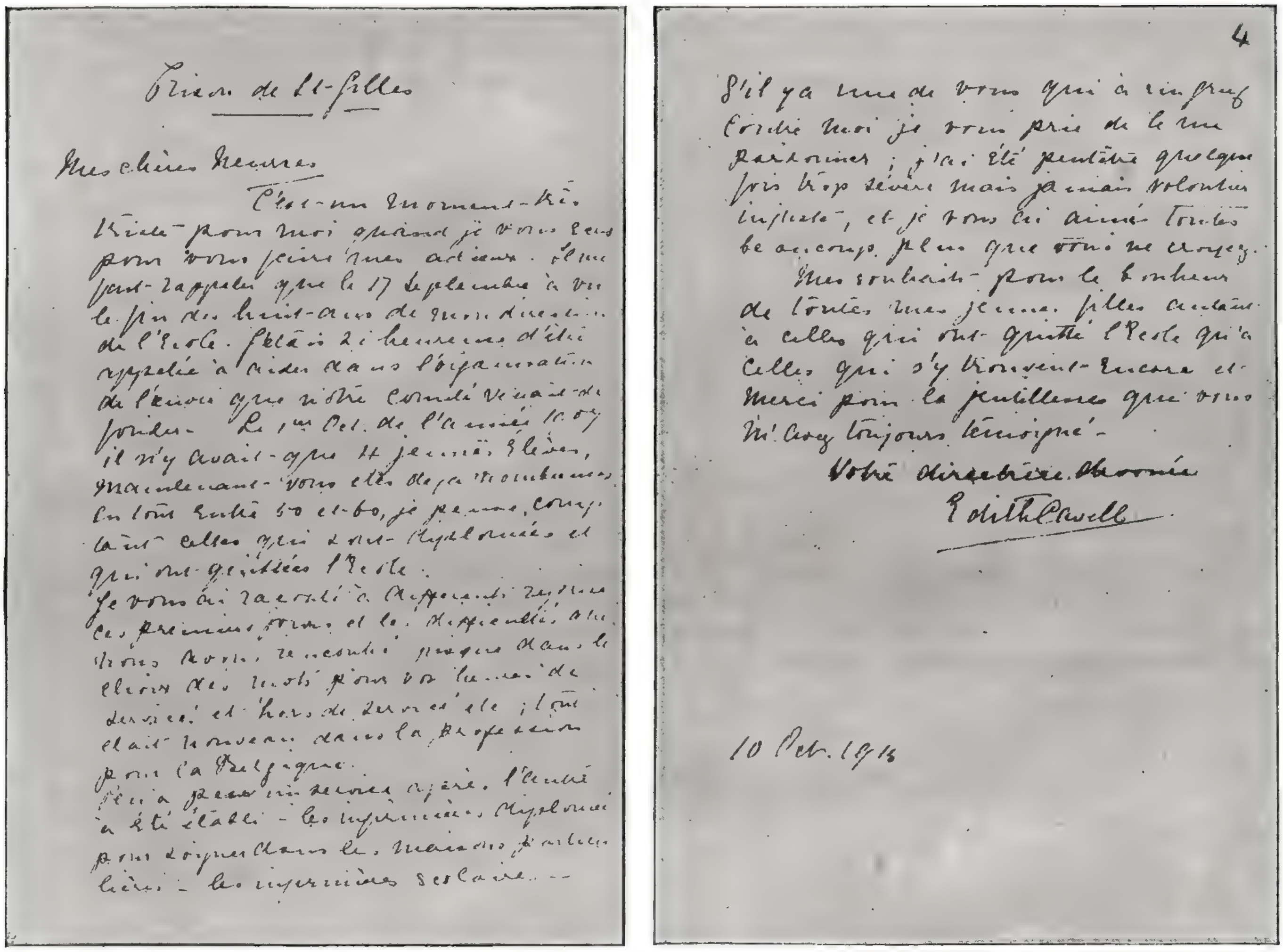
Nurse Cavell Thrown to the Swine.
Cartoon by Louis Raemaekers.

He went away to the prison. His frail, delicate little wife remained at the Legation, and there, with my wife and Miss Larner, third secretary of the Legation, sat with those women all that long evening, trying to comfort them, to reassure them. Outside a cold rain was falling. Up in my chamber I waited; a stay of execution would be granted, of course; they always were; there was not, in our time, anywhere, a court, even a court martial, that would condemn a woman to death at half-past four in the afternoon and hurry her out and shoot her before dawn—not even a German court martial.

Midnight came, and Gibson, with a dark face, and de Leval, paler than ever. There was nothing to be done.

De Leval had gone to Gibson, and together they went in search of the Marquis, whom they found at Baron Lambert's, where he had been dining; he and Baron Lambert and M. Francqui were over their coffee. The three, the Marquis, Gibson and de Leval, then went to the Rue Lambermont. The little ministry was closed and dark; no one was there. They rang, and rang again, and finally the concierge appeared—no one was there, he said. They insisted. The concierge at last found a German functionary who came down, stood staring stupidly; every one was gone; *son Excellence* was at the theatre. At what theatre? He did not know. They urged him to go and find out. He disappeared inside, went up and down stairs two or three times, finally came out and said that he was at Le Bois Sacré. They explained that the presence of the Baron was urgent and asked the man to go for him; they turned over the motor to him and he mounted on the box beside Eugene. They reached the little variety theatre there in the Rue d'Arenberg. The German functionary went in and found the Baron, who said he would come when the piece was over.

All this while Villalobar, Gibson and de Leval were in the salon at the Ministry, the room of which I have spoken so often as the yellow salon because



Prison de St-Gilles

Mes chères Nurses
C'est un moment très
triste pour moi quand je vous écris
pour vous faire mes adieux. Il me
fait rappeler que le 17 Septembre a vu
la fin des huit ans de ma direction
de l'École. J'étais si heureuse d'être
appelée à aider dans l'organisation
de l'œuvre que notre Comité venait de
fonder. Le 1er Oct. de l'année 1907
il n'y avait que 4 jeunes élèves,
maintenant vous êtes déjà nombreuses,
en tout entre 50 et 60, je pense, comp-
tant celles qui sont diplômées et
qui ont quitté l'École.
Je vous ai raconté à différentes reprises
ces premiers jours et les difficultés que
nous avons rencontrées jusque dans le
choix des mots pour vos heures de
service et hors de service ; tout
était nouveau dans la profession
pour la Belgique.
Peu à peu un service après l'autre
a été établi — les infirmières diplômées
pour soigner dans les maisons particu-
lières — les infirmières scolaires. —

4

S'il y a une de vous qui a un grief
contre moi je vous prie de le me
pardonner ; j'ai été peut-être quelque
fois trop sévère mais jamais volontiers
injuste, et je vous ai aimées toutes
beaucoup plus que vous ne croyez.
Mes souhaits pour le bonheur
de toutes mes jeunes filles autant
à celles qui ont quitté l'École qu'à
celles qui s'y trouvent encore et
merci pour la gentillesse que vous
m'avez toujours témoignée.
Votre directrice dévouée
Edith Cavell

10 Oct. 1915

A facsimile of the first and last pages of a letter written by Miss Cavell to the nurses at her training-school a few hours before her execution. This letter is published here for the first time. See page 70.

of the satin upholstery of its Louis XVI. furniture of white lacquer, that bright, almost laughing little salon, all done in the gayest, lightest tones, where so many little dramas were played. All three of them were deeply moved and very anxious—the eternal contrast, as de Leval said, between things and sentiments. Lancken entered at last, very much surprised to find them; he was accompanied by Count Harrach and by the young Baron von Falkenhausen. "What is it, gentlemen?" he said. "Has something serious happened?" They told him why they were there, and Lancken, raising his hands, said: "Impossible!"

He had vaguely heard that afternoon of a condemnation for spying, but he did not know that it had anything to do with the case of Miss Cavell, and that in any event it was impossible that they would put a woman to death that night.

"Who has given you this information, for, to come and disturb me at such an hour, you must have important information?" he said.

De Leval replied: "Without doubt I consider it very serious, but I must refuse to tell you from whom I received the information. Besides, what difference does it make? If the information is true, our presence at this hour is justified; if it is not true, I am ready to take the consequences of my mistake."

The Baron grew irritated.

"What!" he said. "Is it because 'they say' that you come and disturb me at such an hour, me and these gentlemen? No, no, gentlemen, this news can not be true; orders are never executed with such precipitation, especially when a woman is concerned. Come and see me to-morrow."

He paused, and then added: "Besides, how do you think that at this hour I can obtain any information? The Governor-General must certainly be sleeping."

Gibson, or one of them, suggested to him that a very simple way of finding out would be to telephone to the prison.

"Quite right," said he. "I had not thought of that."

He went out, was gone a few minutes and came back embarrassed, so they said, even a little bit ashamed, for he said:

"You are right, gentlemen; I have heard by telephone that Miss Cavell has been condemned and that she will be shot to-night."

Then de Leval drew out the letter that I had written to the Baron and gave it to him, and he read it in an undertone—with a little sarcastic smile, so de Leval said—and when he had finished he handed it back to de Leval and said:

"But it is necessary to have a plea for mercy at the same time."

"Here it is," said de Leval, and he gave him the document. Then they all sat down.

I could see the scene as it was described to me by Villalobar, by Gibson, by de Leval—Lancken giving way to an outburst of feeling against "that spy," as he called Miss Cavell, and Gibson and de Leval by turns pleading with him, the Marquis sitting by. It was not a question of spying, as they pointed out; it was a question of the life of a woman, a life that had been devoted to charity, to helping others. She had nursed wounded soldiers, she had even nursed German wounded at the beginning of the war, and now she was accused of but one thing, to have helped English soldiers make their way toward Holland. She may have been imprudent, she may have acted against the laws of the occupying power, but she was not a spy, she was not even accused of being a spy, she had not been convicted of spying, and she did not merit the death of a spy. They sat there pleading, Gibson and de Leval, bringing forth all the arguments that would occur to men of sense and sensibility. Gibson called Lancken's attention to their failure to inform the Legation of the sentence, of their failure to keep the word that Conrad had given. He argued that the offense charged against Miss Cavell had long since been accomplished, that as she had been for some weeks in prison, a slight delay in carrying out the sentence could not endanger the German cause; he even pointed out the effect such a deed as the summary execution of the death sentence against a woman would have upon public opinion, not only in Belgium but in America and elsewhere; he even spoke of the possibility of reprisals.

But it was all in vain. Baron von der Lancken explained to them that the Military Governor, that is, General von Sauberzweig, was the supreme authority (*Gerichtsherr*) in matters of this sort, that an appeal from his decision lay only to the Emperor, that the Governor-General himself had no authority to intervene in such cases, and that under the provisions of German martial law it lay within the discretion of the Military Governor whether he would accept or refuse an appeal for clemency. And then Villalobar suddenly cried out:

"Oh, come now! It's a woman. You can't shoot a woman like that!"

The Baron paused, was evidently moved.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is past eleven o'clock; what can be done?"

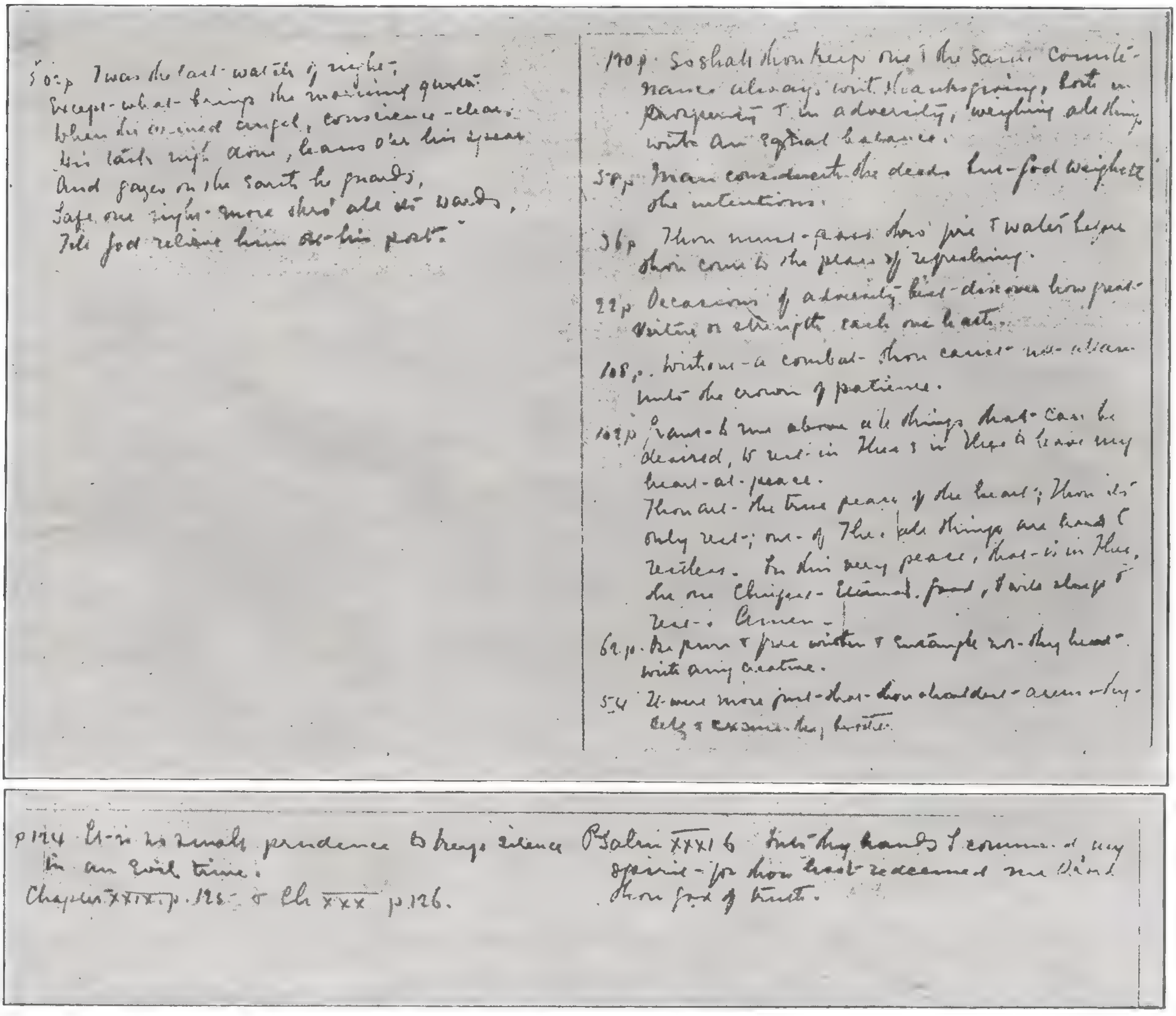
It was only von Sauberzweig who could act, he had said, and they urged the Baron to go to see von Sauberzweig. Finally he consented. While he was gone, Villalobar, Gibson and de Leval repeated to Harrach and von Falkenhausen all the arguments that might move them. Von Falkenhausen was young, he had been to Cambridge in England and he was touched, though of course he was powerless. And de Leval says that when he gave signs of showing pity Harrach cast a glance at him, so that he said nothing more, and then Harrach said:

"The life of one German soldier seems to us much more important than that of all those old English nurses."

At last Lancken returned and standing there, announced:

"I am exceedingly sorry, but the Governor tells me that it is after due reflection that the execution was decided upon, and that he will not change his decision. Making use of his prerogative, he even refuses to receive the plea for mercy. Therefore, no one, not even the Emperor, can do anything for you."

With this he handed my letter and the plea for mercy back to Gibson. There was a moment of silence in the yellow salon. Then Villalobar sprang up, and seizing Lancken by the



50 p I was the last watch of night,
Except what brings the morning quite;
When the armed angel, conscience-clear,
His task nigh done, leans o'er his spear
And gazes on the earth he guards,
Safe one night more thro' all its wards,
Till God relieve him at his post.

170 p. So shalt thou keep me in the same countenance always with thanksgiving, both in prosperity & in adversity, weighing all things with an equal balance.

58 p. Man considereth the deeds but God weigheth the intentions.

36 p Thou must pass thro' fire & water before thou come to the place of refreshing.

22 p Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

108 p. Without a combat thou canst not attain unto the crown of patience.

102 p Grant to me above all things that can be desired, to rest in Thee & in Thee to leave my heart at peace.
Thou art the true peace of the heart; Thou its only rest; out of Thee all things are hard & restless. In this very peace, that is in Thee, the one Chiefest Eternal Good, I will sleep & rest. Amen.

62 p. Be pure & free within & entangle not thy heart with any creature.

54 It were more just that thou shouldest accuse thyself & excuse thy brother.

p 124 It is no small prudence to keep silence in an evil time.
Chapter XXIX p. 125 & Ch XXX p 126.

Psalm XXXI 6 Into thy hands I commend my spirit – for thou hast redeemed me O Lord thou God of truth.

Pages in Miss Cavell's prayer-book in which she recorded her last thoughts and wrote down the verses of Scripture and quotations from "The Imitation of Christ" that gave her comfort in her last hours. See page 68.
The last entry on the left reading: "*It is no small prudence to keep silence in an evil time,*" is thought to refer to her betrayal.

shoulder, said to him in an energetic tone:

"Baron, I wish to speak to you!"

"It is useless," began Lancken.

"*I must speak to you!*" the Marquis replied, giving categorical emphasis to the harsh imperative.

The old Spanish pride had been mounting in the Marquis, and he literally dragged the tall von der Lancken into a little room near by, and then voices were heard in sharp discussion, and even through the partition the voice of Villalobar:

"It is idiotic, this thing you are going to do; you will have another Louvain!"

A few moments later they came back, Villalobar in silent rage, Lancken very red. And, as de Leval said, without another word, dumb, in consternation, filled with an immense despair, they came away.

I heard the report, and they withdrew. A little while and I heard the street-door open. The women who had waited all that night went out into the rain.

LXXVII

THE rain had ceased and the air was soft and warm the next morning; the sunlight shone through an autumn haze. But over the city the horror of the dreadful deed hung like a pall. Notices were posted and crowds huddled about them in a kind of stupefaction, reading the long and tragic list down to the line that closed with a piece of gratuitous brutality: *Le jugement rendu contre Bancq et Cavell a déjà été exécuté.* (The judgment pronounced against Bancq and Cavell has already been put into execution.)

In one of the throngs a dignified old judge said: *"Ce n'était pas l'exécution d'un jugement: c'était un assasinat."* (It was not the execution of a judgement: it was an assassination.)

Twenty-six others were condemned with Miss Cavell, five of whom were sentenced to death; Philippe Bancq, an architect of Brussels; Louise Thuiliez, a school-teacher at Lille; Louis Severin, a pharmacist of Brussels; the Countess Jeanne de Belleville, of Montignies-sur-Roc; and Albert Libiez, a lawyer of Mons. Harman Capiau, a civil engineer of Wasmes, Mrs. Ada Bodart of Brussels, Georges Derveau, a pharmacist of Pâturages, and the Princess Maria de Croy were sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude at hard labor. Seventeen others were sentenced to hard labor or to terms of imprisonment of from two to five years. The eight remaining were acquitted.

All day long sad and solemn groups stood under the trees in the boulevards amid the falling leaves, gazing at the grim poster, discussing the crime in horrified tones. The horror of it pervaded the house. I found my wife weeping at evening; no need to ask what was the matter; the wife of the chaplain had been there, with some detail of Miss Cavell's last hours, how she had arisen wearily from her cot at the coming of the clergyman, drawn her dressing-gown about her thin throat. . . .

I sent a note to Baron von der Lancken asking that the Governor-General permit the body of Miss Cavell to be buried by the American Legation and the friends of the dead girl. In reply he came himself to see me in the afternoon. He was very solemn and said that he wished to express his regret in the circumstances, but that he had done all he could. The body, he said, had already been interred, with respect and with religious rites, in a quiet place, and under the law it could not be exhumed without an order from the Imperial Government. The Governor-General himself had gone to Berlin.

And then came Villalobar, and I thanked him for what he had done. He told me much, and described the scene the night before in that anteroom with Lancken. The Marquis was much concerned about the Countess Jeanne de Belleville and Madame Thuiliez, both French and hence protégées of his, condemned to die within eight days: but I told him not to be concerned; that the effect of Miss Cavell's martyrdom did not end with her death; it would procure other liberations, this among them; the thirst for blood had been slaked and there would be no more executions in that group; it was the way of the law of blood vengeance. We talked a long time about the tragedy and about the even larger tragedy of the war.

"We are getting old," he said. "Life is going, and after the war, if we live in that new world, we shall be of the old—the new generation will push us aside."

Gibson and de Leval prepared reports of the whole matter and I sent them by the next courier to our Embassy at London. But somehow that very day the news got into Holland and shocked the world. Richards, of the C. R. B., just back from The Hague, said that they had already heard of it there and were filled with horror. And even the Germans, who seemed always to do a deed and consider its effect afterward, knew that they had another Louvain, another *Lusitania* for which to answer before the bar of civilization. The lives of the four others remaining of the six condemned to death were ultimately spared, as I had told Villalobar they would be. The King of Spain and the President of the United States made representations at Berlin in behalf of the Countess de Belleville and Madame Thuiliez, and their sentences were commuted to imprisonment, as was that of Louis Severin, the Brussels druggist, and Albert Libiez The storm of universal loathing and reprobation for the deed was too much even for the Germans.

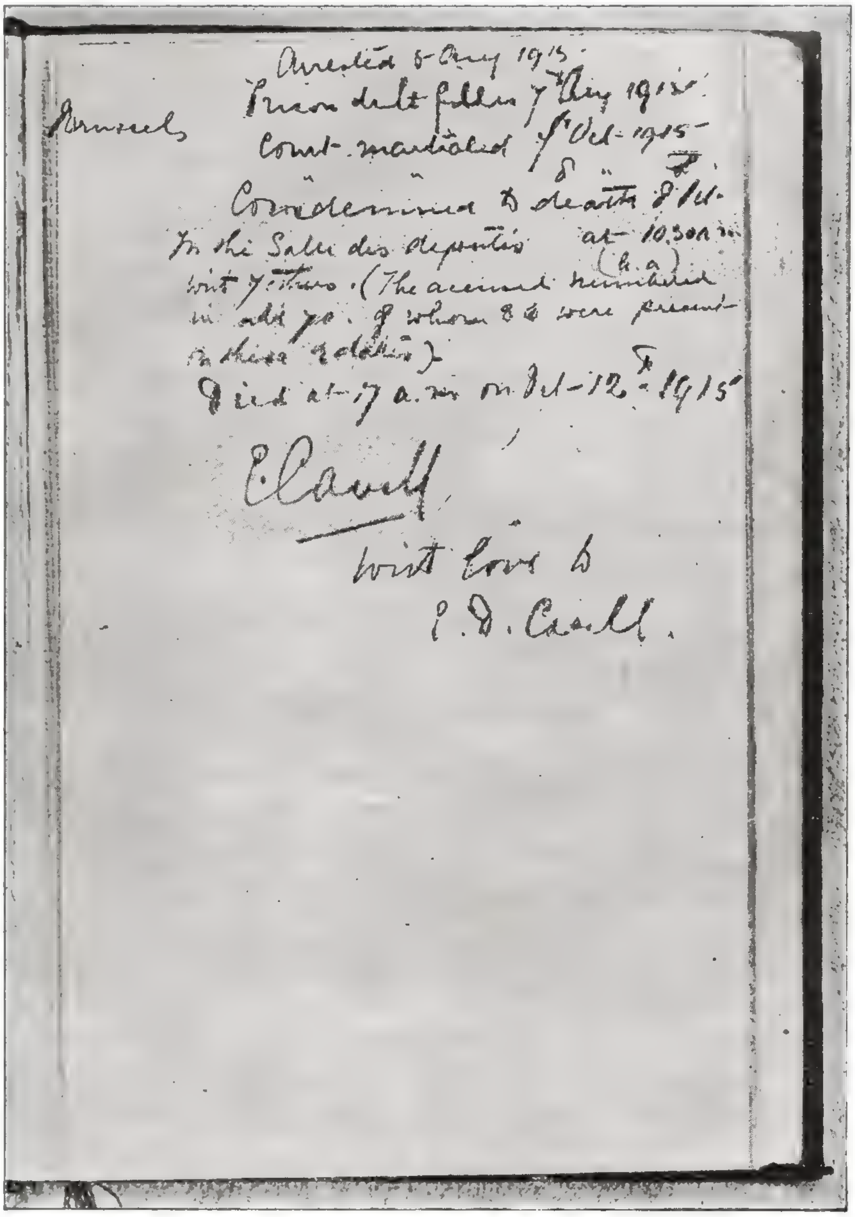
The proclamation announcing the execution of the sentence against Miss Cavell was not the only one on the walls of Brussels that morning. There were others, among them those that announced that a Belgian soldier, Pierre Joseph Claes, of Schaerbek, a suburb of Brussels, had been condemned at Limbourg and shot as a spy and that in the Hainault, at Mons, ninety-four working men had been condemned to prison for having refused to work for the Germans. The terror was spread everywhere.

BUT two of the new announcements bore on what was and always will continue to be known as the Cavell case. One of them, on the walls or in the newspapers before the sentence was pronounced against Miss Cavell, was a long screed of von Bissing's that made an impression almost as painful as the crime it sought to justify, and enraged and humiliated the people. It was significant in this, however, that it showed that the crime was premeditated and arranged, and the screed had been put out to prepare the public mind for the shock of the notice that morning which was to announce the murder of Miss Cavell. This first notice was posted Monday and the judgment against Miss Cavell was pronounced Monday afternoon, and taken together they show the hypocrisy and the brutality of the military régime. The Monday proclamation was full of owlish advice in the tone of oily piety the Germans adopt when they are caught in some dastard act; the Governor-General told the people to depend on him, to believe him, to trust him, and then, alluding to espionage, told them that the severest penalties would be visited on those who violated his laws.

And, curiously enough, he proved another thing—that the offensive of the Allies had angered the Germans; and, as was invariably the case when they found things were not going well, they avenged themselves upon some helpless civilian—often on women. The proclamation of the Governor-General said:

> The result of the offensive of the Allies is known, that offensive so long expected on the Western Front. The German lines resisted a violent cannonading lasting seventy hours, and the numerically superior forces of the enemy. The French have lost several hundred thousand in killed and wounded, while the English, both white and black, have suffered even greater losses. In spite of the enormous number of lives and the immense amount of ammunition recklessly sacrificed, the enemies of the German Empire have in no way succeeded in their aim, which is to reconquer Belgium and the north of France.
>
> While this decisive battle was raging on the front, I have had to protect the rear of the German army against hostile maneuvers. During this time I have been obliged to combat tendencies due—as was the desperate offensive of the Allies—to a belief in a prompt

> reestablishment of the old order of things, and to old and vain hopes. Certain circles which, more than any other, should have wished to aid in maintaining interior peace have incited the minds to resistance; certain persons who had declared themselves ready to cooperate with me in reestablishing prosperity in the country, have once more lent a complaisant ear to insinuations emanating from Havre and from London; false prophets spreading false news have won over the unfortunate credulous and have caused them to commit unlawful deeds. By false patriotism and even more by cupidity the Belgians have allowed themselves to become involved in a spy system which has been defeated even as has the enemy offensive.
>
> In spite of all, we have succeeded in holding at bay the sly and cowardly enemy which treacherously menaced the security of the German Army. The most rigorous measures have had to be applied to those who through vain hopes have rendered themselves culpable of unlawful deeds. The facts, which speak eloquently, will themselves refute all the loud talk of victory on the part of our enemies, and of the news announcing that the German armies are evacuating the country. That which we hold, we hold well.
>
> This last deception should serve as a lesson to the Belgians in the future and teach them no longer to place their faith so credulously in news which the following day inevitably reveals itself to be false. All those who, under my administration, are working, who are earning sufficient wages, and who have acquired the inward satisfaction of duty accomplished, must help those who are still deluded to enjoy these same benefits. The experience of the last few weeks proves that the security of the German armies is assured against the best-laid plots. But the security of every-day life, which alone can heal the wounds of suffering Belgium, can only be guaranteed to those who, leaving to the soldiers the business of fighting, and, seconding my efforts, are aiding in their way the interior peace and the economic prosperity of the country.
>
> The orders which I have promulgated pursue the same end; whoever disregards them will suffer in all their severity the penalties which they enact. Those who resist my efforts must expect to undergo all the rigors of martial law; those who aid me in my task will help in the most efficacious manner their country, their compatriots and themselves.



Arrested 5 Aug 1915.
Brussels
Prison St Gilles 7 Aug 1915.
Court-martialled 7 Oct 1915
" " 8 " "
Condemned to death 11 Oct.
In the Salle des Députés at 10.30 a.m.
(h.a)
with 7 others. (The accused numbered
in all 70. of whom 34 were present
in these sittings.)
Died at 7 a.m. on Oct 12th 1915
E Cavell.
With love to
E. D. Cavell.

The final entry in Miss Cavell's prayer-book—her own epitaph written by her own hand.

This proclamation was prepared probably during the trial of the Princess de Croy, the Countess de Belleville, Miss Cavell and Madame Thuiliez, or at least immediately afterward, and was on the walls of Brussels before Miss Cavell was shot.

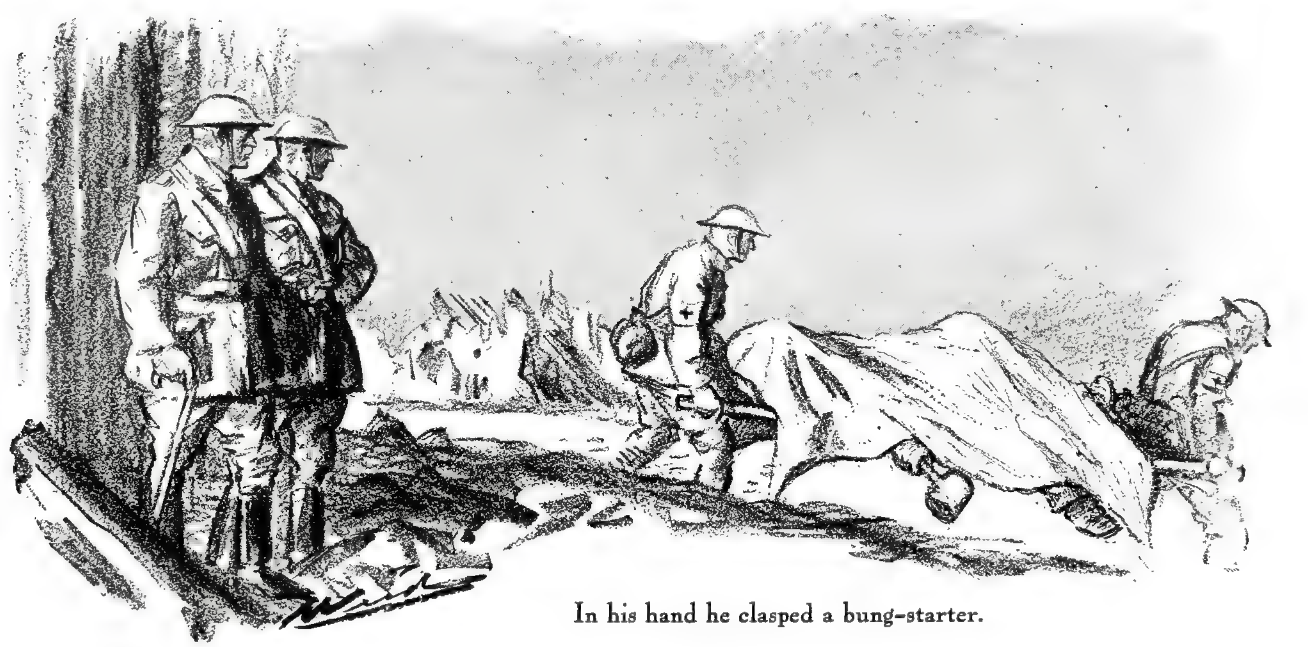
But it was the other proclamation, which attracted no notice, or very little notice, that had the greater significance, for it stamps with the ineffaceable seal of its amazing admission the whole proceeding that did Miss Cavell to death as illegal, even according to the German code. It was a last and crowning infamy that threw a flood of light on what might have long remained the mystery of that great trial behind the closed doors of the Senate chamber, an *ex post facto* law or decree and declaring the offense for which Miss Cavell had already been tried, condemned and put to death.

In the statement of von Bissing on the "situation," there was a reference to spying. It was the first time that the acts of Miss Cavell had been referred to publicly and officially as spying; but it was as "the spy Cavell" that they always referred to her thereafter. But Miss Cavell was not charged with spying; she was not convicted or sentenced to death for spying. There was no evidence and no claim that she had been a spy. She was charged with having violated that paragraph of the German Military Penal Code which punished with death those who "conducted troops to the enemy," and it was on this charge that she was convicted. The German military mind, whose thoughts seem to be in sequence inaccessible to our mentality, calls this "treason" and the nomenclature does not seem any the less astonishing when they qualify it by calling it "treason in time of war."

But as a matter of fact and as a matter of law, even this charge did not apply and was not sustained. Miss Cavell had not conducted any troops to the enemy; she had aided, in various charitable and humane ways, soldiers in individual cases, and boys who had as yet performed no military service and never worn a uniform, to escape out of Belgium and to cross the frontier into Holland where, as a neutral country, the soldiers would be, or should be, interned until the end of the war and the young men have the status of citizens of any other nation. There was indeed no proof that any of these soldiers or these Belgian boys had joined the enemy, singly or as "troops," except, it is said, in the case of one lad who wrote and mailed a postal card to thank Miss Cavell for the aid she had rendered him, and saying that he had got to England and joined the English army. This card, it was said, was found by the German secret police and proved one of the clues that led to Miss Cavell's arrest.

But even so, these men were not conducted by Miss Cavell either to the enemy or even to the Dutch frontier;

(*Continued on page 68*)



In his hand he clasped a bung-starter.

McDermott *and the* War

By Don Marquis

Illustrated by Clive Weed

Here's a new kind of story—war with a laugh in it. There's an Irishman here, a cargo of mules, and a bung-starter. The rest of the combination is Don Marquis, editor of a well-known newspaper column of humor, who knows how to cheer you up even with war.

McDERMOTT had gone over with a cargo of mules. The animals disembarked at a Channel port, received by officers of that grand organization which guesses right so frequently, the Quartermaster Corps, and started in a southerly direction, in car-load lots, toward the Toul sector of the Western Front. McDermott went with one of the car-loads in an unofficial capacity. He had no business in the war zone. But the Quartermaster Corps, or that part of it in charge of this particular car, was in no mood to be harsh toward any one who seemed to understand the wants and humors of mules and who was willing to associate with them. And so, with his blue overalls and his red beard, McDermott went along.

"I'll have a look at the war," said McDermott, "and if I like it, I'll jine it."

"And if you don't like it," said the teamster to whom he confided his intention, "I reckon you'll stop it?"

"I dunno," replied McDermott, "as I would be justified in stoppin' a good war. The McDermotts has niver been great hands f'r stoppin' wars. The McDermotts is always more like to be startin' wars."

McDermott got a look at the war sooner than any one, including the high command of the Entente Allies, would have thought likely—or, rather, the war got a look at McDermott. The car-load of mules, separated from its right and proper train, got too far eastward at just the time the Germans got too far westward. It was in April, 1918, that, having entered Hazebrouck from the north, McDermott and his mules left it again, bound eastward. They passed through a turmoil of guns and lorries, Scotchmen and ambulances, Englishmen, tanks and ammunition wagons, Irishmen, colonials and field-kitchens, all moving slowly eastward, and came to a halt at a little village where they should not have been at all, half-way between the northern rim of the forest of Nieppe and Bailleul.

The mules did not stay there long.

"I'll stretch me legs a bit," said McDermott, climbing off the car and strolling toward a Grande Place surrounded by sixteenth-century architecture. And just then something passed over the Renaissance roofs with the scream of one of Dante's devils, struck McDermott's car of mules with a great noise and a burst of flame, and straightway created a situation in which there was neither car nor mules.

For a minute it seemed to McDermott that possibly there was no McDermott, either. When McDermott regained consciousness of McDermott, he was sitting on the ground, and he sat there and felt of himself for many seconds before he spoke or rose. Great guns he had been hearing for hours, and a rattle and roll of small-arms fire had been getting nearer all that day; but it seemed to McDermott that there was something quite vicious and personal about the big shell that had separated him forever from his mules. Not that he had loved the mules, but he loved McDermott.

"Mules," said he, still sitting on the ground, but trying to get his philosophy of life onto its legs again, "is here wan minute an' gawn the nixt. Mules is fickle an' untrustworthy animals. Here was thim mules, wigglin' their long ears and arskin' f'r Gawd's sake c'u'd they have a dhrink of wather, an' promisin' a lifelong friendship—but where is thim mules now?"

He scratched his red head as he spoke, feeling of an old scar under the thick thatch of hair. The wound had been made some years previously with a bung-starter, and whenever McDermott was agitated he caressed it tenderly.

He got up, turned about and regarded the extraordinary Grande Place. There had once been several pretty little shops about it, he could see, with pleasant courtyards where the April sun was trying to bring green things into life again, but now some of these were in the newly made and smoking ruins. The shell that had stricken McDermott's mules from the roster of existence had not been the only one to fall into the village recently.

But it was neither old ruins nor new ruins that interested McDermott chiefly. It was the humanity that flowed through the Grande Place in a feeble trickle westward, and the humanity that stayed there.

Women and old men went by with household treasures slung in bundles or pushed before them in carts and perambulators, and they were wearing their best clothes, as if they were going to some village fête, instead of into desolation and homelessness; the children whom they carried, or who straggled after them, were also in their holiday best. Here was an ancient peasant with a coop of skinny chickens on a barrow; there was a girl in a silk gown carrying something in a bed-quilt; yonder was a boy of twelve on a bicycle, and two things were tied to the handle-bars—a loaf of bread and a soldier's bayonet. Perhaps it had been his father's bayonet. Quietly they went westward; their lips were dumb and their faces showed their souls were dumb, too. A long time they had heard the battle growling to the eastward; and now the war was upon them. It was upon them, indeed; for as McDermott gazed, another shell struck full upon a bell-shaped tower that stood at the north side of the Grande Place and it leaped up in flames and fell in dust and ruin, all gone but one irregular point of masonry that still stuck out like a snaggle-tooth from a trampled skull.

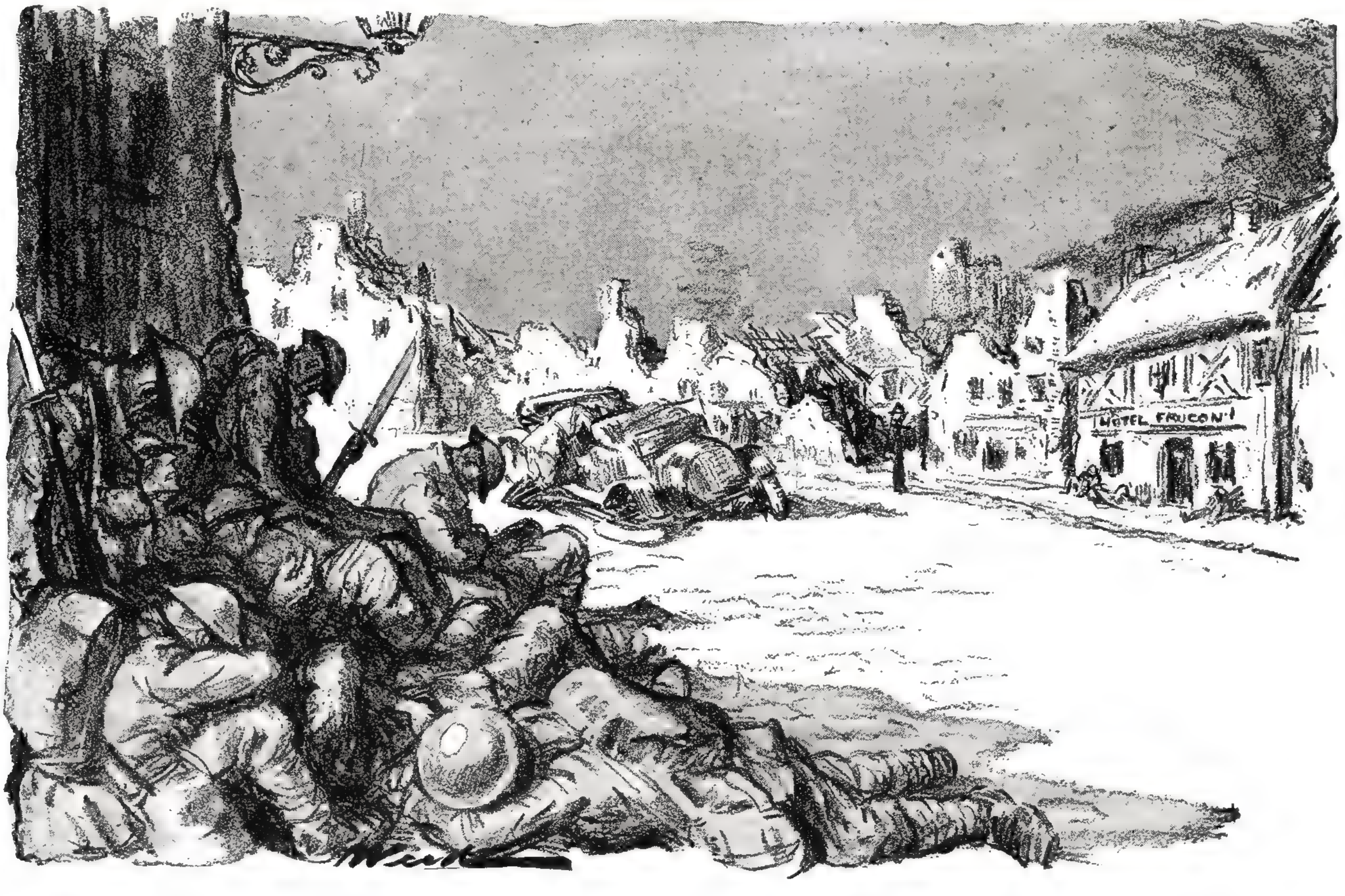
These were the ones that were going, and almost the last of the dreary pageant disappeared as McDermott watched.. But those who stayed astonished him even more by their strange actions and uncouth postures.

"Don't tell me," mumbled McDermott, rubbing his ear, "that all thim sojers is aslape!"

But asleep they were. To the east and to the north the world was one rip and rat-a-tat of rifle and machine-gun fire—how near, McDermott could not guess—and over the village whined and droned the shells, of great or lesser caliber; here was one gate to a hell of noise, and the buildings stirred and the budding vines in the courtyards moved and the dust itself was agitated with the breath and blast of far and near concussions; but yet the big open Place itself was held in the grip of a grotesque and incredible slumber.

Sprawled in the gutters, collapsed across the door-sills, leaning against the walls, slept that portion of the British army; slept strangely, without snoring. In the middle of the Grande Place there was a young lieutenant bending forward across the wreck of a motorcar; he had tried to pluck forth a basket from the tonneau and sleep had touched him with his fingers on the handle. And from the eastern fringes of the village there entered the square, as actors enter upon a stage, a group of a dozen men, with their arms linked together, swaying and dazed and stumbling. At first McDermott thought that wounded were being helped from the field. But these men were not wounded; they were walking in their sleep, and the group fell apart, as McDermott looked at them, and sank severally to the cobblestones. Scotchmen, Canadians, English, torn and battered remnants of many different commands, they had striven with their guns and bodies for more than a week to dam the vast-rising wave of the German attack—day melting into night and night burning into day again, till there was no such thing as time to them any longer; there were but two things in all the world, battle and weariness, weariness and battle.

McDermott moved across the square



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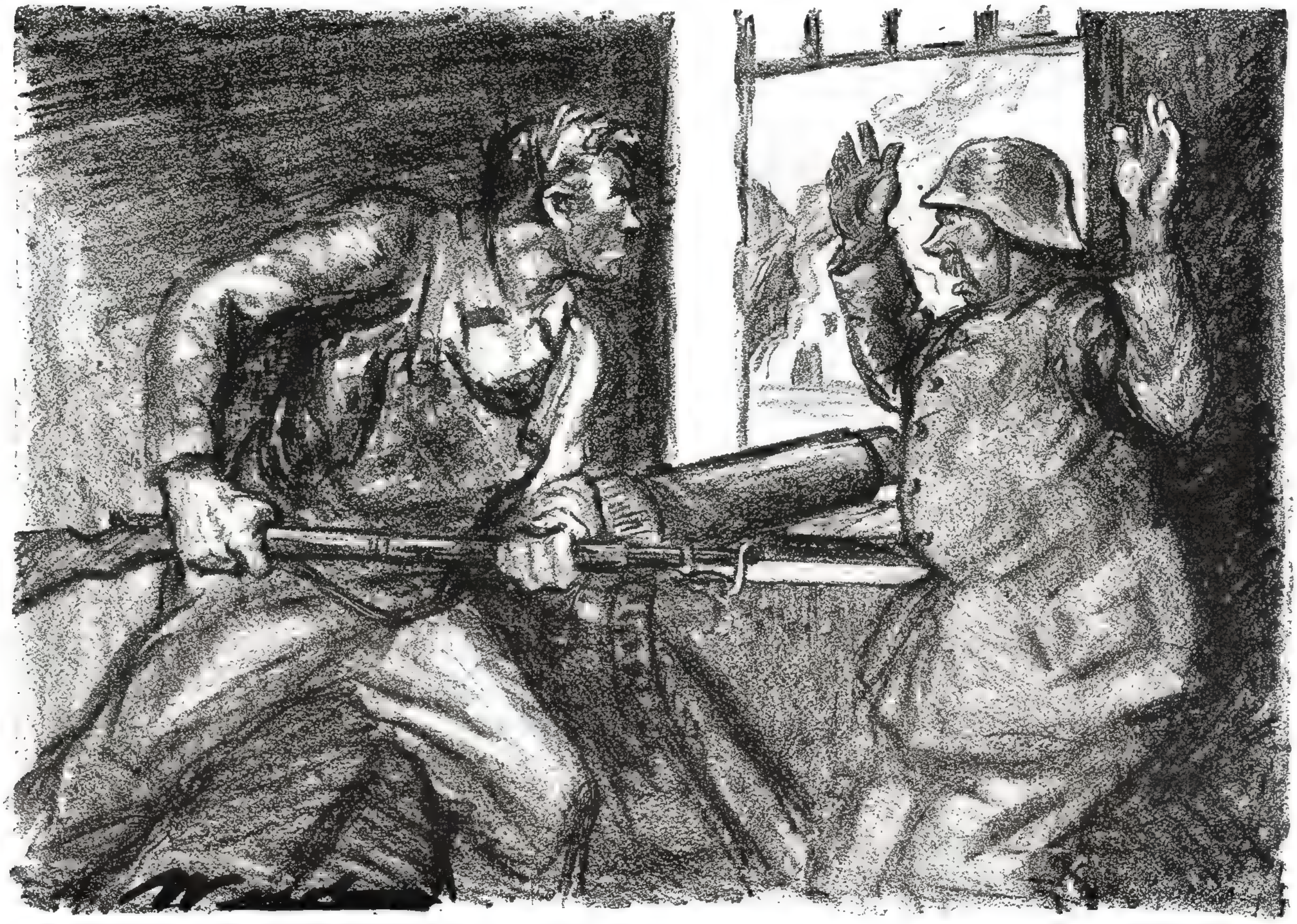


"Ye are me prisoner," said McDermott, "an' the furst wan I iver took. Hould up y'r hands! Hould thim up, I say!"

unchallenged. He had eaten and slept but little for two days himself, and he made instinctively for the open door of an empty inn, to search for food. In the doorway he stumbled across a lad who roused and spoke to him.

"Jack," said the boy, looking at him with red eyes out of an old, worn face, "have you got the makin's?"

He was in a ragged and muddied Canadian uniform, but McDermott guessed that he was an American.

"I have that," said McDermott, producing papers and tobacco. But the boy had lapsed into slumber again. McDermott rolled the cigaret for him, placed it between his lips, waked him and lighted it for him.

The boy took a puff or two, and then said dreamily: "And what the hell are you doin' here with them blue overalls on?"

"I come to look at the war," said McDermott.

The soldier glanced around the Grande Place, and a gleam of deviltry flashed through his utter exhaustion. "So you come to see the war, huh? Well, don't you wake it now. It's restin'. But if you'll take a chair and set down, I'll have it—called—for—you—in—in—in 'n 'our—or so——"

His voice tailed off into sleep once more; he mangled the cigaret, the tobacco mingling with the scraggly beard about his drawn mouth; his head fell forward upon his chest. McDermott stepped past him into the Hôtel Fauçon, as the inn had called itself. He found no food, but he found liquor there.

"Frinch booze," said McDermott, getting the cork out of a bottle of brandy and sniffing it; "but booze is booze."

And more booze is more booze, especially upon an empty stomach. It was after the fourth drink that McDermott pulled his chair up to one of the open windows of the inn and sat down, with the brandy beside him.

"I'm neglictin' that war I come all this way to see," said McDermott.

The Grande Place, still shaken by the tremendous and unceasing pulsations of battle, far and near, was beginning to wake up. A fresh, or, at least, a fresher, battalion was arriving over the spur line of railroad along which McDermott's mules had been so mistakenly shunted, and was moving eastward through the town to the firing-line. The men whom McDermott had seen asleep were rising at the word of command; taking their weapons, falling in, and staggering back to the interminable battle once more.

"I dunno," mused McDermott, as the tired men straggled past, "whether I want to be afther j'inin' that war or not. It makes all thim lads that slapey! I dunno phwat the divil it is, the Frinch booze bein' so close to me, inside, or that war so close to me, outside, but I'm gittin' slapey m'silf."

It was, likely, the brandy. There had not been a great deal of French brandy in McDermott's previous experience, and he did not stint himself. It was somewhere between the ninth and the fifteenth swallows of it that McDermott remarked to himself, rubbing the scar on his head:

"I w'u'd jine that war now, if I c'u'd be sure which way it had wint!"

And then he slid gently out of his chair and went to sleep on the floor just inside the open window of the Hôtel Fauçon.

The war crept closer and took another look at McDermott. As the warm golden afternoon waned, the British troops, fighting like fiends for every inch of ground, exacting a ghastly toll of lives from the Germans, were forced back into the eastern outskirts of the town. There, with rifle and machine gun, from walls, trees, courtyards, roofs and ruins, they held the advancing Germans for an hour. But they were pushed back again, doggedly establishing themselves in the houses of the Grande Place. Neither British nor Germans were dropping shells into that village now, each side fearful of damaging its own men.

A British subaltern with a machine gun and two private soldiers entered the inn and were setting the gun up at McDermott's window when a German bullet struck the officer and he fell dead across the slumbering McDermott. Nevertheless, the gun was manned and fought for half an hour above McDermott, who stirred now and then, but did not waken. Just at dusk an Irish battalion struck the Germans on the right flank of their assaulting force, a half mile to the north of the village, rolled them back temporarily, and cleared the village of them. This counter attack took the firing-line a good thousand yards eastward once more.

McDermott roused, crawled from beneath the body of the British officer, and viewed it with surprise. "That war has been here agin, an' me aslape," said McDermott. "I might jine that war if I c'u'd ketch up wid it—but 'tis here, 'tis there, 'tis gawn agin! An' how c'u'd I jine it wid no weapons, not even a good thick club to m' hands?"

He foraged and found a piece of sausage that he had overlooked in his former search, ate it greedily and then stood in the doorway, listening to the sound of the firing. It was getting dark and northward toward Messines and Wytschaete and southward for more miles than he could guess the lightning of big guns flickered along the sky.

"Anny way I w'u'd go," mused McDermott, "I w'u'd run into that war if I was thryin' to dodge ut. And anny way I w'u'd go, I w'u'd miss that war if I was thryin' to come up wid ut. An' till I make up me mind which wan I want to do, here will I sthay."

He opened another bottle of brandy, and drank and cogitated. Whether it was the cogitation or the drinks or the effect of the racket of war, his head began to ache dully. When McDermott's scar ached, it was his custom to take another drink. After a while there came a stage at which, if it still ached, he at least ceased to feel it aching any more.

"The hotel here," he remarked, "is filled wid hospitality and midical tratement, and where betther c'u'd I be?"

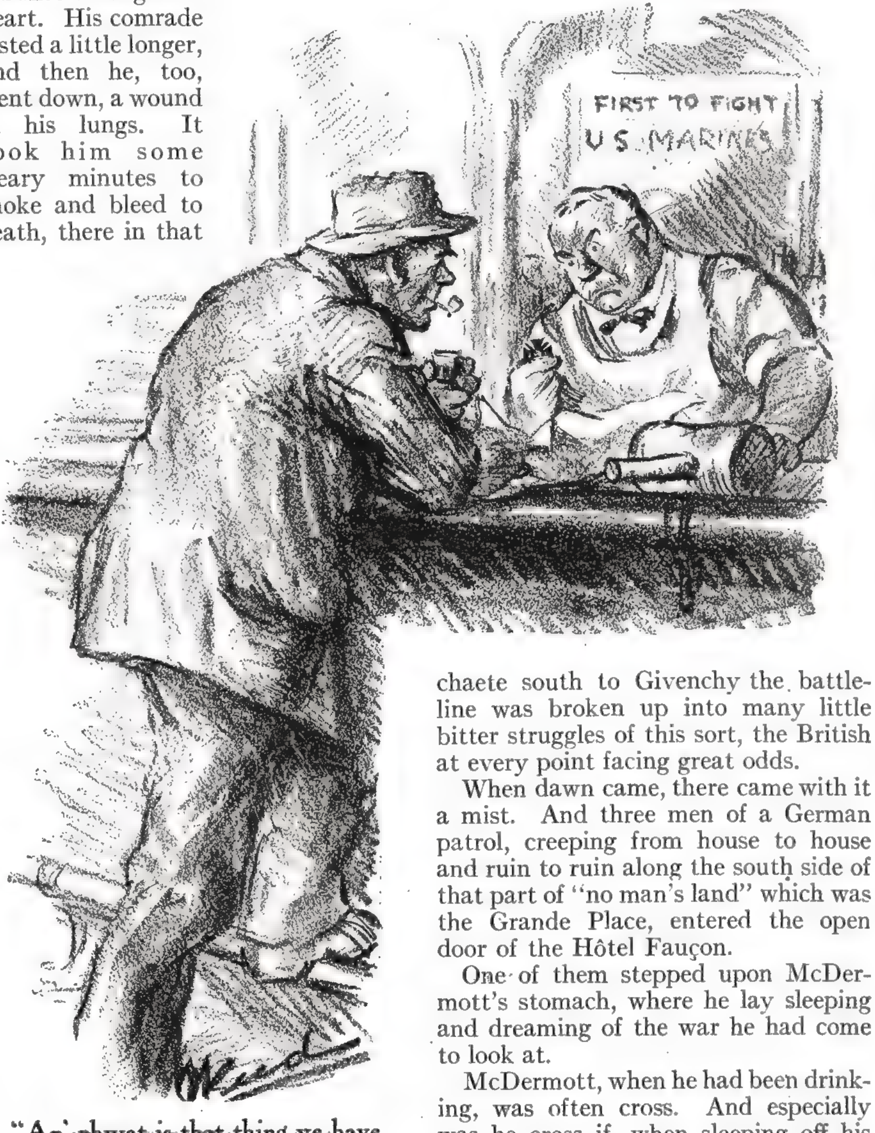
And presently, once more, a deep sleep overtook him. A deeper, more profound sleep, indeed, than his former one. And this time the war came still nearer to McDermott.

The British were driven back again and again occupied the town, the Germans in close pursuit. From house to house and from wall to wall the struggle went on, with grenade, rifle and bayonet. A German, with a Scotchman's steel in his chest, fell screaming, back through the open window, and his blood as he died soaked McDermott's feet. But McDermott slept. Full night came, thick and cloudy, and both sides sent up floating flares. The square was strewn with the bodies of the dead and the bodies of the maimed in increasing numbers; the wounded groaned and whimpered in the shadows of the trampled Place, crawling, if they still could crawl, to whatever bit of broken wall seemed to offer momentary shelter and praying for the stretcher-bearers to be speedy. But still McDermott slept.

At ten o'clock that night two Englishmen once more brought a machine gun into the Hôtel Fauçon; they worked the weapon for twenty minutes from the window within ten feet of which McDermott now lay with his brandy bottle beside him. Once McDermott stirred; he sat up sleepily on the floor and murmured: "An' where is that war now? Begad, an' I don't belave there is anny war!"

And he rolled over and went to sleep again. The men with the machine gun did not notice him; they were too busy. A moment later one of them sank with a bullet through his heart. His comrade lasted a little longer, and then he, too, went down, a wound in his lungs. It took him some weary minutes to choke and bleed to death, there in that dark place, upon the floor, among the dead men and McDermott's brandy bottles and the heap of ammunition he had brought with him. His struggle did not wake McDermott.

By midnight the British had been driven back until they held the houses at the west end of the town and the end of the spur railroad that came eastward from Hazebrouck. The Germans were in the eastern part of the village, and between was a "no man's land," of which the Grande Place was a part. What was left of the Hôtel Fauçon, with the sleeping McDermott in it, was toward the middle of the south side of the square. In the streets to the north and south of the Place patrols still clashed with grenade and bayonet and rifle, but the Germans attempted no further advance in any force after midnight. No doubt they were bringing up more men; no doubt, with the first morning light, they would move forward a regiment or two, possibly even a division, against the British who still clung stubbornly to the western side of the town. All the way from Wytschaete south to Givenchy the battle-line was broken up into many little bitter struggles of this sort, the British at every point facing great odds.



"An' phwat is that thing ye have there?" asked Tim.

When dawn came, there came with it a mist. And three men of a German patrol, creeping from house to house and ruin to ruin along the south side of that part of "no man's land" which was the Grande Place, entered the open door of the Hôtel Fauçon.

One of them stepped upon McDermott's stomach, where he lay sleeping and dreaming of the war he had come to look at.

McDermott, when he had been drinking, was often cross. And especially was he cross if, when sleeping off his liquor, some one purposely or inadvertently interfered with his rightful and legitimate rest. When this coarse and heavy-footed intruder set his boot, albeit unwittingly, upon McDermott's stomach, McDermott sat up with a bellow of rage, instinctively and instantaneously grabbed the leg attached to the boot, rose as burning rocks rise from a volcano, with the leg in his hands, upset the man attached to the leg, and jumped with two large feet accurately upon the back of that person's neck. Whereupon the Boche went to Valhalla. McDermott, though nearer fifty than forty years old, was a barroom fighter of wonderful speed and technic, and this instinctive and spontaneous maneuver was all one motion, just as it is all one motion when a cat in a cellar leaps over a stack of potatoes, lands upon a rat, and sinks her teeth into a vital spot. The second German and the third German hung back an instant toward the door, and then came on toward the moving shadow in the midst of shadow. For their own good they should have come on without hanging back that second; but perhaps their training, otherwise so efficient, did not include barroom tactics. Their hesitation gave McDermott just the time he needed, for when he faced them he had the first German's gun in his hands.

"NO WAR," said McDermott, "can come into me slapin'-chamber and stand on me stomach like that, and expict me to take it peaceful!"

With the words he fired the first German's rifle into the second German. The third German, to the rear of the second one, fired his gun simultaneously, but perhaps he was a bit flurried, for he also fired directly into the second German, and there was nothing the second German could do but die; which he did at once. McDermott leaped at the third German with his rifle clubbed just as the man pressed the trigger again. The bullet struck McDermott's rifle, splintered the butt of it and knocked it from his hands; but a second later McDermott's hands were on the barrel of the German's gun and the two of them were struggling for it.

There is one defect in the German military system, observers say: the drill-masters do not teach their men independent thinking; perhaps the drill-masters do not have the most promising material to work upon. At any rate, it occurred to McDermott to kick the third German in the stomach while the third German was still thinking of nothing else than trying to depress the gun to shoot or bayonet McDermott. Thought and kick were as well coordinated as if they had proceeded from one of McDermott's late mules.

The Boche went to the floor of the Hôtel Fauçon with a groan. "Gott!" he said.

"A stomach f'r a stomach," said McDermott, standing over him with the rifle. "Git up!"

The German painfully arose.

"Ye are me prisoner," said McDermott, "an' the furst wan I iver took. Hould up y'r hands! Hould thim up, I say! Not over y'r stomach, man, but over y'r head!"

The Boche complied hurriedly.

"I see ye understhand United States," said McDermott. "I was afraid ye might not, an' I w'u'd have to shoot ye."

"*Kamerad!*" exclaimed the man.

"Ye are no comrade av mine," said McDermott, peering at the man's face through the eery half-light of early morning, "an' comrade av mine ye niver was! I know ye well! Ye are Goostave Schmidt b' name, an' wanst ye tinded bar in a dive down b' the Brooklyn wather-front!"

The man stared at McDermott in silence for a long minute, and then recollection slowly came to him.

"MagDermodd!" he said. "Batrick MagDermodd!"

"The same," said McDermott.

"*Gott sei dank,*" said the German. "I haf fallen into der hands of a friend." And with the beginning of a smile he started to lower his hands.

"Put thim up!" cried McDermott. "Don't desave y'silf! Ye are no frind av mine!"

The smile faded, and something like a look of panic took its place on the German's face.

"Th' last time I saw ye, ye was in bad company, f'r ye was alone," said McDermott. "An' I come over here lookin' f'r ye, an' I find ye in bad company agin!"

"Looking?" said the German with quite sincere perplexity. "You gome here *looking* for me?"

The wonder on the man's face at this unpremeditated jest of his having crossed the Atlantic especially to look for Gustave Schmidt titillated McDermott's whole being. But he did not laugh, and he let the German wonder. "And phwy sh'u'd I not?" he said.

The German thought intensely for a while. "Why *should* you gome all der vay agross der Adlandic looking for *me?*" he said finally.

"Ye have a short mimory," said McDermott. "Ye do not recollict the time ye hit me on the head wid a bung-starter whin I was too soused to defind m'silf? The scar is there yet, bad luck to ye!"

"But dot was nudding," said the German. "Dot bung-starder business was all a bart of der day's vork."

"But ye cript up behint me," said McDermott; "an' me soused!"

"But dot was der bractical vay to do it," said the German. "Dot was nuddings at all, dot bung-starder business. I haf forgodden it long ago!"

"The McDermotts remimber thim compliments longer," said McDermott. "An' b' rights I sh'u'd give ye wan good clout wid this gun and be done wid ye. But I'm thinkin' I may be usin' ye otherwise."

"You gome all der vay agross der Adlandic yoost because I hit you on der head mit a bung-starder?" persisted the German, still wondering. "Dot, MagDermodd, I can not belief—*Nein!*"

"And ye tore up y'r citizenship papers and come all the way across the Atlantic just to jine this gang av murtherin' child-killers," said McDermott. "That I c'n belave! Yis!"

"But I haf not dorn up my American cidizen papers—*Nein!*" exclaimed the German earnestly. "Dose I haf kept. I gome across to fight for mein Faderland—dot vas orders. *Ja!* But mein American cidizenship papers I haf kept, and ven der war is ofer I shall go back to Brooklyn and once more an American citizen be, undill der next var. *Ja!* You haf not understood, but dot is der vay of it. *Ja!*"

"Goostave," said McDermott, "ye have too many countries workin' f'r ye. But y'r takin' ordhers from m'silf now —do ye get that? C'n ye play that musical insthrumint there by the window?"

"*Ja!*" said Gustave. "Dot gun I can vork. Dot is der Lewis machine gun. Id is not so good a gun as our machine gun, for our machine gun haf been a golossal sugcess, but id is a goot gun."

"Ye been fightin' f'r the Kaiser f'r three or four years, Goostave," said McDermott, menacing him with his rifle, "but this mornin' I'll be afther seein' that ye do a bit av work f'r thim citizenship papers, an', later, ye can go to hell, if ye like, an' naturalize y'rsilf in still a third country. Ye will shoot Germans wid that gun till I get the hang av the mechanism m'silf. And thin I will shoot Germans wid that gun. But furst, ye will give me that fancy tin soup-bowl ye're wearin'."

Gustave handed over his helmet. McDermott put it on his red head.

"I've been thinkin'," said McDermott, "will I jine this war, or will I not jine it. An' the only way ye c'n tell do ye like a thing or do ye not is to thry it wance. Wid y'r assistance, Goostave, I'll thry it this mornin', if anny more av it comes my way."

MORE of it was coming his way. The Germans, tired of trifling with the small British force which held the village, had brought up the better part of a division during the night and were marshaling the troops for their favorite feat of arms, an overwhelming frontal attack *en masse*. The British had likewise received reinforcements, drawing from the north and from the south every man the hard-pressed lines could spare. But they were not many, perhaps some three thousand men in all, to resist the massed assault with the railroad for its objective which would surely come with dawn. If troops were needed in the village they were no less needed on the lines that flanked it. The little town, which had been the scene of so much desperate skirmishing the day before and during the first half

(Continued on page 76)

Pocasset's General

By Anne Herendeen

Press Illustrating Service, Inc.

OF COURSE they had a Fourth of July in Pocasset, Massachusetts, down there on the Cape, but when even old ex-mother England was cheering herself hoarse about the anniversary of the day we grew up, from early morning till dewy eve, one cap pistol and eleven small firecrackers constituted the only evidence of Pocasset fervor. Really, the two hundred inhabitants in Pocasset (excluding the summer folks, as is quite proper) are not great hands to be carried away by emotion. And there have only been Woods in Pocasset half a century. And half a century is as a day in Cape Cod reckoning. So no one can say that Pocasset people are prejudiced in Leonard's favor on *that* account. Anyway, Leonard was unfortunately born over in Winchester, Vermont, so he isn't a native son. Consequently what Pocasset folks think of the general who spent his boyhood among them represents cold, unbiased judgment and is worth listening to.

Over at the post-office where, when the mail isn't heavy, you can buy views of the Cape and sustaining lollipops, the postmistress looked as bright as a button when I spoke of Pocasset's Major-General.

"Oh, Leonard Wood!" said the postmistress, and came out from her governmental cage and around by the gumdrops. "I went to school with him." And from the door she showed me the little frame building, to prove it.

Anne Herendeen.

Captain William Barlow
Of Barlowtown (alias Pocasset, Mass.) used to get a good deal of work and some amusement aboard ship out of one Leonard Wood, a village boy who loved the sea.

"Of course," she went on, "I was younger than Leonard and didn't see much of him; he went off to school at Middleboro by the time I got to the noticin' age, but I remember him as a quiet, studious boy, a nice-looking boy, and one that every one thought well of." Then she looked at me severely and remarked, "Of course, down here we all think that Leonard hasn't had his due lately."

Up the hill lived another lady who "had known Leonard when—" She was a very pretty lady and she told me that as a girl she had painted on china with some success. She has only lived twenty years in Pocasset and is considered something of a transient, but she visited the Woods there before that and she thinks that Leonard represents the highest type of American manhood.

He has come back, it seems, at least once a year, oftener when his mother was still living in the Wood homestead, and he never forgets any of the home-folks.

"I have saved all the articles I have ever seen published about Leonard," she said. There was one published ten years ago that she liked best, even though it did show our Major-General chatting affably with the Kaiser.

"All the more reason," said the lady, "why Leonard should be sent over. He probably knows more than the next one about the fellow's scoundrelly tricks."

Over working on the new golf course (a concession to the summer people) was another schoolmate.

"A fine fellow, Leonard," said he, leaning on his spade. "What I always say is, if we had a few more like him 'over there,' mebbe the war would be over with sooner. Seeing a thing through, that's Leonard all over."

Pocasset's other name is Barlowtown, and it was Captain William Barlow, retired master of many a coastwise ship, in his snug little house down near Buzzard's Bay, that really made me see "Doctor Wood's boy."

"Leonard Wood?" said he, passing me a little bag with peppermints in it (the kind you used to get after church for being a good girl). "Well, I dunno's I can tell you anything much wonderful about Leonard. Now if only Mrs. Barlow was home she could tell you all kinds of things. I do believe that woman remembers everything that ever happened in this town. Take even the summer people now. She even keeps *their* names in mind. All her family are like that. "About all I can tell you is that Leonard was a fine boy and a very accomplishin' boy and a sensible boy and a droll boy.

"Now as to the accomplishin' part. Did you happen to notice that handsome grove of spruces back of the Wood home as you came down the street? Leonard transplanted all them trees. Folk's said it couldn't be done. When he had up and done it just the same, and I saw that the darn things was going to weather the change as fine as silk, 'Leonard,' s'I, 'how in the world did you do it?'

"Leonard's face kinda widened out and s'he, in that droll way of his, 'Well, Cap'n, I just waited till there was a little frost in the ground, and then cut 'round each of those trees with an ax, leavin' the dirt well 'round the roots, and, Cap'n,' s'he, 'I don't believe one of those trees ever knew it was moved!'

"Another time," Captain Barlow remembered after a second bracing peppermint, "I had Leonard out with me to pick up a small cargo at a point down the coast. Just outside the harbor we got becalmed. All at once Leonard spied a small dark object way off on the water.

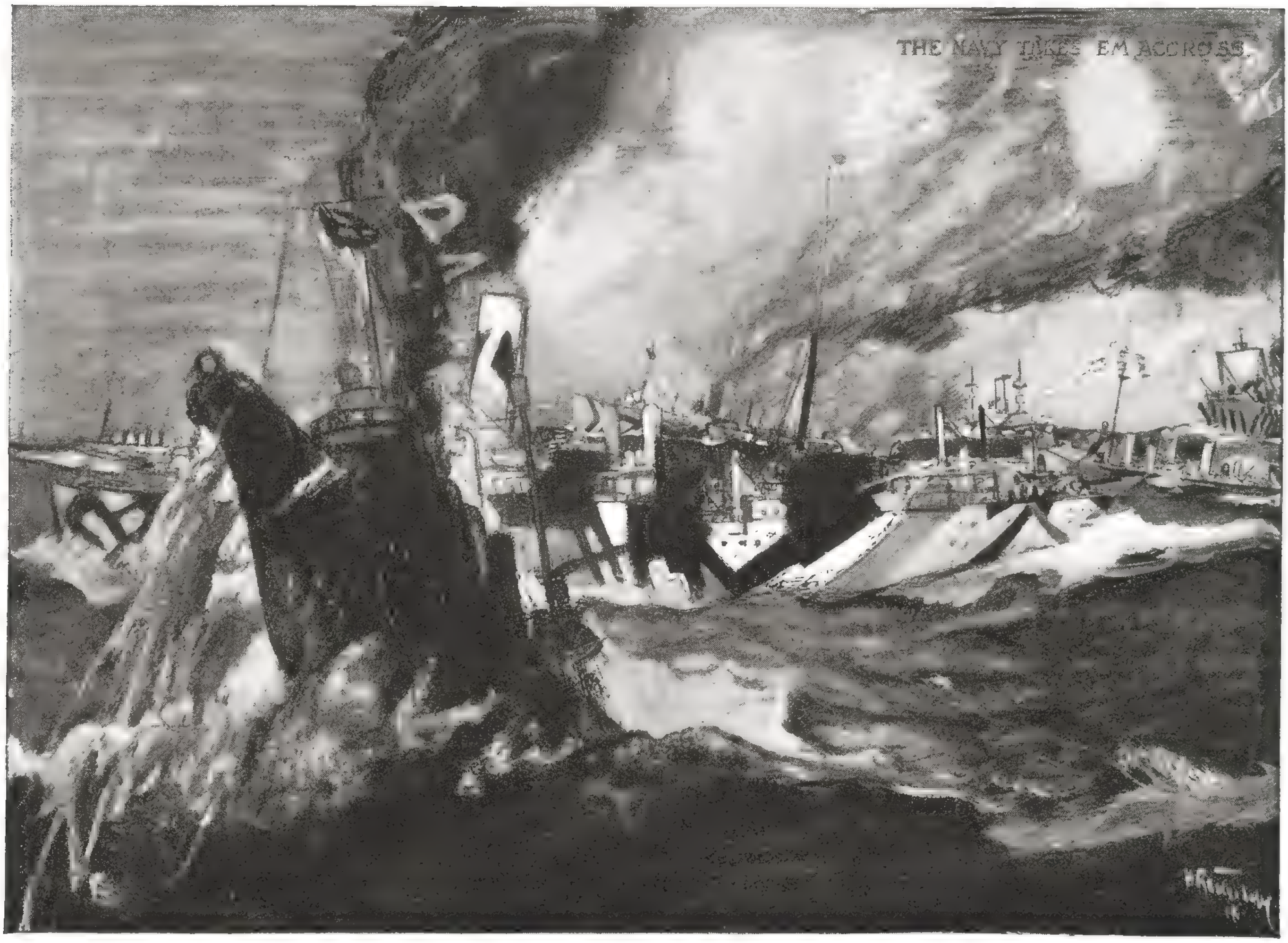
"Nothing would do but he should row out and see what it was. 'Might be some one in trouble,' s'he, 'or anyway it might be somethin' valuable.'

"Well, I let him go. As it happened it was a rowboat adrift and a very nice little boat she was, too. Leonard towed her back with him very triumphant and, 'You said I might go, Cap'n,' s'he, 'so we'll sell her and divide the profits.'"

I remarked that Leonard hadn't a reputation for an over-amount of meekness in taking orders in his later life; that back in Spanish War days some one had described his snipping of red tape, the time he mobilized the Rough Riders in twenty-one days, as "constructive insubordination."

That amused Captain Barlow and he helped himself to both a peppermint *and* a wintergreen and twinkled his kind old eyes.

"Well," said he, "there have been those even down here who said Leonard was inclined to be a mite headstrong. But I guess if he'd 'a' ben a good Democrat everything would 'a' ben all right!"


THE NAVY TAKES 'EM ACCROSS

All around the veering flocks of ships dash the destroyers.

CHASING *the* PERISCOPE

By William G. Shepherd

Author of "THE SCAR THAT TRIPLED," "THE CONFESSIONS OF A WAR-CORRESPONDENT," *Etc.*

Illustrated by Henry Reuterdahl, U. S. N. R.

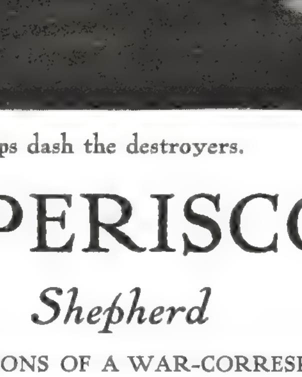
YOUTH has whipped the submarine.

Waning muscles and aging nerves of mature man could not have done it. It was more than a man-sized job; it was a youth-sized job.

Maturity has the credit for devising the weapons and the plans, but youth took these to sea and used them with success.

American boys have had their part in this mighty task, and it has made them the most upstanding, the happiest, proudest, bravest boys that have ever appeared, as a mass, on the pages of American naval history.

Navy officials, early in the war, selected groups of young men, with officers trained to a dot, and gave to each group that wonderful tool known as a destroyer. The civilian thinks a destroyer is "just a sort of some kind of a little boat that runs around looking for things." He's wrong. A destroyer is almost the last word in ships. It costs two million dollars. It is really two exquisitely mounted turbine engines with a thin skin of steel put around them to keep them afloat. These engines have the power of twenty-seven thousand horses, enough to drive a great liner. The destroyer is so loaded with bombs and torpedoes and explosive deviltries that it is, potentially, a huge bomb in itself. It slices the ocean at forty miles an hour. It is all power and danger. It can not upset. While an ordinary ship is doomed if she rolls much lower than forty-five degrees, or half-way down to the surface of the sea, the destroyer on the side of a wave can roll over to one hundred and seven degrees, which is seventeen degrees below level, and still right herself.



When an ordinary ship rolls beyond forty-five degrees you can see part of the bulge of her bottom as you stand on her deck, but I have met young destroyer sailors from Iowa, Nevada and elsewhere who have told me that they have stood on their decks and seen clear underneath their own boats. Such is an effect of destroyer service upon happy, carefree youth. Destroyers are not easy to build; not every shipyard can turn them out. They are the jewel-mounted watch of ships, and you might as well expect an ordinary shipyard to turn them out as to expect a dollar-watch factory to make you a platinum chronometer.

Such is the tool that Young America, in the European anti-submarine patrol, has used. And he has used it exultingly, with the blood of excitement and adventure surging through his young body. Master of the power of twenty-seven thousand horses, riding its thin shell like an aviator on silk wings, conqueror of the ten-month storm that sweeps yearly across the ocean and about the shores of England, Ireland and France, he is a component part of a piece of hurtling death. What American boy who isn't subject to seasickness wouldn't like a job like that?

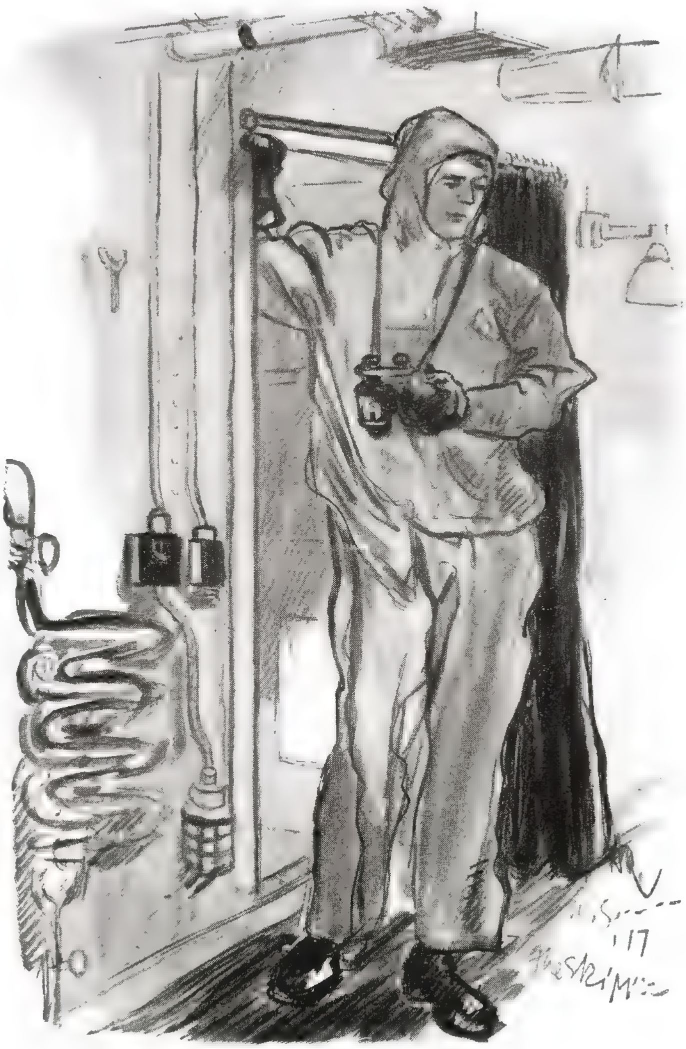
It is a twentieth-century job; something new on the sea. Pirates, Spanish explorers, Norse sailors never knew such moments as come to these fellows. Just as Hannibal or Napoleon might gaze with astonishment on the great land battle of this year, so John Paul Jones might listen with astonishment and unbelief to the yarns which might be spun by any of the American boys in the antisubmarine patrol.

There's something pathetic in the efforts of these boys to find words to tell their stories.

"Talk about reading thrilling stories in the magazines about rafts and wrecks and things!! We are living them," wrote Stanton F. Kalk, who went from the war-time whirl of Washington, D. C., to the submarine haunt in the Irish Sea on the destroyer *Jacob Jones.* True, he went to his death, a few days later, from swimming about in icy-cold water to herd his men onto the life-rafts, but he had gone through such an experience as no sea-fighters of old could ever have imagined.

The game of these ocean hunters is a certain steel fish, which they hate. It isn't in cold blood they hunt. To explain:

One day, not long ago, bright American eyes from the deck of a destroyer saw, out on the lonely water, a tiny rowboat. In it sat a drooping figure. The whole twenty-seven thousand horse-power of the destroyer was immediately turned on and the young American hearts aboard pounded with excitement as their ship rushed to save the castaway. The glasses of the commander were turned to the little boat. But his ship didn't slow down as it approached the rowboat. No signal went down to the engine-room to take off way. He dashed past the little boat at express-time speed. He ordered the rudder thrown over. His ship whirled broadside onto the tiny derelict. As he went away from there at full speed the commander gave an order:



Youth has whipped the submarine.

(An American destroyer captain.)

"Fire at it until it sinks," he ordered. And one small shell that hit the drooping figure broke into a shower of tattered canvas and splintered wood. The figure had been a dummy, a trap set by the submarine men to lure some destroyer to its death. The eye of some periscope had been fixed on the trap, waiting for the prey it expected.

A German navy man might smile at a trick like that; might say: "That's nothing to hate us for."

But what about this:

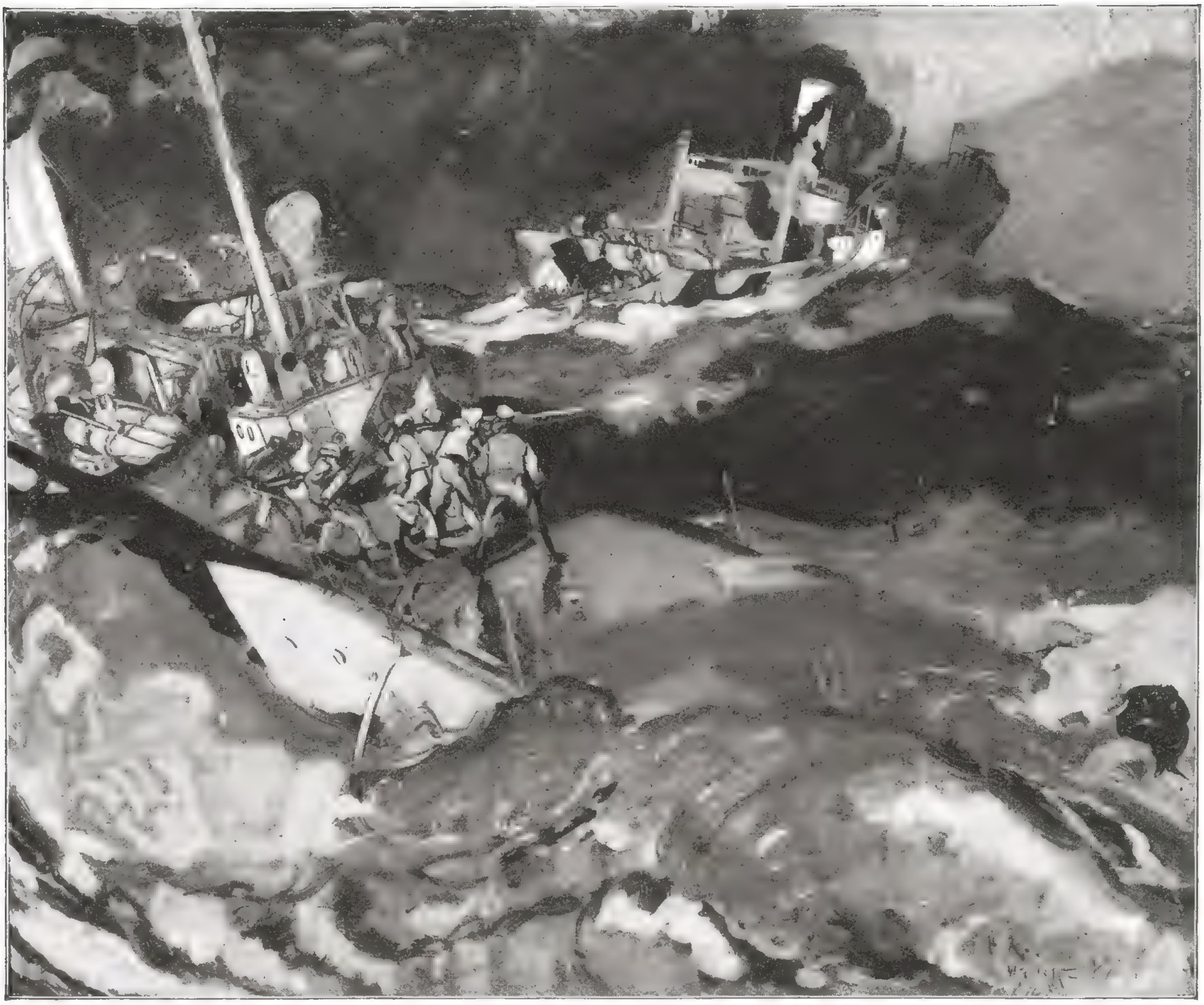
Our American boys on the destroyers dare not stop to pick up lifeboats containing shipwrecked men; they must do the job at top speed. Or, if there be two destroyers on the scene, one may slow down for the rescue while the other circles about it to protect it.

Life-boats full of thirsty, starving, freezing, dying men, women and children are German submarine bait. Our destroyer men, and the English and French destroyer men in these waters, know it to be a fact. There's nothing more priceless to a German submarine than to come across a lifeboat, full of signaling human beings, far from shore. The German submarine men don't rescue the survivors; they just let them wave. Those human beings out there in the little boat are live bait; with their trousers and coats and other desperately improvised flags they are drawing prey to the submarine's zone. That cold, glassy eye of the periscope, that comes up out of the water, circles and circles and circles with pitiless diligence that boatload of human suffering. If no rescuer comes before the bait has died and ceased its attractive wavings, the submarine goes its way. Dead bait is almost worthless.

It is a horrible story, indeed, but so many American and other destroyers have had torpedoes fired at them while they were engaged in rescuing the occupants of life-boats on the high seas, and so many German submarines are always so handily near to a life-boat, that every pitiful little cluster of shipwrecked human beings, on rafts or in boats, is looked upon as a bit of submarine lure.

There is an ardent hate, therefore, in the hearts of the American destroyer men for most of the German submarine sailors.

I used "most" advisedly. These very human young Americans, who range the storms for submarines, have found one submarine commander for whom they have a weakness. That's "Kelly." In spite of all they know of the perfidy and cruelty of the submarine men, they hesitate to believe



To the rescue! An American destroyer firing on and sinking a Hun submarine which

any great ill of "Kelly." "Kelly" has hit them square in their sense of humor, a fair shot. They've never seen "Kelly," but they all say they'd like to. And, indeed, "Kelly" is a mystery. Not long ago, so the destroyer tales go—and I tell them as they were told to me—a German submarine came up alongside a British lightship. Lightships, it is understood, are not sunk by either side. A head popped out of the submarine turret.

"Here," said the head, to a wondering lightship man. "Here's a bunch of papers you might like to read. I had a good time the other evening and I want you fellows to know about it. But if you fellows tell on me, I'll come and sink you."

The bundle contained, so the story goes, several English newspapers, a receipted bill from a certain hotel in the British Isles made out to "Kelly," and two seat-checks for a certain theatre in the same well-known islands, all of recent date.

"Did they tell on 'Kelly'?" I asked one of the submarine hunters who told me the story.

"They did. And 'Kelly' did, too. They had to get a new lightship."

"How did 'Kelly' find out they'd told on him?" I asked.

"That's the big puzzle. That's what makes 'Kelly' interesting."

"Kelly," the Good German

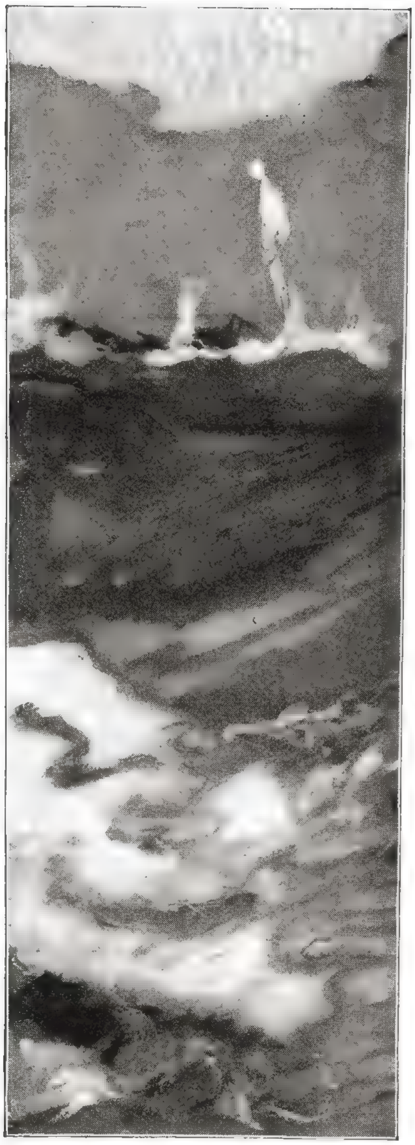
ANOTHER time, as the story goes, "Kelly" came up alongside a fishing fleet, popped his head out and said: "I haven't any money with me because I've been away from home for a long while, but if you'll sell me some fish and trust me for a couple of weeks, I'll be much obliged." The fisherman gave him the fish and he submerged. About two months later a submarine came up near the same fishing-boat. The turret was opened and a package was thrown onto the deck of a trawler. It contained the money for the fish and a note which said: "Kelly always pays his bills."

The destroyer patrols have a whole batch of "Kelly" stories.

"He can't be a German," is the opinion of the destroyer fleet. "He must be some rebel Irishman, because he's got a sense of humor."

The first task of these American boys on the destroyers was to fit in with the English. Their elders, sitting back at their desks in the Navy Department in Washington, wondered, as the first American destroyers approached the other side, whether everything would be smooth sailing between the British navy men and the American navy men. Would the Britishers have a chip on their shoulders because of their ancient sea traditions? Or would the American boys be reluctant to blindly follow British orders?

It's interesting to know just exactly what happened when the American destroyers, after having crossed the Atlantic, reported for patrol duty. The young officers of the destroyers were called together and shown maps of the infested waters. They were told just what areas were to be patrolled. And then their orders came to them. The whole issue of how well they could work with the British navy men hung on those first orders. They came



has attacked a merchant ship.

from a man's man, those orders; from a man who knew men. In effect those orders said:

"Go out to your stations and use your own judgment. Don't ask me by wireless what to do or whether to do it. Do it! And then send in your wireless, telling me you've done it. That's all I want to hear."

It was signed by Admiral Bayley of the British navy. What could have been more American than that? No American admiral ever gave a more pleasing order. Under such instructions the destroyers fairly leaped to their tasks. All the self-reliance that is taught American youth was challenged by that first order. At the very first jump-off the American navy men decided that "that British admiral was a regular fellow" and it is a decision that has not been changed after more than a year of war. They call him "the best American admiral in the British navy."

Of all the hunting in the world, it is difficult to imagine anything more thrilling than the hunt for submarines in these wild waters. It is the biggest, meanest, snakiest game that was ever sought in the justest cause ever known to hunters. There is little wonder that the American boys on the destroyers like it.

There are two aspects of patrol work—the offensive and the defensive. Each has its peculiar problems.

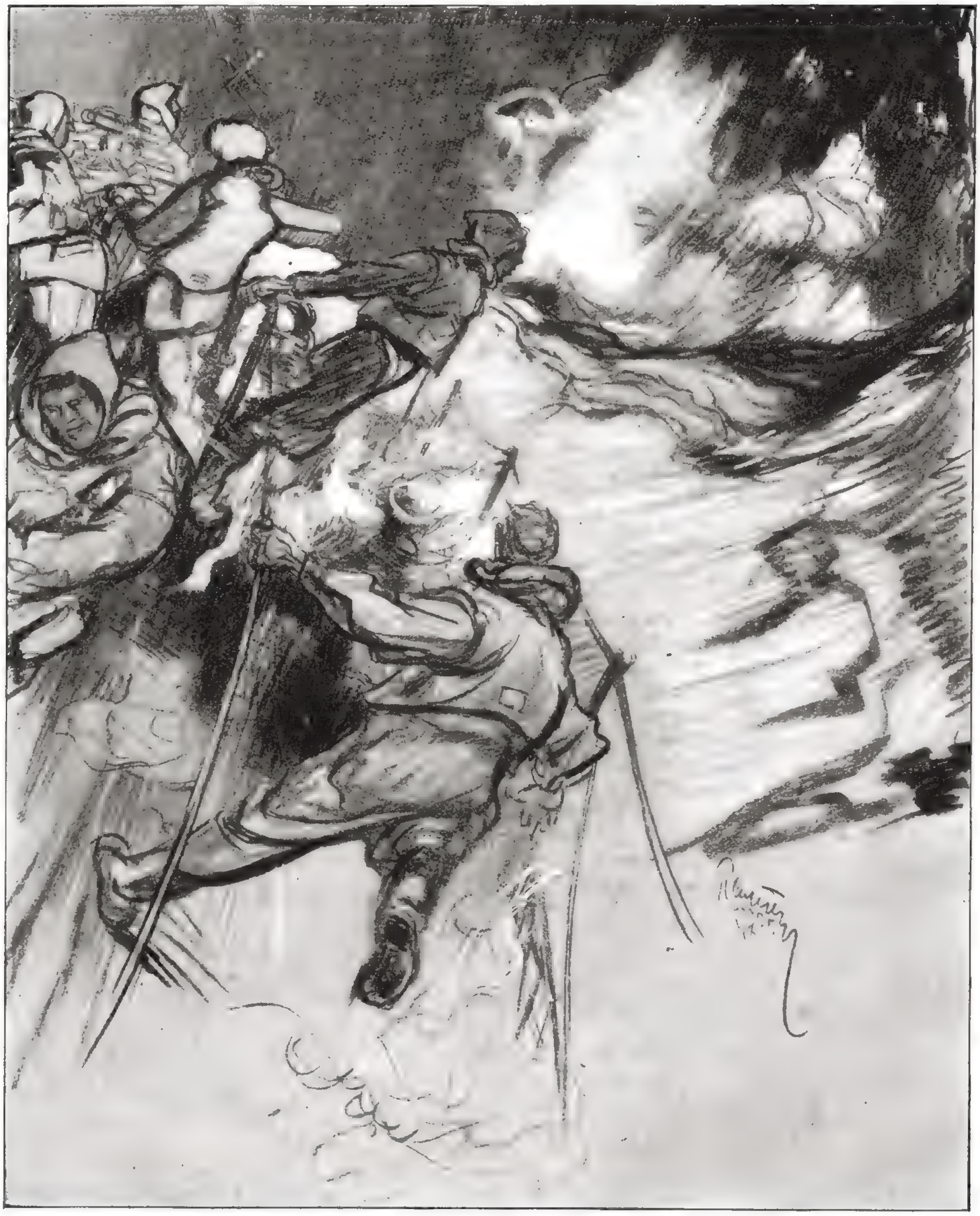
Let us take, first, the offensive. Just as soon as the Germans had sketched that huge geometrical figure on the face of the waters which they called the submarine zone, the Allied naval men took their maps and pencils and superimposed on the German drawing a geometrical design of their own. This design was made up of squares which were designated by letters. With the quick imagination of seamen, where the sea is concerned, these letters formed an acrostic made out of a phrase which meant, in effect: "This is not a German ocean." These lettered areas were detailed off to various destroyers. I find that it appealed tremendously to the imagination of the American destroyer men to play their life-and-death game on the face of this hugest acrostic ever devised. To be out in the zone marked by the first letter of the acrostic meant to be tossing far out at sea.

When the submarine war was at its height, the departure of a destroyer for its distant area in the huge acrostic marked the beginning of the unending excitement. Just as soon as the wireless was rigged and the destroyer left port, the cries of the sea began coming through the wireless room. There were times when these cries were almost incessant. *"We are being fired on by a submarine at such and such a place." "We have been torpedoed and are sinking." "Submarine sighted at such and such a place." "Men on our decks are being killed by submarine shell-fire." "S. O. S.!" "S. O. S.!" "S. O. S.!"*—the air was filled with calls of distress. In his room, at his maps, it was the task of the destroyer commander to discover the location of each one of these disasters and decide whether or not it might be his particular duty to answer any one of them. He might not go too far beyond his course and yet, within reason, he might deviate sufficiently to attempt a rescue. In the main, his chief duty would be to get out to his area as quickly as possible and relieve the other destroyers that had been tossing in the storm out there for over a week.

Incidentally, there is always a storm, ten months out of the year, on the big acrostic. As soon as he reaches the high seas on his path to his post the commander must know that sharp eyes are covering every inch of the tossing waters about him. The latest German periscope is, speaking roughly, shaped like a greatly elongated beer bottle, with a neck only an inch and a half in diameter. The neck is glitteringly nickel-plated so that, with the submarine lying in the path of the sun, the nickel takes on the sheen of the waters and can hardly be discerned; while on a dull day it mirrors the flat hues of the surrounding water, taking on its dull colors of camouflage. It is a telescoping tube that can be thrust gently half a foot above the surface by the German submarine commander without any great stir of the water. Eyes must be searching the waves for this six inches of metal. With wreckage visible in many directions this task is doubly hard, and, in line with the good American motto of "Safety First," many of the periscope alarms proved false in those early days. Other eyes, gazing further asea, must be watching for life-boats containing shipwrecked seamen.

Saving the Victims

"OH, GOD! How they *do* beckon!" said an American destroyer commander to me, in telling of some of his rescues. Once an American destroyer came across a life-boat containing two British ship officers and nine Chinamen. One white man and two Chinamen were dead. The Chinamen, with Oriental fatalism, had given up the struggle and were waiting to die. They wouldn't even seize the rope which was thrown down to them. The white man, saluting courteously, grasped the ship's ladder and started to ascend; he seemed as cool as if he had been merely boarding the ship in harbor. His first few upward steps were strong and sure. He stopped a minute; then his hold loosened. He had used his last strength. Like a bag of sand he fell into the water, face first, dead. From the Chinamen, who were lifted to the deck in swings, the Americans discovered that the boat had been adrift six days, without food or water, which explained the Englishman's death at the moment of rescue. The rule is now, as the result of this and similar incidents, to descend into the life-boat and fasten ropes under



Dropping a depth bomb.

the arms of the life-boat occupants. There's no time to send the ship's doctor down to ascertain the physical strength remaining in the bodies of the sea-drifters. The stories of these rescued drifters are always fascinatingly interesting to the American destroyer men; they outdo, as Stanton Kalk wrote to his mother, all the magazine stories ever written. In one life-boat the American boys picked up a rugged American seaman who had been torpedoed and had taken to the sea in life-boats eleven different times; the matter-of-fact way in which he took his rescue made an impression on the young Americans that has extended throughout the destroyer fleet.

"Weren't you afraid you wouldn't be picked up?" a navy man asked him.

"Hell, no. I'm always picked up. I used to worry some at first, but I know, by this time, that some one'll always come along and get you."

And still other eyes must range farther to the horizon for smoke. Out there, on the wave-jagged edge of the world, a ship may be lying in distress with her wireless useless. And you must know all the ships that are amove in your part of the sea. They must prove themselves friends, either by wireless, by flag-signal or by the hoarse megaphoned voice of the skipper.

The Periscope Eye

EYE-WORK is perhaps the biggest part of submarine hunting; and it has its evils and penalties. Woe to the man on a destroyer who is gifted with that strange, unexplainable talent of being able to see by night. There be such. His is almost a twenty-four-hour-a-day task. And he finally gets the "periscope eye" and is sent ashore to get well, if he can. His eyes weep tears of pus by day and, after sleep, his lids are glued together with granulation. It is a new disease of this mad century.

"You keep looking through those high-powered binoculars like an old lady reading through her spectacles," one of the boys explained to me, "until finally they seem to be pulling your eyes out of their sockets."

And so, whispering sparingly, now and then by wireless, because the submarines have wireless ears, scanning the water by human eye-power, reading the chart and locating the disasters that are being told off in the cries of the sea, the destroyer makes its way to its station. Somewhere in the square miles in that area it must find the destroyer it is to relieve. This done, it goes on watch. To be on watch in one of these spaces in the great acrostic means to range the district back and forth, like a hound. The weather doesn't count. No undamaged American destroyer, up to the time of this writing, has ever come in to shelter from a storm. It stands on the records of the British Admiralty that, one time, they were told by wireless to seek shelter, but the storm was so bad that they all decided it would be safer to stay out!

There is always a storm out there. Ninety miles an hour of wind is not uncommon. When waves are so high that a destroyer can lean over one hundred and seven degrees on a wave side and still roll back to safety, you've got some wave!

It takes five and a half seconds for the average American destroyer to complete a roll. That is, in that space of time it will roll to one side, come back to erect, roll to the other side and then return to erect. If the sea is not bad, the five-and-a-half-second roll is fairly gentle. But in a high sea those five and a half seconds are full of motion; the rolls are lightning-like in their speed. No matter how far the sea wants her to go over, she must go over that distance, swing back almost a corresponding distance to the other side, and come to erect, all in five and a half seconds. She is built and weighted so that she must make this rolling time. When the seas are high, the end of each roll has the effect of the snap of a whip. There are chances for broken legs in her and death from broken necks when the storms are high.

There's no eating at table, though I have had a destroyer man say to me: "Some of us get pretty good at sitting at table, after a lot of experience." Dishes on a table, even in racks, are like stones in a boy's whirling sling. If the cook is able to cook anything at all, he does it in pots and pans lashed to the hot stove. If he enters the wardroom with a tray of eatables and suddenly looses his hold on them and leaves them momentarily in mid-air while he, in the midst of the accompanying crash, grabs the nearest immovable object, the incident passes without comment. The code on the destroyer is, "When she rolls, grab."

On the bridge the officers prop themselves in corners, wedging themselves in with their elbows. Now and then one of them is snapped across the bridge. He grabs at the first thing he can seize. Officers, under such circumstances, have unwittingly seized the whistle rope and blown the siren. One officer, seizing the nearest object, got his hands on the telegraph that started one engine backing at full speed while the other was going full speed forty miles an hour forward, converting the destroyer into an ocean-going top.

There is no real bathing even during the average roll that accompanies the ten-month storm in these parts.

"You'd drown in a bathtub, because the water climbs on top of you," explained one American, "and if you try to go under the shower, you can't dodge around fast enough to keep under the stream. Why, I've had to chase a shower-bath stream clear out of the bathroom into the gangway to stay under it."

The first thing destroyer men do on reaching port, therefore, is to rush to a bathhouse. Sleeping is difficult. Most of the boys remove the springs from their berths and place their mattresses on the boards. This increases the height of the side board and permits them to wedge themselves in more securely by the use of their knees. But it's difficult to sleep.

"Your innards jerk around so much, even if your body is relatively stationary," explained one. Days pass when no one undresses.

The Seasickness Test

THERE are days of this incessant rolling; days on end. It takes a youth blessed with a God-given immunity from seasickness to endure it. Some have been made sick, almost to death. The rhythm of their heartbeats are lost and their internal machinery fails to operate in coordination. Then they themselves and every one else knows that they were not made by nature to be destroyer men. They must go to some other branch of the Navy. Some of our destroyers have tried out as many as two hundred boys who couldn't stand the seasickness test.

It is a job for youth, and handpicked youth at that, with perfect organs and oaken hearts, this destroyer work.

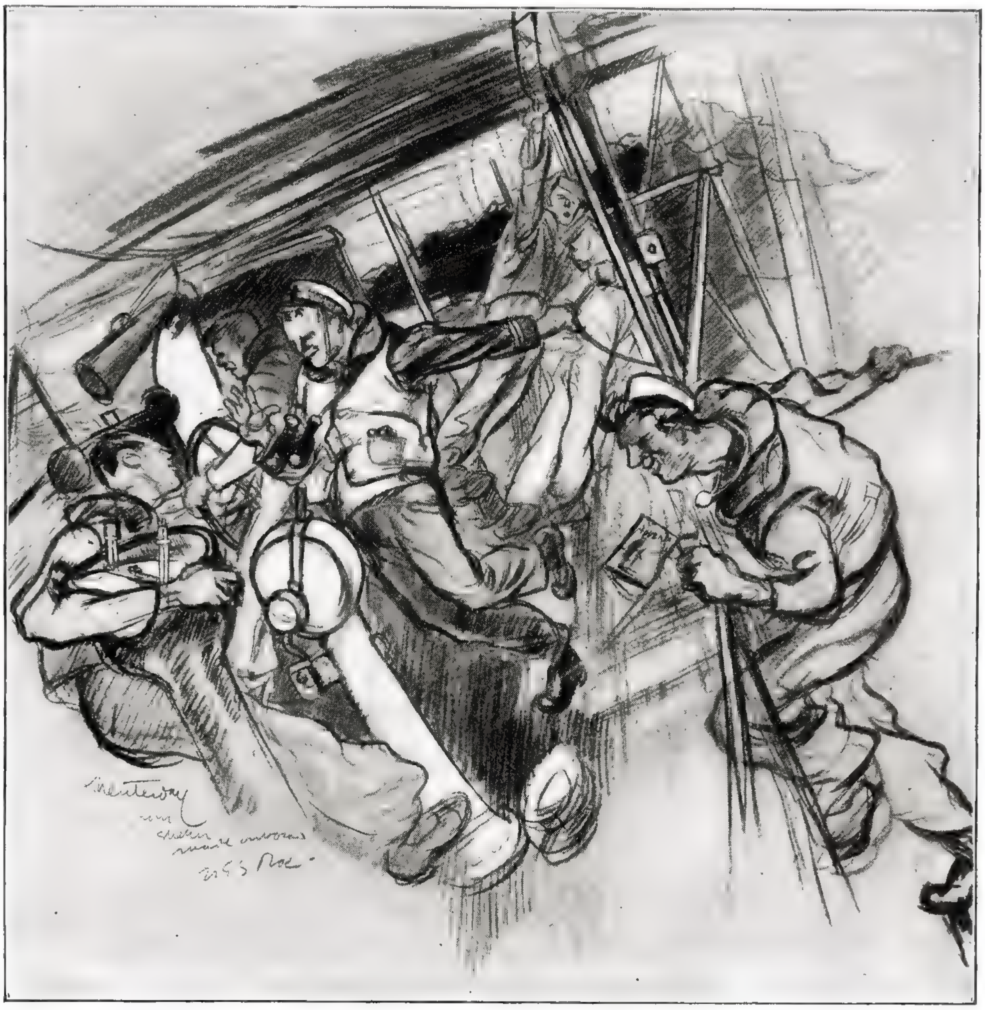
For five days, six days, ten days, as the case may be, the destroyer plows its beat. It must not go too far afield. Every now and again it comes to the boundary of its square and must right about in another direction. No matter how high the sea and how deep the trough of the waves, it must put its side to them, in turning, and lay over on the waters while it makes the shift.

And all the time, in the olden days of submarine supremacy, there were the cries of the sea coming by wireless.

"Is that in my square? Or is it near enough to my square to justify my going to the scene and leaving my own station unprotected for a time? Or will some other destroyer answer them?" These are questions which the destroyer commander must answer for himself every time a cry of the sea comes to his bridge.

His orders from the admiral are, as we remember: "Don't ask me for instructions. Use your own judgment. Do a thing and then tell me you have done it."

Life for him, with all the storm and the danger, is, in reality, a matter of making hourly decisions which may mean life or death for himself, his crew or hundreds of submarine victims. The soundness and the common sense of these quick danger-time decisions by these young American destroyer



The code of the destroyer is, "When she rolls, grab."

commanders—they average in age around thirty—has elicited the highest respect of the European naval commanders. Quick thinking and right thinking are coming to be known abroad as American naval characteristics.

Defensive submarine warfare by these American destroyers consists of escorting ships for convoys. It has excitements of its own, very different, in the main, from these of the offensive submarine hunt.

In this defensive submarine warfare, the submarine, strangely enough, is not the danger which the young destroyer commanders fear most.

"The first fear is that you won't find your convoy. The second fear is, that, after you've found it, you'll lose it again. The third fear is the submarine itself," was the fashion in which an American commander described the worries of escort work.

He thereby drew the background of a new life of the seas—a twentieth-century war-time life—that has never been told either in fact or fiction.

"Go out to a certain place in the ocean and pick up a convoy," appears, to the layman, a simple order, easy of accomplishment. But let us follow half a dozen of these speed monsters out to sea on such a quest.

From the moment they leave, there is the eye-work to be done; every square inch of the waters must be scanned for the enemy.

Castaways in life-boats must be picked up, on such a trip, even though the destroyers are running on schedule to their rendezvous. Any submarine that shows its signs must be hounded to death, if possible, and still the destroyers must be at their meeting-place on time.

"Meeting-place" is highly indefinite. Some of the great liners, supposedly following a given pathway across the ocean, may be as far as twenty miles out of their line, in one direction or the other, a variation of forty miles. The wireless is hushed. Lights are out, if it is night. Human eyesight is the only means of finding the ponderous slow-going ships that come from America with their precious loads of American soldiers and war supplies. The destroyers, at full speed, range the likely areas until the quick, tireless signal goes out from some one of them that the convoy has been found.

Then comes danger in abundance. The destroyers line themselves up at various stations around the great ships. Nothing is left to chance here. Greenwich time is given to the commanders of the big ships, by signals. Everybody's clock is set right. And then, by the clock, the zigzag begins. With great hulks like these and priceless loads of men and supplies, such dangerous work as zigzagging can not be left to the whim of each individual commander. At just a certain tick of the chronometers all the commanders of the great ships must change

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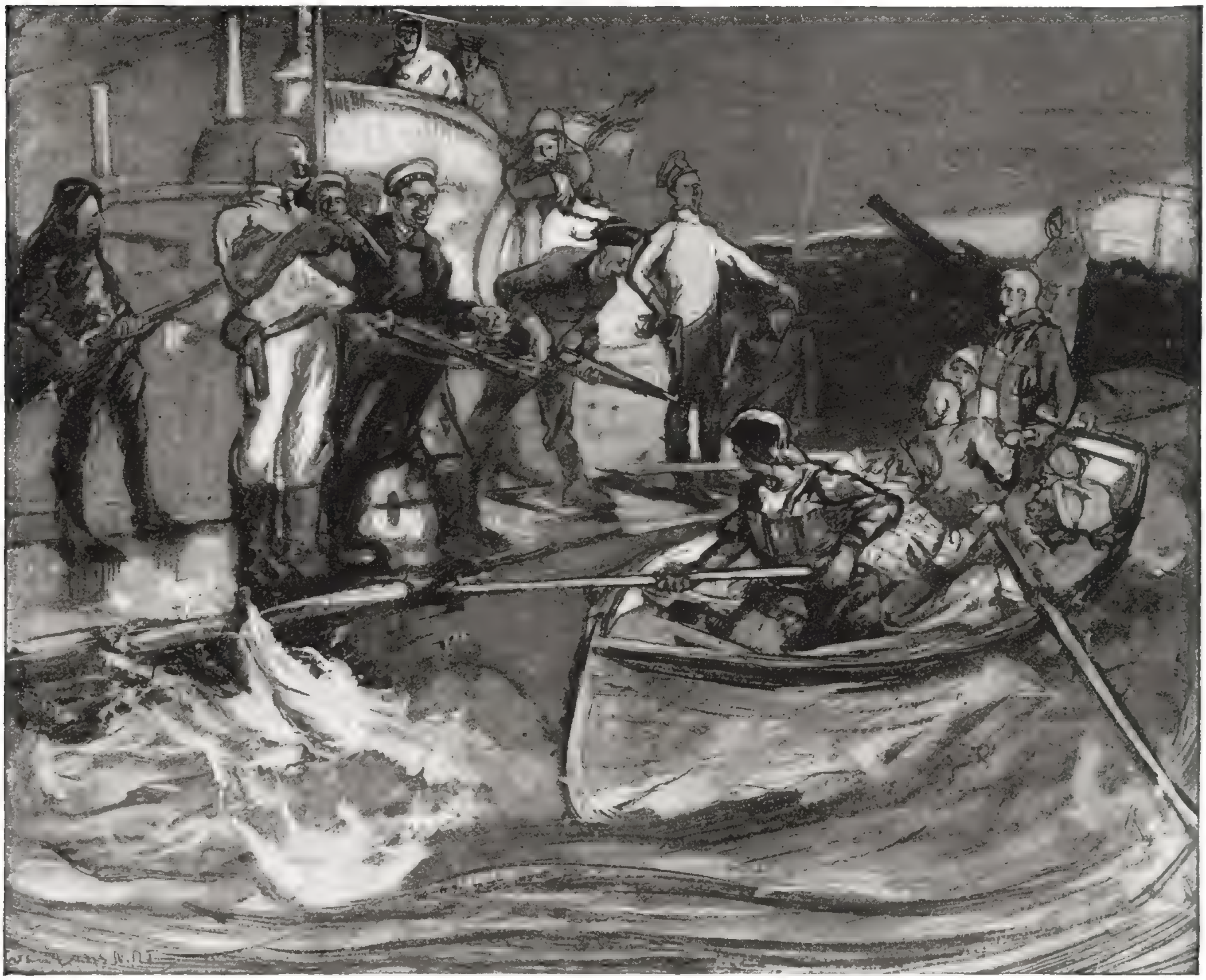
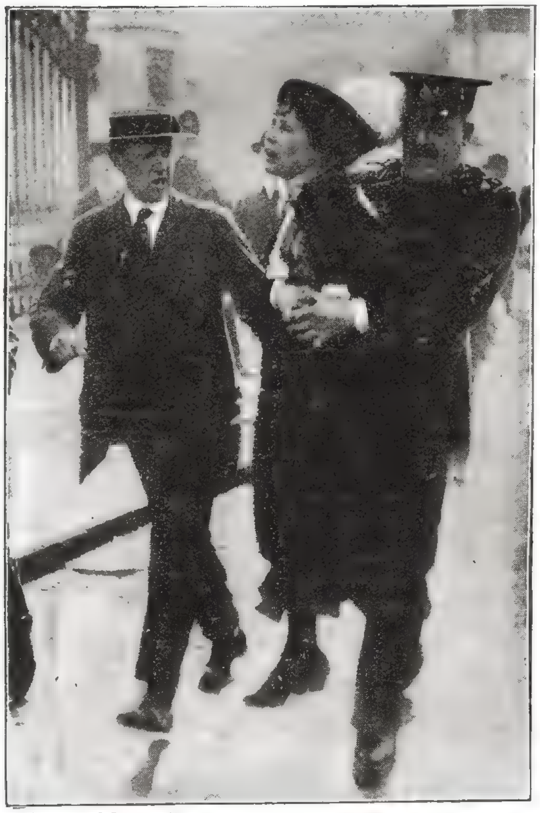


Life-boats full of thirsty, starving, freezing, dying men, women and children are German submarine bait.



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Then

In 1914 Mrs. Pankhurst was "agin the Government" and the most unpopular woman in England. For eight years she had carried on a guerilla warfare for the vote, interspersed with ten different hunger and thirst strikes.

Now

But when war was declared, the militant British lioness turned into a lamb. Mrs. Pankhurst has been her Government's special trusted envoy on several occasions to France, to Russia, and recently to America.

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Mrs. Pankhurst—Now and Then

UNTIL England declared war on Germany, Emmeline Pankhurst was the chiefest of her country's enemies. It all seems mild and quaint enough now, but really they did very well for amateur warriors, those English "militants." Certainly, what with their bombing of empty churches and firing of empty houses, with their vitriol in mail-boxes, their window smashing and telegraphic wire-cutting, they had old father Britannicus rattled to death. With the exception of a very few heroic supporters, all of Parliament that wasn't for deporting them was for letting them starve themselves to death in prison.

The war came to England and there were ten days of "*pourparlers*," followed by a "negotiated peace." Then the "Furies" walked calmly out of jail and into patriotic service. Down came the purple, white and gold, and up went the Union Jack over suffragette headquarters. Now, Mrs. Pankhurst, Christabel, and nearly all the rest of the Mrs. and miscreants (over thirty) are voters and wear gold war medals instead of the silver arrow denoting time spent in Holloway Jail, and have the intensest scorn for any one who "goes agin" the Government.

Whether she is in France praising the French, or in Russia deploring the Russians or, as lately, in America rousing Americans, the new militant Mrs. Pankhurst has the same historic energy as the old militant, and the same feminism.

"When people cast their minds forward to the new world after the war," she told EVERYBODY'S, "let them reckon on a civilization with real women really in it. What I mean, concretely, is that women will never darn and knit again. For darning and knitting is 'pick-up,' makeshift work, and women will never and can never return to 'putting in time.' Knitting and darning will be done by machinery, the homes of to-morrow will be full of labor-saving devices. And they will be full of fresh air and healthy children besides.

"'If they keep up this war long enough I shall get on my feet,' said one English laboring woman, referring to her crisp pay envelop.

"She will never again be resigned to one room when three can be afforded; to children at work who should be in school; to a round of bed-making and dish-washing when she has proved her economic worth. And her very maternity will take on the status of a protected industry.

"After the war millions of men will be mustered out of active service, but of the millions of women whom the war mustered into industry, not one will be mustered out. For the rebuilding of the world there will be needed all the energy and all the vision there is in the world.

"With these thousands of women forever to be an integral part of industry in our hearts and on our minds, we Englishwomen plan for better housing, better national health and better education.

"'How are these changes to be brought about?'

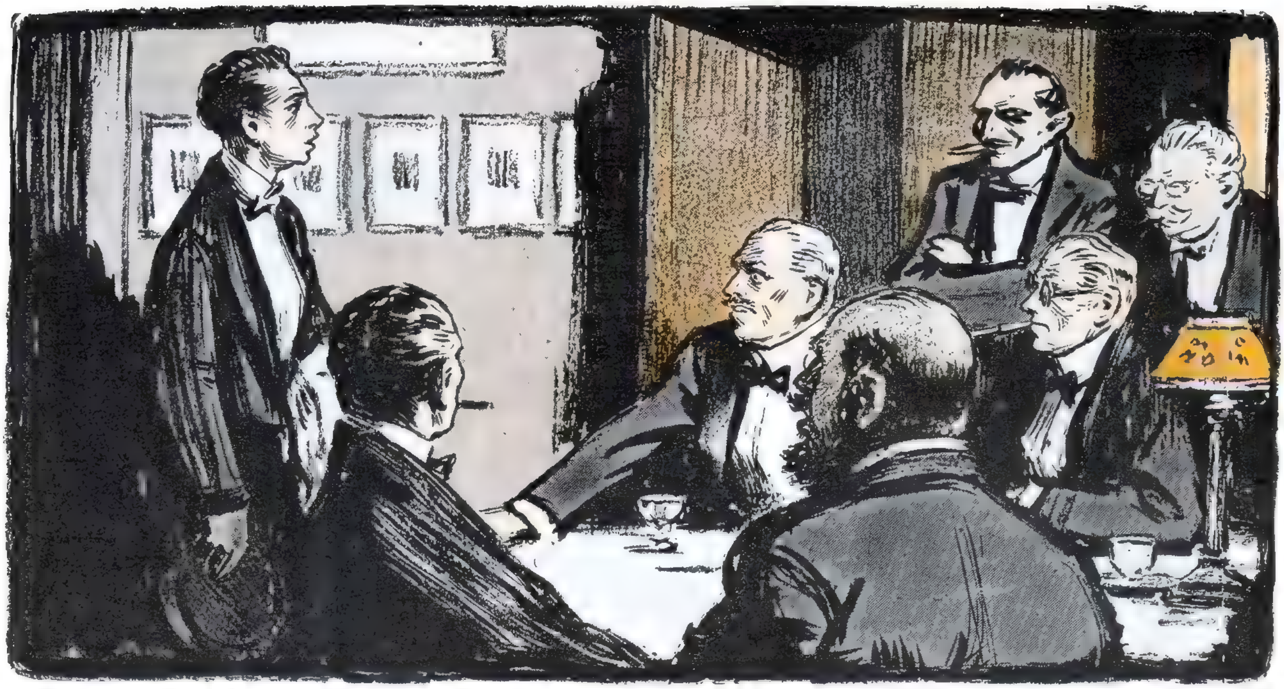
"Not by revolution, not by trade unionization, which formalizes and fosters class hatred, but by legislation enacted by the pressure of intelligent people who realize now more than ever that England is not stronger than her weakest citizeness.

"Again, after the war, there will be no more 'ladies.' There will be no inferiors and superiors; for condescension will be substituted cooperation. Our English 'ladies' have been quite as much mistreated as their humbler sisters. They have had education that fitted them for nothing; through prejudice and custom they have had to sit with white hands folded, hands that might have been contributing to the progress of the world.

"Do you know what, after the war, will be the most significant thing about industry, about policies, et cetera?"

We weren't quite sure.

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Pankhurst: "WOMEN!"



The EYES *of the* BLIND

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

WITHIN twenty-four hours, Robert Deems, reporter of the *Record*, has the following strange experiences:

A man knocks at his door at midnight, and apparently falls dead. A few hours later, he wakes to find a beautiful woman searching his rooms. The next morning de Grecque, calling himself Wilder, offers Deems one hundred thousand dollars, which he refuses, to go to South America.

Later in the day, he escapes death twice. The same evening he meets Gryce, the owner of the *Record*, de Grecque, an alleged French diplomat, and Gryce's daughter, Lydia, whom he recognizes as his visitor of the previous night.

He has an interview with her before he leaves the house, and she accuses him of having conspired with Rogan—the dead man—to deceive her about a piece of paper which she claims Rogan had left with Deems, and ends by herself offering Deems one hundred thousand dollars and immunity.

Very much mystified, Deems returns to his home to find Rogan sitting in an easy chair.

Rogan discloses the fact that he belongs to the Secret Service, that he has lost a mysterious and valuable paper wanted by a band of spies, and that he suspects Gryce and his daughter of treason. He induces Deems to join him and Deems, as "Curtiss," attends a meeting of the "Booklovers' Club," where he finds an apparently innocent gathering, mysteriously suggestive of intrigue. He applies for membership and is accepted through his friendship with Heinrich Graffe—an *alias* of Rogan. Among the club's members is de Grecque, then absent. After reporting the meeting to Rogan, Deems goes to the room he has engaged under the name of Curtiss, to find that Lydia has been there and has again searched his effects. He goes off to tell this to Rogan, and as he nears the book-shop—where Rogan does business as Graffe—he sees a woman resembling Lydia emerge. A few seconds later the German woman, clerk of the book-shop, becomes hysterical over a bomb that has been left there, apparently by Lydia. It does not explode, but one left later at Deems's new quarters blows that house to ruins.

That evening, Lydia has two callers—the first, Randolph Fallon, an ex-reporter of the *Record*, now a taxi-driver, who claims to have driven her that afternoon to Irving Place, and to the book-shop. His object is blackmail, and he is successful in obtaining a check for ten thousand dollars. The second caller is Deems, who desires to have his suspicions allayed. Notwithstanding the incriminating evidence, he comes away still believing in her. Later on, he seeks Fallon, and discovering Lydia's check takes it from him. Then, in the moment when his last hope of her innocence vanishes, Deems knows that he loves her. That same night, Lydia is awakened by the butler who announces important visitors. They are policemen who insist on arresting her.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Lydia Gains an Ally

DE GRECQUE eyed the trembling waiter.

"It is unnecessary to remind you of that which happens to traitors, eh?" he said.

The little black-haired man met de Grecque's gaze defiantly.

"You talk of traitors?" he sneered.

De Grecque smiled. His eyes, blazing with excitement, seemed to roll in their sockets; and yet they never left the face of the little waiter.

"I am a German," he stated.

"And I am an Alsatian," declared the waiter.

"Who is the subject of the Fatherland," de Grecque reminded him.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders.

"And there is the matter of an oath, also," continued de Grecque.

The waiter laughed. "The recording angel, *Herr* de Grecque, enters the violation of an oath made to Germany upon the credit side of his ledger."

"So? Our cock crows proudly," he said to his companions. "I wonder if that crow would not change to a bleat?"

The mild-faced secretary of the Booklovers' Club wiped his glasses.

"Why waste time upon him?" he asked. "We have found him out; why not end the matter here and now?"

A murmur of assent came from the throats of the rest of the pedantic-seeming group. De Grecque stilled the murmur with an angry exclamation.

"Listen, Hennig," he said, "we will do without the bombast. It is more pleasant to a man to know that the recording angel is still recording than to know that he has closed his book."

"I am not afraid to die," said the waiter.

De Grecque nodded. "But your wife? Your daughter?"

Hennig laughed. "My wife and daughter? What about them?"

De Grecque's smile grew broader. He made no answer. Slowly Hennig's face whitened. He looked nervously about the small room, on one of the upper floors of the Royal Restaurant. But he was one against half a dozen, and the half dozen were armed.

"You know nothing of my wife and daughter," he declared. But the defiance had oozed from his voice, and drops of sweat were upon his forehead.

"No?" said de Grecque. "Perhaps we know more than you do, Hennig. You have thought to hide from us the fact that you were married and a father." He shook his head slowly. "It is no compliment that you pay us, Hennig, thinking that we should have no interest in your private life." His voice was mocking. "Are we not representatives of the Fatherland? And does not the Fatherland interest itself even in the tiniest detail of the lives of its sons? You have not appreciated us, Hennig—Your wife and daughter—When we began to hold our meetings here, Hennig, we went most thoroughly into the affairs of the Royal Restaurant. You were among those retained. Why not? You professed to have been born in Bavaria; you have been for a long time most outspoken in your hatred for Germany's enemies. But when the United States entered the war we became even more careful. We discovered, Hennig, that you were married. There was nothing in that to excite suspicion. The fact that you had never mentioned it meant nothing. But when a week or so ago we learned that you had moved your wife and daughter, still saying nothing, to another apartment——"

Hennig's lips even were white now. "You do not know where," he said hoarsely.

"No?" De Grecque walked across the room. He picked up a telephone. He asked for a number.

"Mincer? De Grecque talking. You have Mrs. Hennig there? Put her on the phone, please." He turned to the waiter. He beckoned him to take the telephone. Shaking in every muscle, Hennig took the receiver from the hand of de Grecque. He held it to his ear a moment. "Yes, Frieda; yes, it is I, Ernst, talking. No, they will do you no harm. Strange? I know, Frieda, but they are—" He choked over the next word—"friends of mine. I will explain it when I come home. The little girl is asleep, yes? That is good."

He hung up the receiver and turned piteously to de Grecque. "You would not harm them," he said pleadingly.

De Grecque shrugged his shoulders. "How much have you told them, Hennig?"

"Nothin', I swear," said the waiter.

"And yet you swore an oath to Germany," smiled de Grecque. "Listen, Hennig, there is a way out for you. This dictaphone—" He pointed at the instrument that had been torn from its place on the wall—"You put it there?"

"I did," replied the waiter.

"And who engaged you to do it?" demanded de Grecque.

The waiter swallowed painfully. "No one," he asserted.

De Grecque stared at him a moment. Then he walked across the room to the telephone. He turned his head toward the waiter. "I will waste no time on you, Hennig," he said. "There are many things that may be done to your wife and child. Do I need to assure you that those things will be done?"

"But I have told them nothing," declared Hennig. "It will do you no good——"

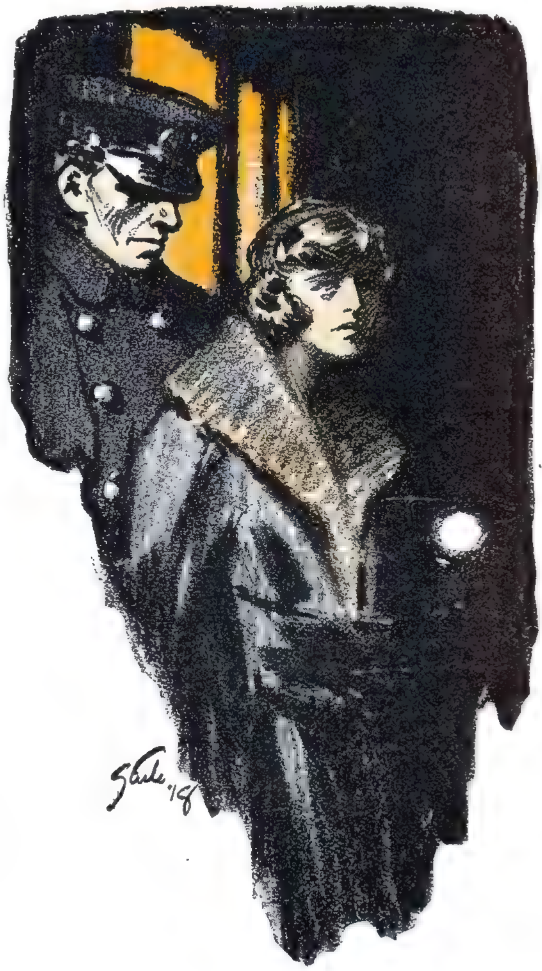
"And yet you are not quite as ready to die as you were a few moments ago," laughed de Grecque. "Then you did not know that your wife and child were where we could reach them. For Germany exacts the utmost payment of the debts due her, Hennig. You may die, but your wife and child—do you wish to hear *them* die over the telephone, Hennig?"

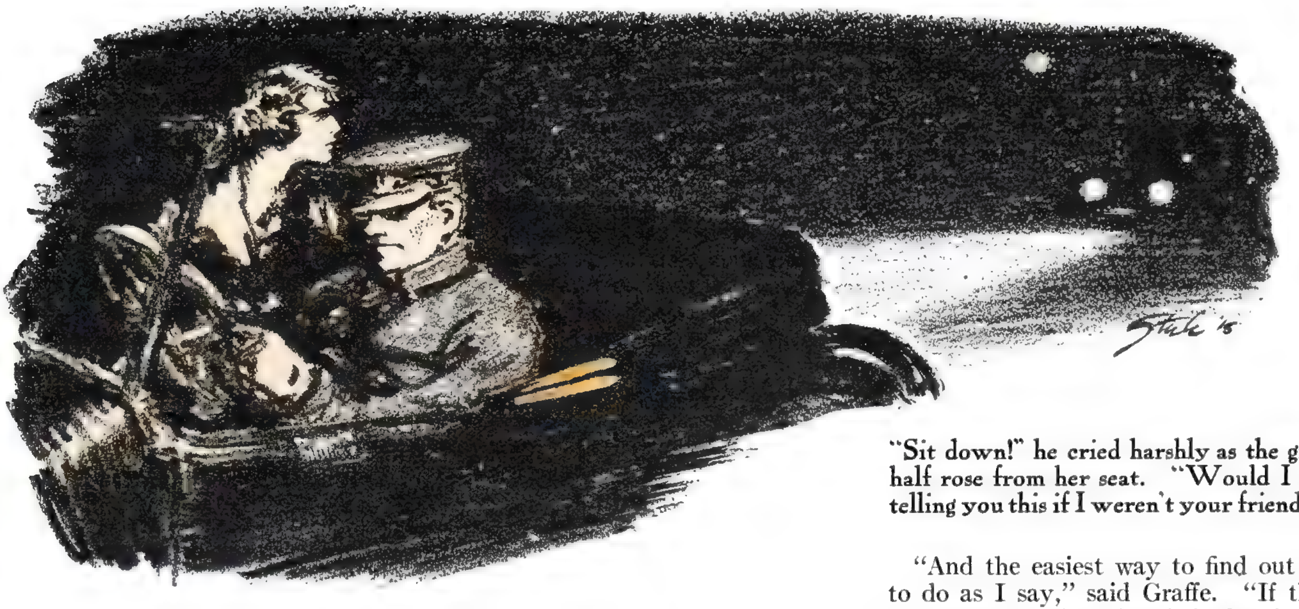
"What is it that you wish to know?" asked the waiter.

"That is better," said de Grecque approvingly. "Accidentally, we learned of your change of address. That was not suspicious enough to invite harsh action from us, but you have been watched. Until to-night there has been nothing wrong in what you have done. But that a young woman should dine alone in a private dining-room here excited interest. It is well when one is treacherous even to stop keyholes, Hennig. One of your fellow-waiters was interested in your doings. As a matter of fact, he suspected merely that the young lady might be not too proud to be friendly with a waiter. Though you look nothing of a Don Juan, Hennig. But lovers do not sit apart all the time. Also it would have been well had the young lady thought to eat the food she ordered. And after she had left and the room cleared—behind a picture is a good place to hide a dictaphone, if one does not attract notice by sitting too close to the picture."

His voice had been almost pleasant, almost bantering, but now it became harsh. "Hennig, I give you one minute to tell me the name of that woman."

As he spoke he reached out his hand for the telephone; he let it rest on the instrument while he looked at the pallid waiter. Hennig was no coward. He had been willing enough to die rather than betray Lydia Gryce. But his wife and daughter. His loyalty to them. His fears for them. Besides, Miss Gryce was the daughter of a multi-millionaire; these men here would not dare do violence to her; her father's wealth and power would protect her. But no one in the world could protect the wife and daughter of Ernst Hennig save Hennig himself. He knew quite well that, no matter what protestations de Grecque might make, his wife and daughter might be killed. But there





"Sit down!" he cried harshly as the girl half rose from her seat. "Would I be telling you this if I weren't your friend?"

was just a chance that de Grecque, if he gave his word, would keep it. Hennig seized upon that chance. He told them the name of the woman who had been listening to the dictaphone.

De Grecque passed a shaky hand across his forehead. "Lydia Gryce!" he cried. He looked around at his companions.

"Stephen Gryce's daughter!" exclaimed the mild-faced secretary.

"Why not?"

De Grecque looked at the man who asked the question. "Do you know anything about her?" he demanded.

"It was a woman who tried to blow up my book-store," answered the other.

De Grecque's nostrils twitched as he stared at the clean-shaven man. "You mean, Graffe, that Miss Gryce is this woman?"

"I can think so, can't I? This girl, this Gryce girl, apparently isn't on her father's side."

De Grecque spat upon the floor. "*His* side! The ranting fool doesn't know where he stands! We're trying to show him. But if his daughter—but that's absurd, Graffe. Why should she want to put a bomb in your shop?"

"Why should she bribe this little rat, Hennig, here, to sell us out?" was Graffe's counter.

De Grecque pursed his lips. "That is true. But—what does it lead to—this talk? Suppose you do think that Gryce's daughter——"

Graffe eyed him insolently. "Don't lose your nerve," he said. "Suppose policemen from headquarters arrest Miss Gryce for attempted murder—young Curtiss, you know, lived in that house on Irving Place that she blew up; that makes two counts against her."

"You are insane, Graffe," cried de Grecque. "To go to the police would be to lose everything."

"I know that," answered Graffe. "But I don't have to go to police headquarters to get police uniforms, do I?"

De Grecque's nervous eyes ceased rolling; admiration shone from them. Then dismay showed in them again. "But her father! If she's been listening here she's probably told him—" He looked around at his companions; he spread his hands wide—"everything."

"But telling it to Gryce isn't the same thing as telling it to the police," said Graffe. "And her father—call him on the phone. Tell him that—" He stopped and appeared to be in deep thought. "Tell him that you have just learned that an agent of the Department of Justice has applied for warrants for the arrest of the members of the Booklovers' Club on the charge of seditious utterances to-night at the dinner here. Tell him, that you have been appealed to by the secretary of the club to furnish them with counsel immediately. Ask Gryce, as one interested in the purposes of the club, to come at once to your hotel, to confer about the matter."

"But the hour! It's after midnight," protested de Grecque. "If he refuses to come, what then?"

Graffe whistled. "If he refuses to come it will probably mean that to-morrow morning his daughter, if she has heard enough through that dictaphone to justify it, will be at the Federal Building asking for your arrest, for the arrest of all of us. She may have gone there already. But if she hasn't, and we can get her father out of the house, I can get her to-night."

"What good will that do?" demanded de Grecque.

Insolence was again in Graffe's voice. "What good does it do to threaten this waiter? I suppose your idea is to wait for the storm to break?"

"Not at all," protested de Grecque. He glared at the frightened Hennig. "My idea was to settle with Hennig first, and then to send some one to settle with her. But if Hennig is lying—" Indecision was, paradoxically, the strongest thing about him now.

"And the easiest way to find out is to do as I say," said Graffe. "If the girl denies having placed the bombs—I can tell if she is lying or not. And if she did, there is no reason to doubt Hennig. Telephone Gryce."

It amounted to an order, but de Grecque showed no resentment. He called up Gryce, talked as Graffe had directed, and made the appointment.

"Did he mention his daughter?" asked Graffe, as de Grecque hung up.

De Grecque shook his head. "No. But he seemed reluctant to come. For one so enthusiastically on our side but a few hours ago he seemed—cold."

"It's pretty late," Graffe reminded him. "No man likes to get up in the middle of the night."

He looked at the anxious faces of the group. "The girl probably would recognize any one of you," he said. He spoke to de Grecque. "Shall I take Curtiss with me?"

De Grecque shook his head. "What you told us about him speaks well for his trustworthiness, but this is too delicate a matter. I will send the men with you."

Graffe shrugged. "So long as they aren't afraid of such a job, it doesn't matter. But we'd better start. It's a long chance anyway.

De Grecque went to the telephone again. He spoke rapidly for a minute. Then he turned back to Graffe. "They will meet you at your shop in ten minutes. How soon can you have police uniforms?"

"I have them now," said Graffe. Once again admiration shone in the eyes of de Grecque.

A ROADSTER, enclosed, and a limousine stood before the Gryce residence. The chief of the four men who had arrested her showed Lydia into the roadster. He stepped in beside her. Without a word he started the car. At the first corner he turned north. Lydia stiffened. "Police headquarters are down-town, aren't they?" she asked.

The man beside her glanced over his shoulder; through the gloom the lights of the limousine were plainly visible.

"You see tnat car behind us, Miss Gryce? Well, the men in it can't hear what I'm saying. But if you and I don't come to an understanding within ten minutes, then we never will. For I won't have a chance to talk to you again."

"You're not of the police?" Apprehension, well mastered but undisguisable, was in her voice.

"I'm Rogan," was the answer. "I'm also Graffe. Sit down!" he cried harshly, as the girl half rose from her seat. "Would I be telling you this if I weren't your friend?"

"Then why——"

He cut her short. "You've got sense, Miss Gryce; I know that. What I want to know is whether you're honest or not. Hennig has blabbed. What were you doing with a dictaphone in the Royal Restaurant?"

"Why should I tell you?" she asked.

"For the same reason that you're going to tell me why you placed a bomb in my book-shop; why you tried to blow my friend Deems to Kingdom Come."

In the dim light that the overhead lamp afforded, Rogan could see the faint smile on the girl's face. Inwardly he applauded her courage.

"Do you really believe that I put those bombs there?" she asked.

Rogan pressed the accelerator sharply. He applied the brakes almost as sharply and skidded past a belated taxicab. "Do you mean to tell me that you didn't?" he demanded.

"Will you believe me if I deny it?" she queried.

"I wouldn't have five minutes ago, but—I'm beginning to get the Deems point of view. And I'm not a young man either, Miss Gryce. But if you didn't—this is life or death, Miss Gryce. You're beginning to understand who and what I am, aren't you?"

"I know that you're not a policeman," she said. "But if you're not an ally of de Grecque——"

He cut her short with a laugh. "Miss Gryce, there are several angles to this affair, and I guess we haven't been working for the same one. You don't stand with your father. That dictaphone business proves that. But the bomb—will you explain?"

"I can't," she said. "And you—the State Department no longer has a Rogan on its list of employees."

"But it may have later on, just the same as it used to," he said.

He read the sudden understanding in her face. "But that paper that you left in Mr. Deems's room—my father—I don't understand why——"

For a moment, to their imminent danger, he forgot to guide the car. "Do you mean to tell me that you haven't that paper?" he asked.

"I have never had it," she answered.

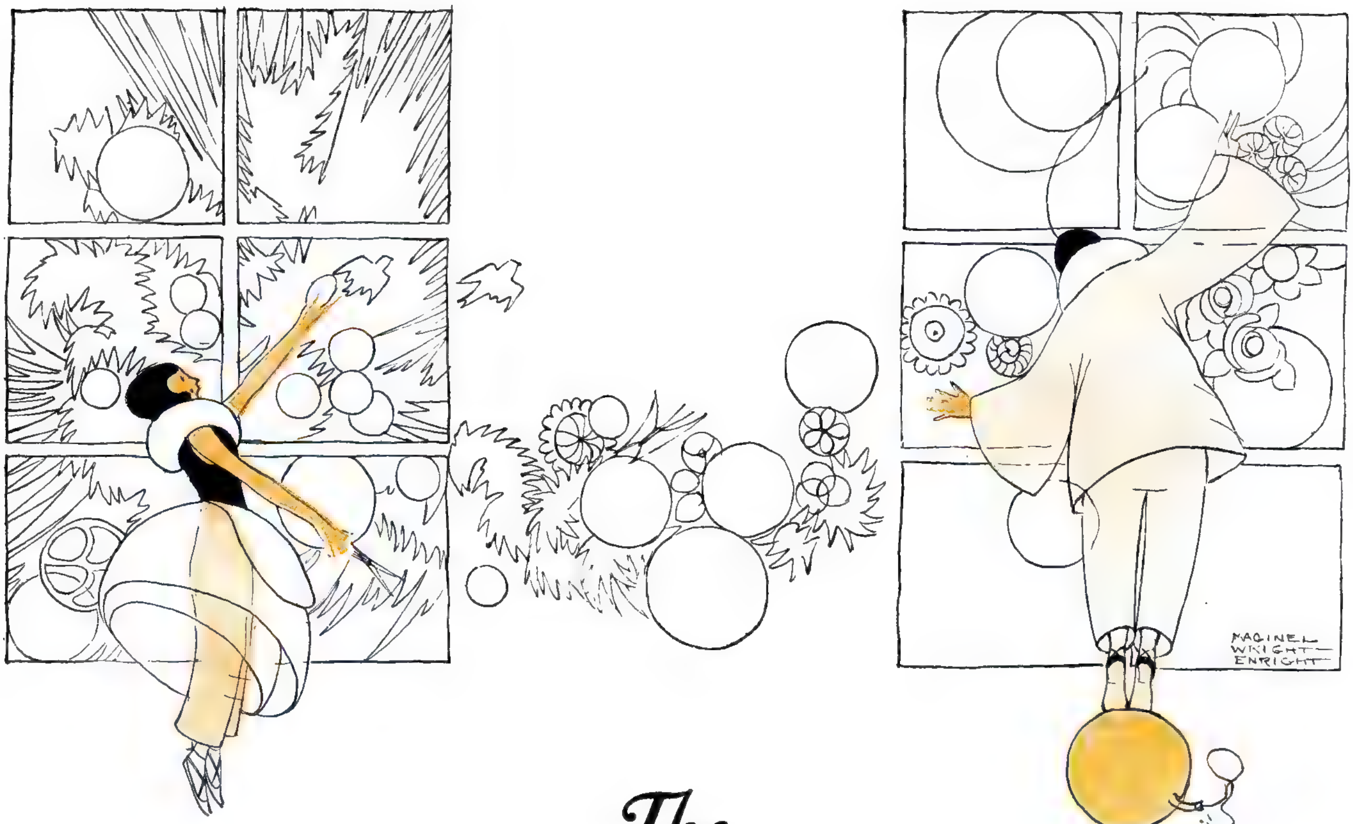
He looked at her. He drew something from his pocket. "Miss Gryce, if I take you where I'm supposed to, you'll never leave it alive, and if I don't take you—what have you on de Grecque?" he demanded suddenly.

"Not enough," she replied.

"Neither have I," he told her. "It's up to us both to keep on working, and, now that we understand each other not to waste time fighting each other; de Grecque is a bad one, Miss Gryce. When he's scared, he gets rattled, and that's the most dangerous kind; the kind that forgets its finesse and thinks only of killing. While he tried to make up his mind to-night I made it up for him. Otherwise, instead of getting you out of the house, de Grecque would have sent his men to do the sort of thing your groom did to Clancy of the *Record!*"

(*Continued on page 88*)

The occupant of the first machine went to his knees before the rush of two men.



The Windows Beautiful

By Edmond Rostand

Translated from the French by Theodosia Garrison

Decorations by Maginel Wright Enright

MIGNONNE, come out and see if still
  The glass at every window-sill
That, quivering, said, "I too will hold,"
  Stands firm between the casement bars,
  Affixed with paper cut as stars,
Or shaped like Andrew's cross of old.

LET us walk out, for April wakes.
  The shell falls—See! that marble breaks,
A child picks up a splintered bit,
  The doves take flight to wall and spire,
  Come and see Paris under fire;
Some day you will be glad of it!

MADAME, you will be proud, therefore
  Come and see Paris now in war,
So some day we may boast content,
  "That was the time when everywhere
  The windows of each shop might wear
Paper for all its ornament."

SO PARIS is amused, to paste
  Its glass with fantasies of taste—
And Berlin thinks that Paris fears!
  Come, let us, too, admire these
  Neat arabesques and lozenges.
Truly, we live in curious years!

MARK, with what crosses, as we pass,
  The Champs-Élysées guards its glass;
With Paris everything is art;
  One seeks to keep his windows—thus
  A charming style is born for us
That lights the eyes and lifts the heart.

LOOK, blink your eyes, Mignonne, and own
  These bits of paper in the stone
Are architectural, no less,
  And Gavroche, spirit of the race,
  Laughs, "Time, we hope, will not displace
This show of pasted loveliness."

THE little shops here, one and all,
  Has each its fashion whimsical;
From Anteuil to Pont-Neuf one sees
  The taste of Paris—look at those
  Poor garret windows changed to rose
By Pierrot's skilful mimicries.

ALONG the pleasant quays, how fair
  The hoar frost that the windows wear,
Frost that the sun may never clear;
  Even as some fine thought sustains
  The heart of man, so, too, these panes
Are held by beauty against fear.

AH, THESE are honorable signs,
The anxious care for pleasing lines,
The wish to beautify. The while
The shells come down like very rain
Still does this elegance obtain,
And Paris sets another style.

THANKS to the guns that bring to pass
These paper posies on the glass,
Since, by this sign, the world may see
How Paris, smiling, debonair,
Guarding the fragile with the fair,
Displays her true solidity.

AH, SEE, in what a tiny space,
Mignonne, is set a garden place,
All paper birds and flowers and trees;
The little shop-girl here, who clips
Such marvels with her scissor-tips,
Has done her prettiest to please.

AND on these other panes, behold,
Symbols, that told men's trades of old;
The music-shop displays a lute,
The eating-house a trailing vine,
And here a florist has for sign
A basket heaped with flowers and fruit.

THE *modiste's* gracious window-space
Offers a little war in lace;
So, to her children dutiful,
Paris gives more than far and wide
They find who seek the countryside:
For us her windows beautiful!

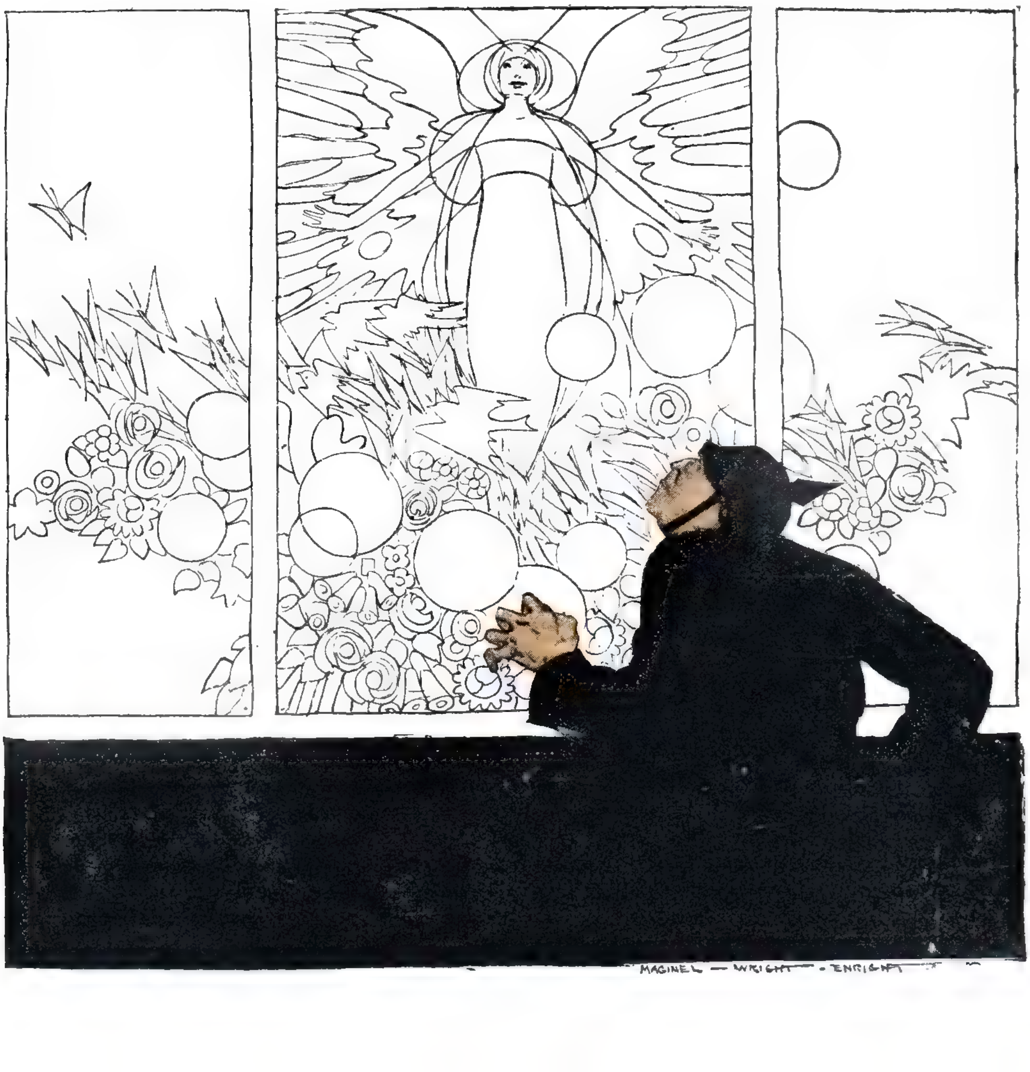
AH, PARIS, when you thus oppose
Only a crystal and a rose
To guns and bombs, your world looks up
And smiles again, as one might say,
"Thus Mimi Pinson de Musset
Responds to Bertha Krupp."

PAPER against projectiles? Yes.
Yet is our Paris none the less
Earnest because she jests—why, these
Fanciful paper-cuts, that all
Seem blown from some old carnival,
Are seals that guard her sanctities.

GREAT seals and mighty, that keep whole
At once our windows and our soul;
The shells may never cause us ill:
Not ours to dread the hate they bring,
And when has Paris feared a thing
That at its worst can only kill?

AH, PARIS, with what joy we see
Your armor worn with coquetry,
There shows your gallantry the while;
And if the man in blue, beneath
His helmet and with pipe in teeth,
Comes to your streets—he will not smile.

FOR he will know that through this slight
Frail trelliswork, that one day might
Have been of Trianon, he sees
The face of Paris, calm, elate,
Smile in the very eyes of hate,
Disdainful of her enemies.



AFTER THE WAR—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

WHAT is coming?

What will the war do to man?

What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?

What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations? Write us fully and frankly your opinions.

This month, among other letters, we present a comprehensive view of the problems of the end of the war and a plan for dealing with them, which represents the best thought of Edward A. Filene, a prominent American merchant who has given close attention for many years to the problems of modern industrial life.

To the Editor of EVERYBODY'S:

THREE more or less axiomatic considerations underlie any careful approach to after-the-war problems, viz.:

1. *The permanent value of victory will depend upon the wisdom and justice of the terms of settlement.*

Wars may be won on the battle-field and lost at the peace-table.

2. *The permanent value of the terms of settlement will depend upon a wise administration of international relations.*

A laggard of visionless statesmanship could, by its conduct of international relations, nullify all the value of a military victory and just terms of settlement.

3. *The permanent value of any administration of international relations will depend upon the way the several nations deal with their problems of business, finance and labor.*

While the life of the world is more than a matter of money and materials, the greatest danger to the stability of international relations after the war will arise in the field of commerce, and its underlying problems of markets, finance and labor.

In each nation the following factors will enter into the determination of its attitude toward and its part in the conduct of international relations:

1. *The problem of armaments.*

Regardless of the character of the terms of settlement, the first thing every nation will perforce think of will be armaments sufficient to protect itself in the event of another war. Regardless of the international machinery that may be set up for the maintenance of peace, every nation will feel obliged to rely upon rational armaments for protection until such new machinery has proved effective in the safeguarding of peaceful relations. No nation will take the old chances.

2. *The problem of economic self-sufficiency.*

This war has emphasized the fact that military power rests upon economic power. Although the war will have welded the Allied nations into an unprecedented unity, no nation will, for practical purposes, dare assume the permanence of any alliance. Each nation, therefore, will strive to become self-sufficient, because the nation that depends least upon others is clearly the best prepared against the hazard of war.

3. *The problem of tariffs.*

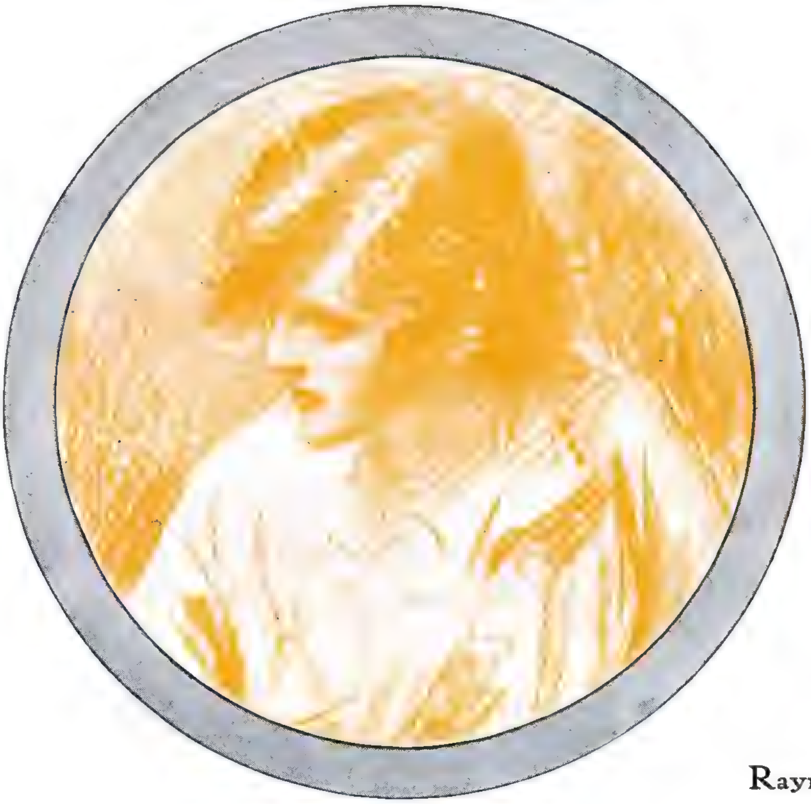
In the effort of each nation to become producer of all things essential to national life and defense, there will be an inevitable tendency toward protective tariffs as a means of preventing any marked importation, not only of food and munitions, but of such products as dyes, which sustain a relation to the manufacture of explosives. This will mean the attempt on the part of every nation to create a series of "essential" industries.

But the tariff problems for each

(Continued on page 86)

Situations Wanted—Male

By
William
Almon
Wolff



Illustrated
by
Raymond M. Crosby

BILL CHESTER was distinctly uncomfortable and distinctly unhappy. So were a lot of the people who surrounded him, but he didn't know that, and it wouldn't have cheered him to any appreciable extent if he had. He felt that he had made a mistake in coming to this bazaar.

It was a most ordinary bazaar—that statement being made with all due apologies to the people who were running it. There were the usual booths, where you could buy the usual things. There was a tent for a fortune-teller who used cards, and another for one who had a crystal, and still another for one who cornered most of the masculine patronage because she had to hold your hand while she was giving you a glimpse of the future. The usual girls were going round with trays full of cigarets or baskets full of boutonnières. And there was a place for dancing, of course, and an orchestra that dinned all the usual fox-trots and one-steps and things into your ear.

But it wasn't because he was used to all that sort of thing that Bill Chester wished he hadn't come. It was because, so to speak, he wasn't used to it and every one else was. He was like a fish out of water. He didn't know a soul, you see, and it seemed to him that every one else at that bazaar knew every person he or she saw, except himself, by his or her first name.

There was a concerted effort, of course, to make such money as he had brought with him feel at home. Lovely ladies were tremendously cordial to him as he wandered past their booths.

"Wouldn't you like to buy a chance on a car?" they'd ask. Or a diamond ring, or a set of furs, or whatever it might be.

He filled his pockets with little slips of paper bearing numbers. He was perfectly willing to play the game. And he bought all sorts of portable junk. But the smiles with which he was greeted as he came near a booth were wonderfully like the smiles the young ladies of the chorus aim at stage-boxes. It was all right; he had no right to complain, and he didn't. But he wasn't enjoying himself.

In most of the booths there were two or three girls in attendance, and some of them had people working outside, too, to pull customers in. But, as he worked his way solemnly and conscientiously around the floor, he came, presently, to a booth that was in charge of a single girl. It was badly placed—that booth; it was off the main line, so to speak. The current of people engaged in wandering around the floor didn't pass it; it was in a sort of backwater.

Bill developed, instantly, a fellow-feeling for that girl. He laughed at himself as he did so; he knew he was probably all wrong. But she looked as if she, too, were a little lonely; as if, like him, she was rather out of things. He stood still, some distance away, peering at her through his thick glasses. He was rather near-sighted, and it took him some moments to get her into focus properly, and really see her. When he did, he gasped indignantly.

Because—she was the best-looking girl in the place. He was prepared to maintain that statement against all comers. She was wearing a costume like the one *Carmen* wears in the last act of the opera, while she is waiting for *Escamillo*. Her short skirt, that ended just above her ankles, flared out, and the light fell upon its flashing spangles so that it was broken up and came back as sunlight does from rushing water.

Her booth was deserted, and she was standing in its entrance, her bare arms akimbo, as if she were defying those who were neglecting her and her wares. Her head was thrown back; that and the way her back hair was done, very high, with a single blood-red rose placed in it, gave her a bearing of extraordinary pride.

"Gee!" said Bill Chester, strictly to himself, and continued to stare.

Now, his comments about her might be internal and silent, but his eyes, even behind his glasses, were eloquent, and they spoke to her and to any one else who cared to look at him.

You can't do that sort of thing without being noticed, you know. You can't stare at a girl, as Bill Chester stared at that *Carmen* girl, without attracting her attention. He did just that. She must have felt his eyes, and she stirred a little, and looked around, and saw him, and what he was doing. He saw that she had caught him in the act of being unpardonably rude. His instinct was to shift his eyes at once, and pretend that he was tremendously interested in something way off at the other end of the place. He couldn't do it. He just kept on looking at her, and he got hot, and his face grew red, and he was utterly appalled. He thought she'd be indignant, of course; he expected her to turn round and go into her booth. He almost wished she would.

But she did nothing of the sort. She looked at him for a second—although it seemed much longer to him—as if she were appraising him. And then she smiled at him, and made an inviting sort of gesture toward her booth. The effect she produced was that she'd have asked him to come in and buy something, if he hadn't been quite so far away. And she did it in the friendliest way; her smile wasn't a bit like the smiles he'd been getting from the other girls which had looked as if they had been put on like powder or rouge. He'd stared, of course, and that's supposed to be rude. But his stare had been a tribute, and she couldn't help knowing it. He went over very slowly, and she waited for him, and smiled again.

"ARE you going to buy something?" she asked him. "I wish you would! They put me away off here, you see, and I get no customers at all. Come in and see what I've got!"

He tried to say something. But there was something the matter with his tongue and the roof of his mouth, and he just croaked. But he nodded, and went in, and she showed him her wares.

"I don't suppose there's anything you'd need, really," she said dubiously. "This lace is lovely—and there's some rather good stuff here—this queer jewelry. No one seems to like it much. And it's hard lines, because whatever the booth makes goes to a little hospital in France that is awfully hard up. So——"

"I'll buy something, of course," he managed to say.

"Here's a cigaret-case," she said. "It's—well, it's rather fussy. But it's worth twenty-five dollars, don't you think?"

He counted out the money and took the case.

"That's awfully nice of you," she told him.

Well, that ought to have been all, of course. He ought to have said something graceful, and gone away. He knew that. But he didn't want to go.

"L-look here!" he said. An idea had come to him. But he stopped, horrified by what he had been about to say.

"Yes?" she said encouragingly.

"I—oh—I suppose you'll think I'm crazy!" he said. "But—do you know what I'd like—? Look here—if you'll have lunch with me, or something, I'll give you a thousand dollars for your hospital!"

Whatever she had been expecting, it wasn't that! She gasped, and it was her turn to be speechless.

"I'm awfully sorry!" he said wretchedly. "I ought to have known, of course—but I didn't mean—I don't mean—to——"

"Wait a minute!" she said. He was trying to make his escape from the booth. "Please! You know—that's a pretty astonishing thing to suggest!"

"I do know it, of course," he said. "I'm a perfect juggins! But—you see—I was so—so infernally lonely! I don't know why I came here—but every one knew every one else, and it made me—I don't know—when you were sort of pleasant, and looked friendly I guess it went to my head——"

She was smiling again now. And there was something like understanding in her eyes—although she couldn't have understood!

"A thousand dollars would mean an awful lot to that hospital!" she said. "It would mean comfort, and maybe life itself, to a lot of wounded Frenchmen."

He had turned half away from her. Now he faced her again, and his face was very red. He held out a slip of paper.

"Here's a check!" he said. "It's made out to bearer. That's the only way I know how to apologize!"

He thrust the check upon her and fairly ran from her. Her voice checked him.

"Mr. Chester!" she called. "Wait a minute!"

He stopped.

"I think—perhaps—" she said. "You've made a condition, you know——"

"I take it back!" he said furiously. "Do you think I don't know what an ass I was? Use the check, please. And—I've got to go—I've got an important engagement——"

He fled. He surged through the bazaar, ignoring every appeal that fell upon his ears. He didn't begin breathing properly until he was out in the street. And when he did he used most of his breath to call himself names. What an ass he had made of himself! What an impossible ass!

He talked to himself, but he talked aloud, and people looked at him suspiciously, and then decided that he was probably harmless. But how he hated himself!

He had no engagement, of course. He didn't have a thing in the world to do. That was his permanent trouble. He had it as, in New York, one has catarrh. He went home to his rooms, just above Washington Square, and unloaded his pockets. He flung all the tickets he had bought in raffles down on a table, and chucked the other things he had bought into the corners of his living-room. He made a beautiful mess, and broke some fragile things he didn't know he had. He started to throw the cigaret-case after the other things, but changed his mind, and filled it instead, and stuck it, shamefacedly, into his upper waistcoat pocket, where it bulged out and spoiled the fit.

"YOU damned fool!" he said to himself, as he passed a mirror.

He didn't even know the girl's name. He wouldn't ever see her again, of course, but if he did, the chances were he wouldn't know her. Besides being near-sighted he had an abominable memory for faces. And she wouldn't look like *Carmen*, if he did see her again. She'd be wearing a suit, or a dress, or something, and she wouldn't have a red rose stuck in her hair. Not that he wanted to see her again. Not after the exhibition he had made of himself. And yet he did; he wanted most damnably to see her again. For a minute or so she really had been friendly.

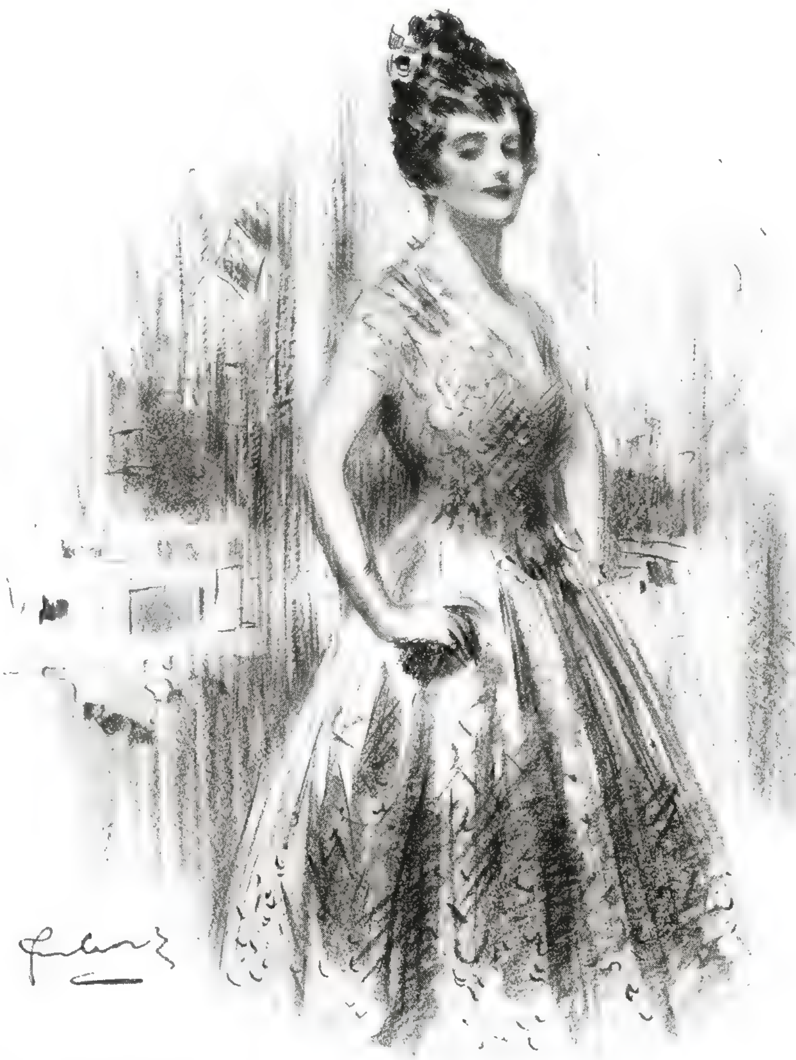
She had looked, you see, as if she were the least bit in the world sorry for him, even after that absurd suggestion of his about buying the right to take her to lunch with a check for her hospital. Probably Bill Chester didn't know that he wanted people to be sorry for him. In a way he didn't, and would have laughed at the idea that there was any reason for them to be sorry for him. You would have laughed, too, had you judged his case superficially.

You remember the time when stories ended as soon as the hero and the heroine were married, or in the way to be married? "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after—" All that sort of thing? That's gone out, of course. Ibsen, and Shaw, and all these people have ended all that. Lately it's a divorce, not a marriage, that's been the conventional happy ending. But a lot of people have been writing stories about business adventures. You're carried right along, breathlessly, until the hero has made a million dollars, or some such sum. The curtain comes down on that.

You feel that, as soon as the hero was fixed up with his million, the author called it a day, and went off to play golf, mailing the manuscript on the way.

"Well, old Jack Johnson's fixed up," you imagine his creator saying to himself, serene in the consciousness of a task accomplished. "He's *got* his million. The public needn't worry about him any longer. He's fixed up for life, the lucky stiff!"

That was how most of the people who knew about him felt about Bill Chester. He didn't have a million, but he did have a much greater part of one than most people ever see. What more did he want? He wasn't any Crœsus. By the standards of the movies he was just comfortably well off. He couldn't run to steam-yachts as big as ocean liners, or things like that. But, as he didn't want them, that didn't matter. He wasn't an imaginative chap, and, so far, he hadn't been able to think of anything he wanted—anything money could buy, that is, that he couldn't afford to purchase without even asking how much it cost.



She was wearing a costume like the one *Carmen* wears in the last act. She was standing, her bare arms akimbo, as if defying those who were neglecting her and her wares.

And yet—it may be true that man wants but little here below, but it's equally true that the average man displays real genius in the selection of that little! Bill Chester wasn't contented. He was about as restless and as unhappy as he could be, for all the money he had.

He was lonely, and he was bored, and his money couldn't buy him either companionship or occupation. Hence the mood that made possible his performance at the bazaar.

He thought a good deal about the *Carmen* girl. He went to a show that night, and there was a girl in it who reminded him of her, in an odd, distorted way. And later, he couldn't sleep, and got up, and hunted for cigarets, and found that he had run out of them, then remembered the case she had sold him, which was still full. Everything seemed to take him back to the thought of her.

It was morning before he really did get to sleep, and he didn't waken until late. And while he was at breakfast, staring with distaste at a heap of mail which he knew only too well would turn out to be made up almost wholly of begging letters, his man brought him a note that had just come by messenger. He stared at it curiously, and turned it over two or three times before he opened it, in the manner in which women are supposed to treat telegrams. It was a big, square white envelop that was handed to him, and it was addressed to him, in care of his bank, in a scrawly hand that he didn't know—and that, at the same time, was utterly unmistakable. He opened it at last. And it was from the *Carmen* girl, who signed herself—he looked for her name first of all—Anne Berwind.

He flushed again, as he had the day before, as he began to read. It was an awfully simple note, and not very long. She said she wanted to thank him for his check, which he hadn't given her a chance to do the day before. And she added—he could see her smiling as she wrote—that it would be nice if he would come to lunch and let her do it—always provided, of course, that he didn't have an engagement at one o'clock.

He got up precipitately. He wanted to sing, or dance, or do something of that sort. He was utterly bewildered. But he was going! Things like this didn't happen—not to him. But—he was going!

Go he did. He was so eager not to be late that he was about twenty minutes ahead of time, and he went over and sat on a bench in the park, and nearly froze to death, and got a terrific scolding from a squirrel who had taken it for granted that he was about to dispense peanuts. And at exactly one o'clock he climbed the steps of an old-fashioned brownstone house. Three minutes later Anne Berwind, looking as little like *Carmen* as any girl could, was giving him her hand. He tried to say something, but he couldn't. Not right away.

"This is very nice, Mr. Chester," she said. Her eyes were sparkling; she was fairly bubbling over with mirth she was bound to suppress. On the whole she did pretty well. There was a dimple that refused to obey orders, and there were her eyes. But, as he didn't care to meet them, anyway, no harm was done. "Of course, it isn't just what you suggested——"

He just looked at her, and she relented.

"I'm going to be good, Mr. Chester!" she said. "But you've got to explain yourself, you know! I'm simply dying with curiosity——"

He had a respite while, in some fashion that he never could fully understand, they got into the dining-room. He hadn't thought very much about it, really, but he was surprised, and delighted, and scared, too, in a way, when he found that he was having lunch with her alone—that there wasn't to be any mother, or sister, or anything like that. He approved of the idea of eating, because it helped him to get hold of himself.

"I do want to thank you for that check," she said at last. "And I want to be serious and tell you that I think it was pretty fine of you to give it to me in just the way you did. You——"

"If you knew how ashamed I was!" he said.

"BUT that's just it," she said. "I—why, you see, Mr. Chester, I am perfectly shameless! You see—if some men had made the suggestion you did—oh—I don't know just how to put it—it would have been offensive. And it wasn't, from you—not a bit. It was—astonishing, of course, and it took me off my feet. But if you hadn't got so dreadfully embarrassed, and had waited, instead of running away, I'd have said yes!"

He stared at her, utterly bereft of words.

"And so—I asked you to come here, instead," she went on. "I'd probably have done that, anyway. Now—why? You see—it's just because I'm so sure there's some reason——"

"Well—I told you why yesterday," he said. "I'm—I don't know—I'm sort of lonely, I don't know a soul in this town. I mean—I don't really know any one. It got hold of me yesterday. And then you—well, I *wanted* to know you. And I just blurted that out—about lunch—or something. That's all."

He looked at her as she sat, quite grave and serious now, with her mouth pursed up, and the dimple completely out of action.

"Well, it's true!" he said. "I don't care whether I ought to say it or not! About wanting to know you——"

"Well, I don't see why you shouldn't say so," she said judicially. "I think it was very nice of you to feel that way."

He said nothing to that. There wasn't much he could say, you see. He was, very slowly, getting used to her; understanding her.

"But—oh, it's pretty bewildering, Mr. Chester!" she went on. "Why don't you know people? What's been the matter?"

"Well—I suppose I was always pretty busy," he said. "I haven't been here in New York very long. But then—I didn't know many people in Detroit, either. I did work pretty hard."

"And you probably didn't care whether you knew people or not," she said, nodding her head up and down emphatically. "If you were busy enough! Oh, I don't know! When you're doing anything really important you get all tight about it, inside, don't you? You have a couple of sandwiches sent in to your office for lunch, and stay on at night, after every one's gone home?"

"Why—I guess I was like that," he said.

She nodded again.

"Yes," she said. "My father is, too. I have a dreadful time making him be sensible. And now you're not busy?" She flushed suddenly, and laughed. "But I have'nt any—any right to cross-examine you like this!"

"Oh!" he protested. "It's absolutely all right! I haven't had a chance to talk to any one for so long. You see, there isn't any one around here who gives a hang about me."

"You are bewildering, you know," she said. "You say you didn't know any one much in Detroit—but you didn't care, because you were so busy. And here, you don't know any one at all, and you *do* care. So you can't be so dreadfully busy. But—why aren't you in Detroit, then? Because, surely, you must know some people there,—and you could have started getting to know them better when you weren't so busy——"

"That's just it!" he said. "I couldn't stand it. You see,—I didn't have my job any longer. And I thought I might keep busy here——"

"It gets worse and worse," she said plaintively. "Mr. Chester, I *was* properly brought up! I really do have manners, sometimes. I don't always waylay people and ask them questions about things that are none of my business! But you're too mysterious! You talk almost as if you'd lost your job in Detroit and couldn't get one here. And yet you go around offering girls thousand-dollar checks for their pet charities if they'll lunch with you!"

"I don't!" he said furiously. "I never did it before——"

Then they both laughed.

"Well," he said. "I did lose my job—in a way. At least, I quit, and then I couldn't get it back when I wanted it—even though the man who'd taken my place was going somewhere else. And the reason that I had to quit was that my doctor made me. He said I was going to have a nervous breakdown if I didn't go fishing, or something like that. So I went—and then there wasn't anything for me to do when I got back."

"What a shame!" she said. "But—couldn't you get *anything?*"

"It didn't seem so," he said. "You see I'd been purchasing agent for a big automobile company. I'd been working up to that job ever since I'd gone to work, when I was a kid. It was all I knew how to do. So it wasn't so easy to find anything."

"I think I oughtn't to keep that check," she said. "I don't understand—not the least little bit! But——"

"Oh, look here!" he said. "That check—why—giving you that check was easier than giving you a quarter for your hospital would have been for me two years ago! I've got more money than I can spend. That's just the trouble!

"You see," he went on, when she just stared at him helplessly, "they knew about me. They knew that I'd got a tip to buy Bethlehem and some of those other munitions stocks just before they began going up. And they knew I'd been lucky—that I'd sold out at just about the top of the market, and then quit speculating, because my doctor made me."

He forgot about Anne Berwind for a moment. A sense of injustice, his rankling feeling of being ill-used, took hold of him.

"All I wanted was to get back on the job!" he said bitterly. "And J. T. said there was nothing doing; that he wasn't going to have any blooming millionaires on the pay-roll. Said it would be demoralizing for the rest of the staff, and that he couldn't have any one working for him who needn't give a hang whether he drew salary or not!"

She was trying tremendously hard not to laugh.

"And so I came to New York," he went on, "and it's just as bad. I've got an office, down-town, and I fool around down there trying to pretend I'm busy. It takes about half an hour a day to attend to my business; I won't speculate, because I haven't any use for any more money, anyway, and, besides that, I know I'd have a smash in the end if I went back. I suppose I ought to be able to dig up some fine, big, interesting thing to keep me busy, but I can't! There's only one thing I know how to do, and they won't let me do that!"

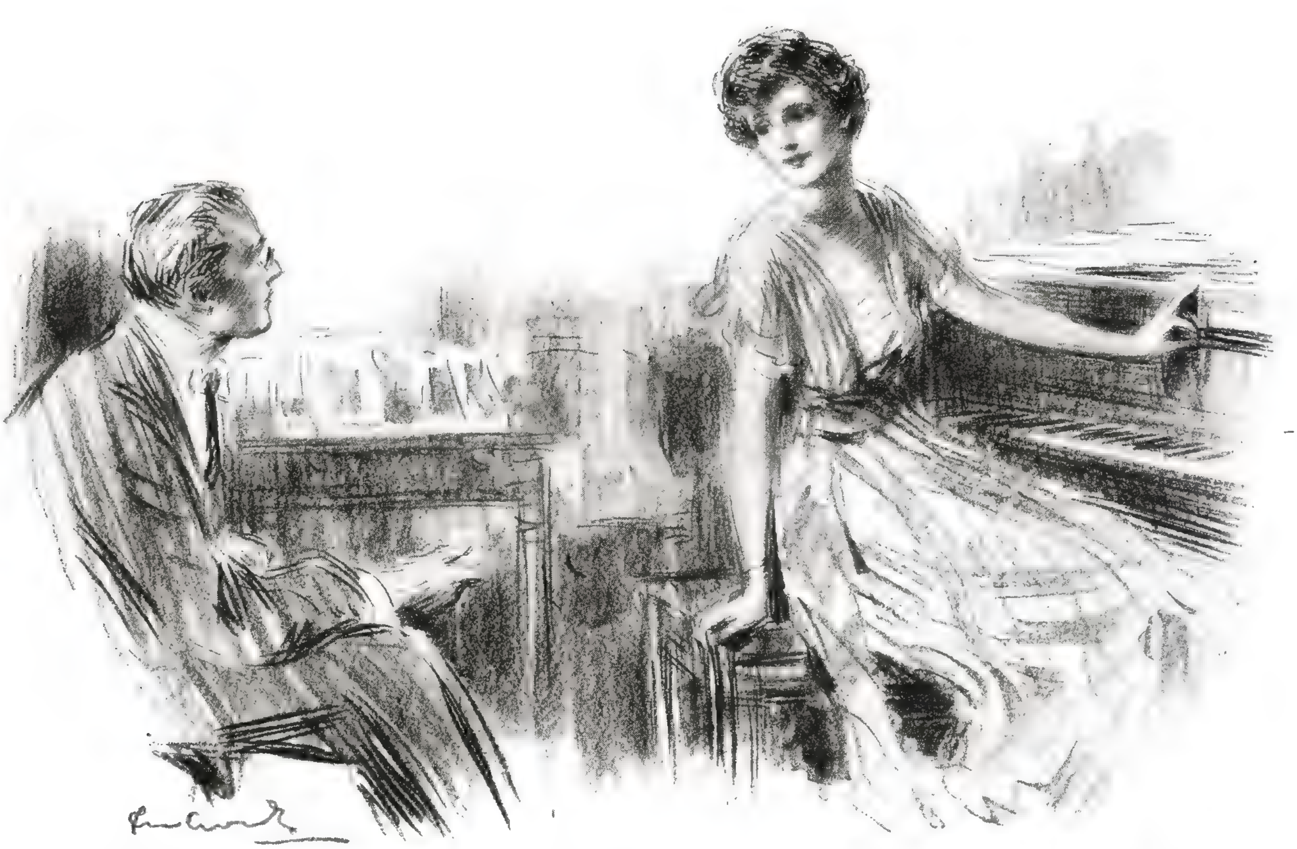
SHE did laugh then. She couldn't help it.

"I'm sorry!" she said. "You know—I do understand, even though it does seem funny! But a man like you—why, there are hundreds of things for you to do here! You ought to—oh, I can't begin to tell you the things you ought to do. Not now, because it's getting late, and I've an engagement I simply must keep."

He was up, at once, contrite.

"And I've kept you, while I talked about myself!" he said.

"Oh, don't be silly! she said. "I made you, didn't I? Mr. Chester—I'm glad I was shameless! I'm glad I gave way to my curiosity. Because—oh,



The last strange chord, dissonant, and yet subtly, strangely, attuned to a mood that had been made for him, hung in the air. She turned to look at him. "Ah!" she said. "I wanted to know!"

you're missing so many things you don't need to miss at all."

"I suppose that's so," he said. He was cast down. "But—there I am, you see. I suppose I'm just a business man who ought to be tired. It's my own fault. If I had any sense I'd be all right——"

She stamped her feet.

"Oh, don't!" she said. She held out her hand. "Why don't you let me try to help? I want you to meet my father. I—I want to use you as a sort of horrible example!" She laughed as she said that. "You see—there really isn't time for me to tell you what I think now. But—can't you come to dinner? Let me see——"

She frowned faintly, as she thought. And he stared at her, incredulous.

"Friday night?" she suggested. "I know that's clear."

"I—" he said. "I—do you really mean you're going to let me come again?"

"Of course I am!" she said. Her laugh rang out, banishing his incredulity. "And now I've *got* to turn you out. I'm going to be dreadfully late."

He simply didn't believe it, you know. Not after he got away from her house. He wouldn't have been a bit surprised to wake up and find out that he'd dreamed the whole thing. But then he realized that he couldn't have dreamed it, because he didn't have imagination enough to dream a thing like that. So it must be true. But it couldn't be true. His mind ran round in circles, just like that, most of the time, until Friday night.

And after all, it was true. He climbed those brownstone steps again on Friday night, and found that out. He had exhausted all the superlatives he knew already in trying to remember how Anne had looked, but when he saw her in evening dress he decided that he needed a lot more, and, miraculously, found them.

"Here's Dad," she said, and introduced them. Bill had been nervous about that meeting. Quite unnecessarily, he found. Mr. Berwind didn't understand, obviously, that this young man was different from any other young man. It was plain that he had become philosophical about Anne. He was quietly affable, mildly interested, and, on the whole, it seemed, disposed to be hopeful. He was a tall man, slightly bent, with glasses as thick as Bill's, and thin white hair, and a refractory white mustache which, apparently, he had never quite learned to manage, although he must have had it for a long time.

"It's almost criminal to have just three people for dinner," said Anne, when they were at the table. "But I thought I would. You can meet people later, Mr. Chester."

He was getting used to surprises like that.

"Mr. Chester's an object-lesson for you, Dad," she said. "You'd have been just as badly off as he's been except for me. You see——"

And, to Bill's horror, she proceeded to tell her father all about him. Mr. Berwind's interest grew.

"Very interesting!" he said. "Have lunch with me down-town some day, Mr. Chester. We might have a talk. You sold at the top of the market? And then stayed out? Extraordinary!"

"Dad! That isn't the point at all!" said Anne, exasperated.

"But I've never seen a man before who knew when to give up speculating," said Mr. Berwind. "Especially a young man——"

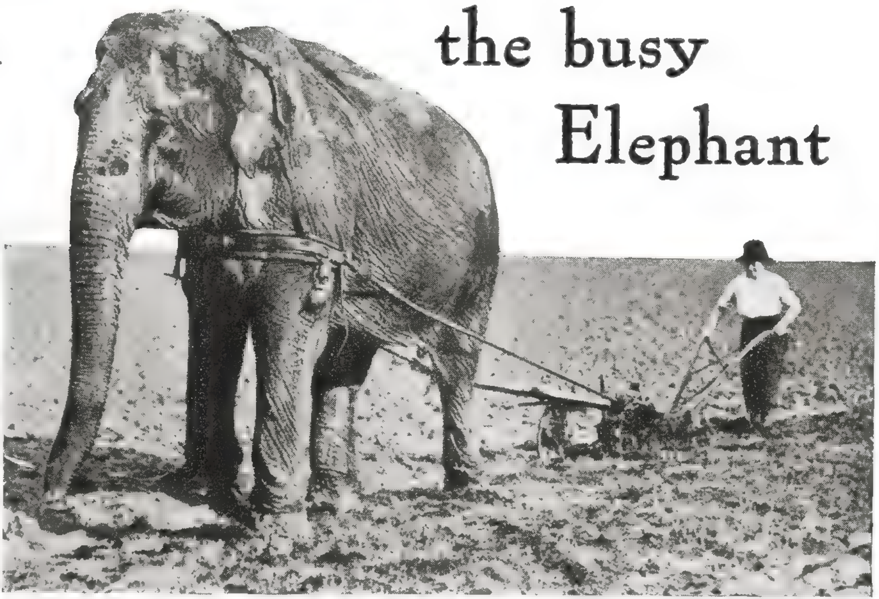
Anne's eyes were rather eloquent just then. They rested upon Bill with a certain curiosity. It was as if that remark of her father's were, in an odd way, enlightening; as if, perhaps, she hadn't thought of Bill before, as especially a young man. For all his impulsive behavior, Bill was pretty mature in his appearance. He wasn't very tall, and he weighed rather more than he should, and he wore those thick-lensed glasses. Actually, he was thirty-three, but Anne couldn't know that, and he did look older. Certainly, she made some mental notes.

She didn't talk much during dinner, except as it was necessary for her to

(*Continued on page 62*)

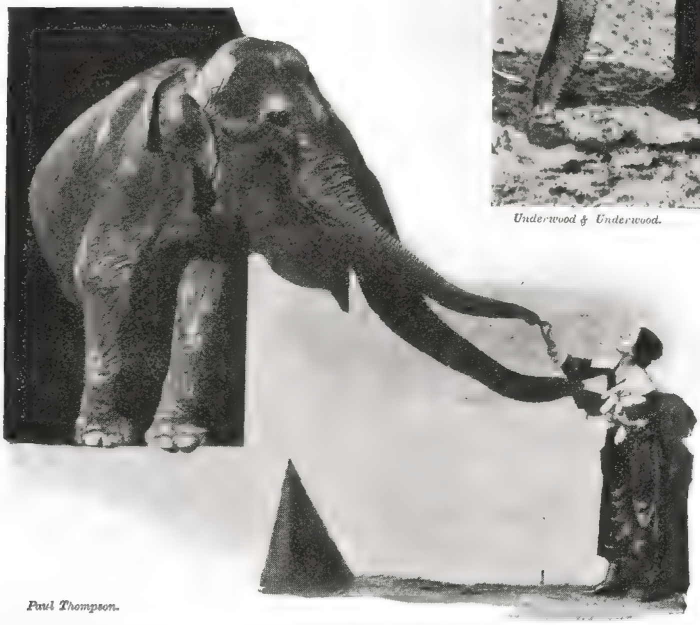
So doth the busy Elephant

ELEPHANTS are as busy as bees these days, and when you take into consideration the difference in size between bees and elephants you get some idea of how enormously busy elephants have to be to hold up their end of the anti-loafing law.



Underwood & Underwood.

FOR instance, take this elepharmer working his old head off somewhere in England for his tireless farmerette. What cares she that his ten-dollar-dinner is wilting in the stall? (It costs twenty dollars a day to feed an elephant.) She is going to purl another furrow if it takes all night. Pliny said of the elephant, "We find in him qualities rare enough in men: honesty, prudence, equity and religion," and, it may now be added, the ability when he once sees his duty, to plow right along.



Paul Thompson.

THIS elephant is giving all bashful soldiers and sailors an imitation of how to act in a canteen. When a devoted young lady worker offers you a cake just after you have accepted cakes from six other devoted young lady workers, there is only one thing for an American military man to do—and it should not be hard—*take the cake!*

CHARLEY is acting as solitary pall-bearer for his friend in the Universal City Zoo, Ethel, the trained lioness, leading lady of an unnerving picture called "The Lion's Claws."

Copyright, Brown & Dawson.

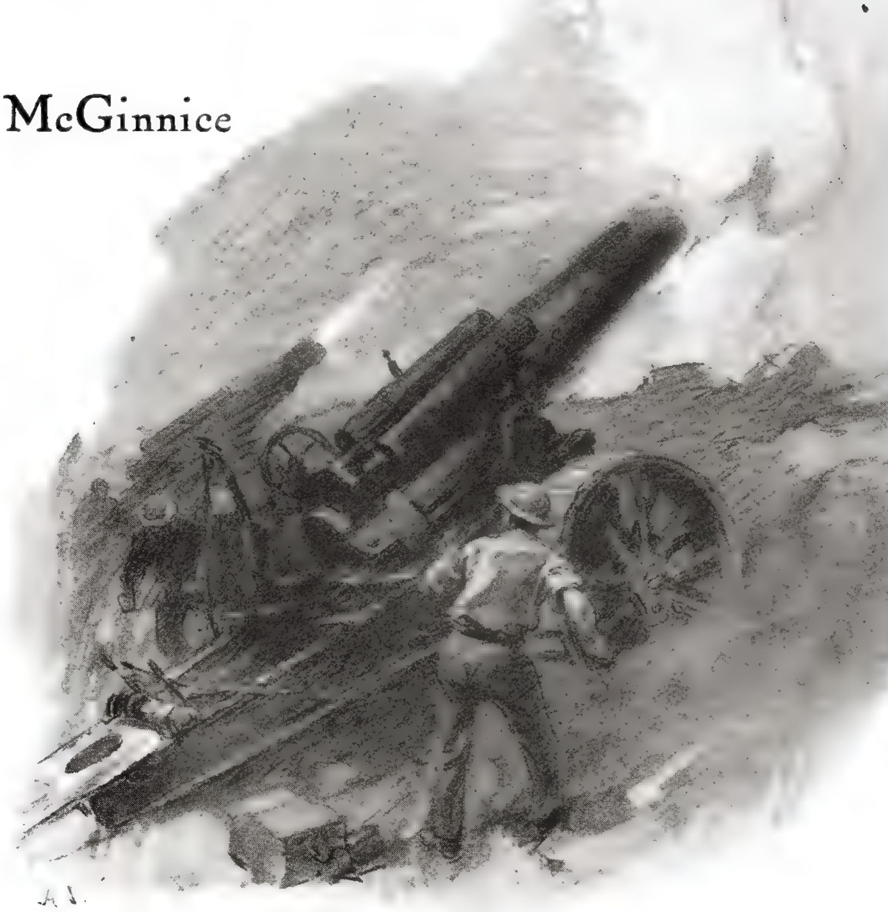
IT TOOK five Boches to make this elephant work for the Kaiser, and as it is he is probably sabotaging. With their well-known efficiency the Germans put elephants into war work before the Allies did.

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

The Man Called McGinnice

By
Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by L. A. Shafer



That night, siege batteries, heavies, field-guns and trench mortars along a certain sector began an intensive bombardment.

OVER the aerodrome of the Umpte-fourth, an artillery bus got into some sort of difficulty and fell into a spinning nose-dive, which was pretty enough to watch, if you did not realize that the pilot had lost control and was at that moment mentally arranging his earthly affairs and hoping that somebody would be kind to his dog. Seven thousand feet from a *terra* which is much too *firma* for an undesiring-to-descend airman (this priceless descriptive phrase is borrowed from the enemy), the usual miracle was duly registered.

The machine pancaked and wabbled to earth more or less injured, for it takes a lot to hurt an artillery spotter. Two young men climbed out, swearing at one another with such great ingenuity and vehemence that they did not recognize the presence of a superior officer nor the necessity for an apology until Major Blackie spoke.

"When you two gentlemen have decided which is the bigger fool, and who was responsible for getting your control shot away, will you allow me to thank you for making a landing which spares me the pain of shoveling up the several baskets of fragments?"

"Awfully sorry, sir," said the pilot, saluting—he was the elder of the two, being an ancient of twenty-two; "control shot away—Hun got on car-tail and those infernal slackers who were supposed to be covering us, the Umpte-fourth—"

"Heaven bless you for those words of gratitude," murmured Blackie.

"Well, sir, they weren't anywhere around. Of course I don't want to knock the Umpte-fourth."

"Naturally," agreed Blackie. "Where is your home, my gentle lad?"

The pilot grinned. "Somewhere round here, sir—in fact, I thought I was pretty near the spot when I started to come down—this is the Thirty-seventh Squadron H. Q., isn't it?"

"To be exact," replied Blackie, "this is the headquarters of the unmentionable Umpte-fourth——"

"Good Lor'!" gasped the pilot, turning pale. "I hope I haven't been offensive, sir! I don't mean——"

"Nay, nay," Blackie was almost fatherly, "a little chiding from one so fresh and young we will not take amiss! Come to tea; you're just in time."

He led the embarrassed young man and his more cheerful observer (who had the good sense not to open his mouth) to the crowded mess-room, introduced them, and in a few well-chosen words conveyed an idea of the visitor's grievance.

"Oh, I say, sir!" protested the pilot, speaking with some difficulty, since his mouth was filled with buttered bread. "I really didn't think you'd let us down—only we saw none of your busses roving about—in fact, we didn't see anything till the Hun dropped on us——"

"Except the gnat," interrupted the observer. "Have any of you fellows seen it? A machine about as big as a fair-sized handkerchief. Couldn't tell whether it was a Hun or a loose leaf —blowin' about all over the shop an' amusin' himself no end."

"That," explained Blackie with more than ordinary interest, "was your guardian angel—Tam."

He frowned at the thought. It was not like Tam to neglect his duty, and his duty it undoubtedly was to control that patch of sky whereunder the artillery observer went about his lawful business.

"What was it brought you down?" he asked.

"I didn't see the machine, did you, Willett?"

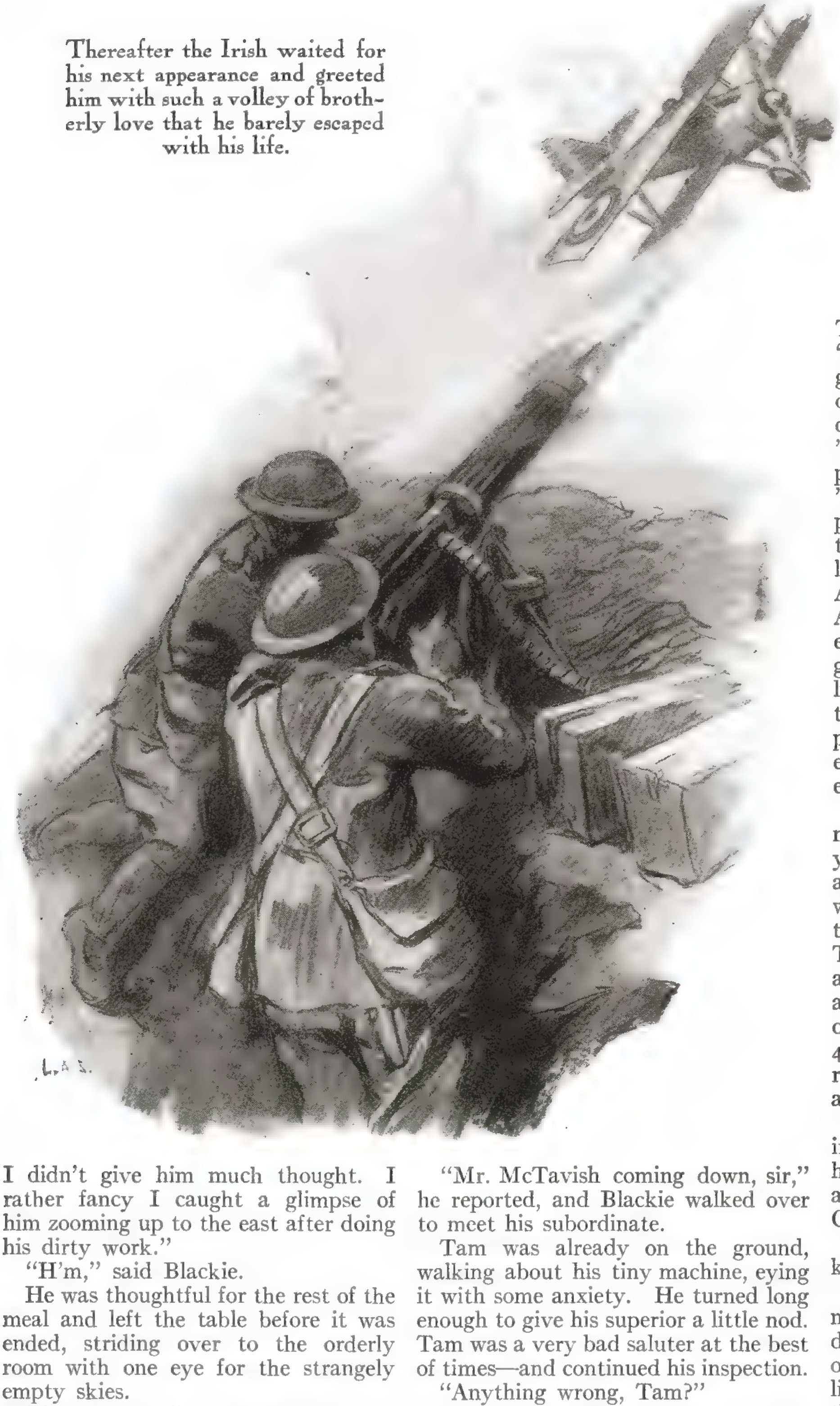
The other shook his head.

"Not till he dived onto us," replied the observer, to whom the appeal had been made. "I loosed off a drum of ammunition at him, but by that time the controls were gone."

"What happened to him?"

The observer and the pilot exchanged glances.

"I'm blessed if I know, sir," confessed the pilot; "the fact is, I was so busy thinking about—er—all the dear old things I was leaving behind me that



Thereafter the Irish waited for his next appearance and greeted him with such a volley of brotherly love that he barely escaped with his life.

I didn't give him much thought. I rather fancy I caught a glimpse of him zooming up to the east after doing his dirty work."

"H'm," said Blackie.

He was thoughtful for the rest of the meal and left the table before it was ended, striding over to the orderly room with one eye for the strangely empty skies.

"Any reports?" he demanded of his sergeant.

"One H. A. crashed inside our lines, sir."

"Who brought him down?"

"No report, sir."

"Anything else?"

"Only unofficial, sir," said the sergeant. "It appears from what O. Pip says, that Mr. McTavish has had a fight over the German lines with a big scout. No damage as far as I can find out."

"H'm," said Blackie again.

The sergeant heard a familiar sound and walked to the door.

"Mr. McTavish coming down, sir," he reported, and Blackie walked over to meet his subordinate.

Tam was already on the ground, walking about his tiny machine, eying it with some anxiety. He turned long enough to give his superior a little nod. Tam was a very bad saluter at the best of times—and continued his inspection.

"Anything wrong, Tam?"

"Weel," said Tam cautiously, "A'm no' so sure. There's a bit hole in ma radiator, an' two struts are slight casualties."

"I suppose you know that your artillery bus was brought down?"

"Oh, aye," said Tam cheerfully; "A ken that verra well—A saw the puir laddie's crash. Ye'll find the Hoon that brought him doon lyin' verra disheveled in 'no man's land,' and the ither one——"

"Were there two?"

Tam nodded gravely. "Aye, there were two," he said. "'Twas ma fault and no' ma fault, if ye understand me, Major Blackie, sir. A saw twa machines coming doon and A took a guid look at 'em. 'Tam,' says I, 'yon laddies are behavin' verra strange. Don't be a fool,' says I to meself, 'do ye no' see they have got the British markings?'"

"The British markings?" interrupted Blackie quickly. "Do you mean to say they've our markings?"

"They had and they had not," said Tam with exasperating deliberation; "there's no' much difference between green caircles and blue caircles at a distance of five thousand feet. All A could see was they had caircles on 'em. But ma natural Scottish suspeecion could no' be quieted. A caircled 'round, watching these laddies dropping one behind the ither straight for the puir innocent old artillery bus like hawks on a poodle. 'Tam,' says A, 'this is where ye lose height.' So A dived doon after 'em, and, sure enough, ma uncanny Celtic intelligence was no' so far wrong, for suddenly the leading machine opened fire on the bus, an' doon spun the hope and pride of the Royal Garrison Artillery, emittin' smoke and fumes and ither evidence of severe distress.

"'By Heavens, Tam,' says I to meself, 'it's an act of gross treachery ye're witnessin'! Have at 'em,' says I, and A dropped for the nearest Hoon, who sidestepped me. There was no time to indulge in fancy maneuvers. The honor of the Umpte-fourth was at stake. A dived for the second fellow and missed him, looped back and got on his tail, bringin' him to airth at 4:57 by ma gold chronometer, which is right accordin' to the Toon Hall clock at Amiens."

"But this is monstrous!" said Blackie, infuriated. "Our markings! The devils haven't done that before. Surely they are not going to play that kind of dirt. Green, you say, instead of blue?"

"Aye," said Tam, nodding, "and a kind of reddish-orange instead of red."

Before the sun had set, a swift scout mounted from the Umpte-fourth aerodrome, sailed serenely through a sea of bursting shrapnel over the enemy's lines and dropped a streamer bag into the headquarters of the Eighty-seventh Squadron of the Imperial German Air Service, and in that bag was a letter and that letter was couched in language which was wholly justifiable, as the commander of the Eighty-seventh admitted.

"Herr Gott!" he stormed. "Will these politicals have no sense of decency? To whom were these swine attached?"

"Army headquarters, Herr Major," said his adjutant, and the high brow of Major Baron von Helthoffer grew purple.

"Lieutenant Deissler, you will prepare to fly over the English lines and drop a message for me."

He stamped into his office, snatched a sheet of paper and wrote in his best English:

> SIR: Your complaining is quite proper. The aviator who committed this grievous breach of war rule is not of my scorning-the-action squadron. Military considerations prevent comment on the responsibility or where transgressing aviators may be found. But we shall not grieve if you find them.
>
> Your comrade,
> VON HELTHOFFER.

"What do you make of that document?" asked the Brigade Commander who had come across to Squadron Headquarters to see the German reply.

"I hardly know, sir," said Blackie; "so far as I can gather, there were two and there is now one air-plane wandering loose, engaged in some sort of political work. The fellow Tam brought down lies in the exact center of 'no man's land,' near Mossy Face Wood."

The Brigadier scratched his chin thoughtfully. "I suppose neither we nor the Huns can get at it?"

"The Huns have been shelling it all the afternoon, sir."

"We have got to get that machine," said the Brigadier and for half an hour he sat at the telephone exchanging views with the distant gods.

That night, siege batteries, heavies, field-guns and trench mortars along a certain sector began an intensive bombardment of the enemy line. Signal-lights and S. O. S. flares flamed and blazed and the interested infantry standing in its trenches waiting for zero wondered if a wrecked air-plane was worth it. The thunder of the guns increased, reserve batteries came up into action, registered, and with machine-like precision dropped a barrage into the enemy's support line. Working parties stumbled through the dark communications into the darker fire-trench, cursing the whim of the Brigadier which had made this action necessary.

And then, to the second, the infantry went over, two barrages lifted, the working parties scrambled out and stumbled between shell-holes, to where the wreckage of the machine lay, what time the infantry went on to make absolutely sure that the cautious Hun had vacated his advance posts.

At five o'clock in the morning, just as the gray dawn was breaking, a motor-trolley snorted into the big aerodrome, laden with wreckage. Behind came an ambulance carrying all that was mortal of the enemy pilot. Comparative silence reigned on the raided sector. The infantry were back in their trenches and the only change which occurred was that the wreckage which had lain midway in "no man's land" had disappeared.

"Obviously a Hun plane," said Blackie; "circle markings of green, white and orange. Let's have a look at the unfortunate gentleman."

A stretcher was laid out on the grass and Blackie pulled back the blanket which covered the inanimate form.

"Rum kind of uniform. Certainly not Boche," he said.

He unbuttoned the jacket of the dead man and searched his pocket, taking out a bundle of letters, which he handed to the Brigadier.

"Written in English," said the Brigadier; "that's curious. That fellow doesn't look German, either."

Blackie turned back the collar of the uniform jacket and was reading the tab.

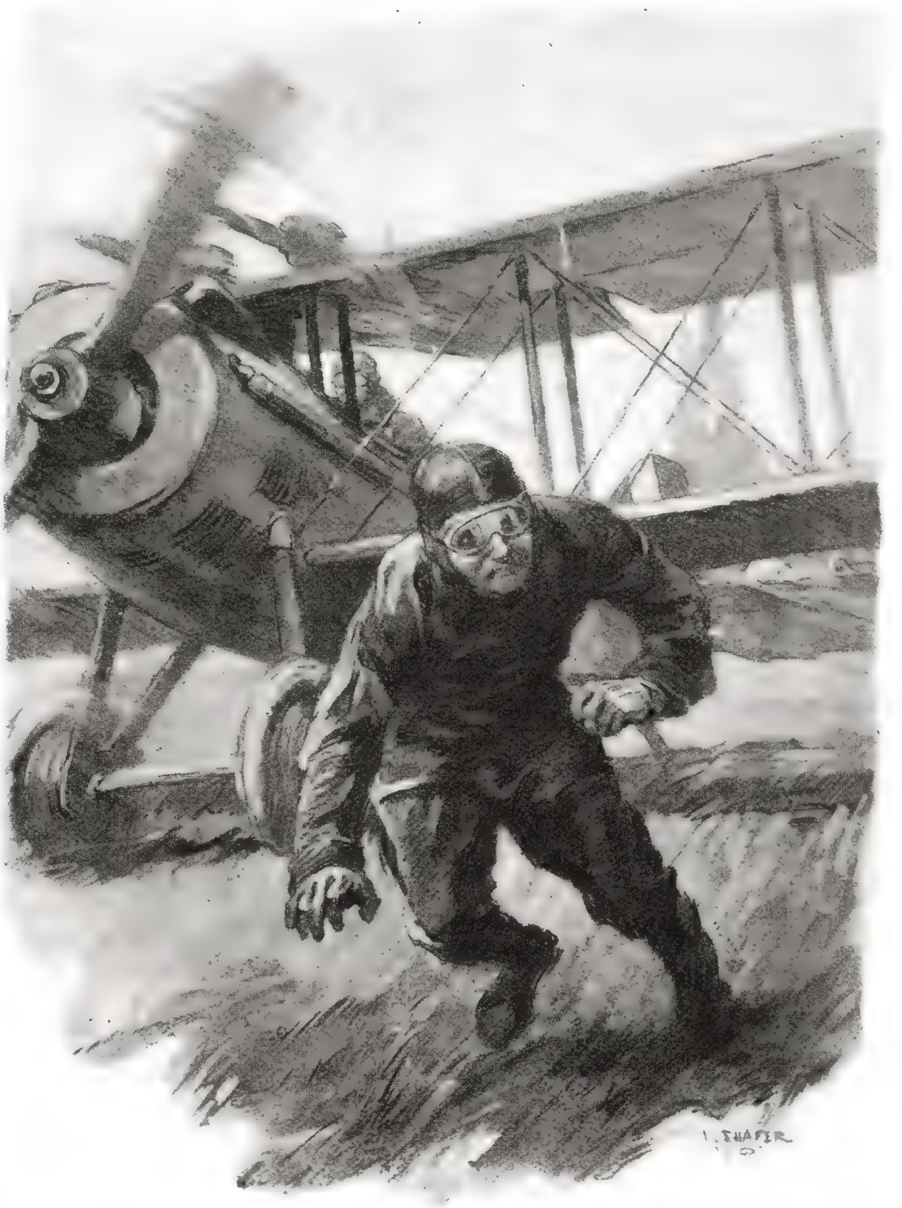
"O'Donoghue, Dublin," he read, and he and the Brigadier exchanged glances.

Whatever mystery there was about this strange apparition was dispelled when the letters came to be examined. The man's name need not be given. He was among the most rabid of Irish republicans and had been editing a propaganda newspaper in Germany until a chance visit to a German aerodrome and a meeting with a "Mr. McGinnice" had put the idea into his head of engaging in a guerilla warfare with the connivance of political headquarters.

"I presume the colors are the colors of the Irish republic," said the General, "and the man McGinnice is the hero in the machine which escaped. He seems to be the leader, by the way."

Thereafter all air-men kept a sharp lookout for the errant McGinnice. He was seen many times. Once he came down in the early hours of the morning, dropping pamphlets over a section of line held by a famous Irish division, inviting his fellow countrymen to "rise and overthrow the Saxon tyrant," but he accompanied the dropping of his leaflets by a performance on his machine gun which left the Irish Fusileers minus three good officers and about twenty men.

Thereafter the Irish waited for his



McGinnice detected the maneuver and flung himself flat on his face as the machine passed over him.

next appearance and greeted him with such a volley of brotherly love that he barely escaped behind the lines (held by veritable Saxons) with his life.

"The puir laddie is no' right in his heid," said Tam; "he should be put in a home, something built like a family vault."

And Tam went up to put his enemy in that "home." He sought him at dawn, he sought him at sunset. He looked for him behind clouds and in clouds. He searched the back of the German front carefully and systematically, despite the discouragement of ranging German scouts and furious A.-A. barrages. He found many worthy gentlemen aching to break a lance with him and dealt with them according to regulations. He fought three Fokkers over Courtrai, and one redoubtable German air-man, dight von Zollern, he destroyed, but the McGinnice was coy or, rather, being unattached, he could rove at large, and he dropped his tracts from Houthulst Forest to the suburbs of Saint-Quentin without interference.

THEN one day, a pleasant summer afternoon with light clouds flecking the blue of the sky, there droned over the airy wilderness to the southwest of Cambrai a solitary machine. It was flying at fifteen thousand feet, had pursued a steady course westward and did not turn to the north until it was well clear of the British lines. The fact that it did not drop onto a long line of obese observation balloons testified to its innocence.

It even crossed brigade headquarters without interference, for the observers with the telescopes were satisfied with the markings and with the shape of the machine, as indeed they had every right to be, since it was a sure-enough Nieuport which had been captured by the Germans some three months earlier. The machine might have returned on its stately way without exciting comment but for the observation of Second-Lieutenant Tam of the Umpte-fourth, who had a wonderful eye for color.

He was about two thousand feet above the other when he dived straight for the lone plane, his machine gun going like a rattle. There and then the enemy decided to retire, but not quicker do the kites gather above the carcass than the scouts of the R. F. C. above an intruding Hun. They drop literally from the blue, half a dozen white-winged dragonflies languidly sweeping to a focal-point, and that point the stranger within their airy gates.

He banked over, he sideslipped, he did everything that a dying machine would do, but nobody was deceived. Tam's tiny machine literally fell after him and presently the stranger burst into smoke and flame and fell steeply, making a creditable landing.

The pilot struggled out of the burning machine unaided, and ran, but the land was filled with infantry of the line and he halted before the all too willing bayonets of his captors.

They put him into a stiff car and rushed him to the aerodrome, signaled by the whirling air-men. Thus came Hector McGinnice to the headquarters of the Umpte-fourth, a tallish man, rather thin, very defiant, but wholly unperturbed by the tragic situation in which he found himself.

He hated the English, he defied his captors. He spoke mysteriously of influence which would save him from the consequence of his treason. He boasted of the number of infantry he had strafed in his morning excursions, but most indiscreet of all his utterances, he boasted that he had brought down Boy Farquhar, whose unaccountable collapse in the air when seen in company with another "British" machine had been a source of prolific argument since the day of the tragedy.

"You are a nice gentleman," said Blackie, the examining officer. "I shall keep you in close arrest and you will be held at the disposal of G. H. Q."

"I should worry," said Mr. McGinnice.

"You should," said Major Blackie.

He called Cornish into the orderly room. "This man will be your prisoner, Cornish," he said; "you will be personally responsible for his safety."

There was no lockup in the aerodrome.

The prisoner was handcuffed and taken to Cornish's quarters and locked in the room with his jailer. This happened at 4:30. At six o'clock in the evening dinner was sent over to the officer and his prisoner. At 10:30 a strong escort arrived from G. H. Q. to carry McGinnice to Amiens. When they unlocked the door, the room was in darkness.

Tam was the first into the room and fell over somebody on the floor. He flashed his electric lamp upon the prostrate figure. It was Cornish.

"Hello, Tam," whispered the wreckage of youth; "that devil got me—gave me his parole and I took his handcuffs off—knifed me from behind—with a table-knife—good Lord—what a rotten way to go out—table-knife—!" Then he fainted.

All that night military police searched the roads, but without finding the fugitive. In what manner he crossed the line will never be known. It is certain that he made his escape, and a week later his plane was observed in the region of the Menin Road. But a month passed before Nemesis overtook him.

On that day Tam was sent up on patrol with instructions to make a reconnaissance as far west as the Forest of Morval, to photograph certain aerodromes which had been constructed or were in the course of construction twenty miles east of Cambrai and to note "accumulations of rolling stock and troops movements."

Since the work was of considerable importance, Tam abandoned the tiny machine which it was his joy to fly and went up in a single-seater Spad, that French machine which is the wonder and delight of all air-men. He followed the usual course eastward, making no attempt to avoid the Archie barrage which would assuredly be put up against him; showed an insolent disregard for the excited patrols that dived to engage him, and did not so much as loose his machine gun at one which had the temerity to pursue him.

For an hour and a half he was noting and photographing, and an hour and a half passes very quickly in a single-seater when a man is called upon to do six things at once. Believing, not without reason, that he had been recognized in passing, for the expert air-man can never hide his personality, and that a warm welcome awaited him on his way back, he swung 'round southward to take a longer but safer route back to his headquarters. He was seven miles from the smoking front line, when beneath him he saw a large Albatross with certain significant circles painted on either wing. To see was to act. Down went his nose and he dived straight for the guerilla.

McGinnice windmilled and avoided him and glided steeply to secure the protection of whatever anti-aircraft batteries were in the neighborhood. Tam looped over and followed. Lower and lower the air-planes dropped till they were almost skimming the tops of the trees. They passed camps, railway junctions crowded with soldiers and material, little villages in German occupation, and once they skimmed over the top of a big aerodrome near Vermier, but the fugitive made no attempt to land.

TAM had tried his gun without success. He had no plan of what he was going to do, except that he knew he was going to kill McGinnice and McGinnice knew that he knew. They had reached open country, a pleasant plain dotted with red-roofed farmhouses, when McGinnice made his landing. He might have made it earlier with benefit to himself and there was no reason apparent to Tam why his enemy should come down in a broad field of Lucerne until he saw the two big camouflaged barns behind one of the farmhouses and half hidden behind a long avenue of poplars. Then he knew that this was the secret home of the air-pirate.

Before his machine had come to a standstill, the man had jumped out and was running for a deep ditch which

(Continued on page 65)

Khaki Klippings

Lorraine Limericks

THERE was a young fellow from Toul
Who trained his mustache on a spool;
It kept out of his way
When he drank his *café*,
But it made him look more of a fool.

There was a young man of Seicheprey
Who slept without sifting the hay;
He got quite a batch
Of young cooties—and scratch?
He's at it all night and all day!

Stars and Stripes, A. E. F.

Suggested song for chorus singing while breasting the briny in search of succor:

PACK all your troubles in your old life-belt
And float, boys, float.
When they hit the water all your troubles melt—
Float, just like a boat.
What's the use of worrying,
While the Kaiser gets your goat? No!
Pack up your troubles in your old life-belt
And float, float, float!

Drain all the bubbles from your old canteen
And swim, boys, swim.
Knocked into the ocean by a submarine,
Hit it with a hymn.
What's the use of getting blue?
You've got to keep in trim. So
Cool off your temper with a sea shampoo
And swim, swim, swim.

The Hatchet, published on the High Seas.

Don't they look good to yer, Willie?
Say!
When the city had you living in it
And me and five millions more,
And the girls tripping by every minute—
Say, I didn't set much store
By the trip and the trick of 'em, Willie:
I used to turn 'em down cold;
I was that sick of 'em, Willie—
Snubbed 'em a hundredfold.

But now what a difference, Willie—
Wow!
For they all look good to me, Willie,
They all look handsome and fair:
They could do what they would with me silly
Young heart when I turn and stare
At the face and the grace of the walk of 'em
No matter what size their shoe—
And I prowl up behind for the talk of 'em
And say, Willie, so do you!

Don't shake your head at me, Willie—
Bosh!
For the thing that hems the world, Willie,
Is the hem of a woman's dress,
And the banner of joy unfurled, Willie,
Is starred with a woman's "yes";
And if you're no fool, but a true man,
You'll admit without snicker or frown
That a man's the more lonely for woman
The longer his string from her gown.

That's why they look good to yer, Willie—
See!

The Barrage, Camp Upton, N. Y.

S. O. S.

i have discovered what happened to my linen the river bank discloses a free for all laundry with long rows of poles and cord some women are scrubbing clothes with brushes and pounding them with baseball bats and the river carries my grime and grease to the sea and the *sous marin.*

Plane News (The only A. E. F. newspaper edited and printed by soldiers).

Camouflage

THEY tell us tales of camouflage,
The art of hiding things;
Of painted forts and bowered guns
Invisible to wings.
Well, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camouflage—
We left home with a smile.

We saw the painted battle-ships
And earthen-colored trains,
And planes the hue of leaden skies
And canvas-hidden lanes.
Well, we used the magic art
That day of anxious fears;
We understand this camouflage—
We laughed away our tears.

They say that scientific men
And artists of renown
Debated long on camouflage
Before they got it down.
Well, it came right off to us,
We didn't have to learn;
We understood this camouflage—
We said we'd soon return.

We understand this camouflage,
This art of hiding things;
It's what's behind a soldier's jokes
And all the songs he sings.
Yes, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camouflage—
We left home with a smile.

M. G.
Stars and Stripes, A. E. F.

The camp papers are not devoted entirely to joking and news. Here is an editorial from "The Broadside," a journal for the Naval Reserve Force, published by enlisted men of the Naval Training-Camp, Pelham Bay Park.

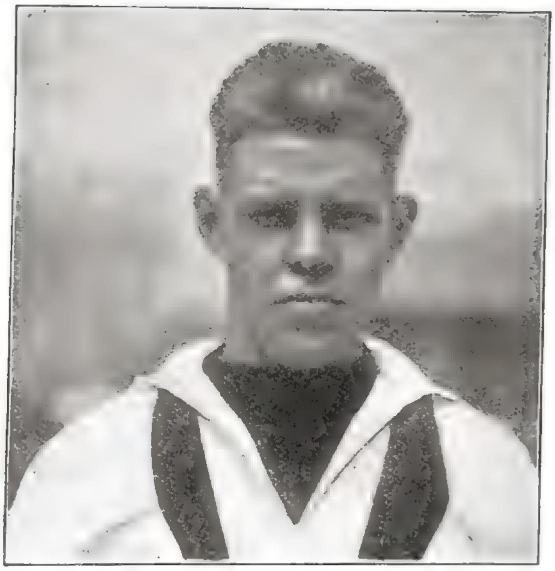
The Business of Hating

IT IS not an uncommon phenomenon to come upon a group of people talking hate, secure in the profound belief that they are talking war. This is probably a pleasant though hardly profitable way in which to spend an afternoon, but a greater objection still, lies in the fact that it wins no battles. It is markedly noticeable that those who take part in the actual waging of this war waste very little time in singing hymns of hate. They leave that department to the Germans, who have perfected it to a nicety. Doubtless it is perfectly natural to many characters who are not engaged in fighting to devote their superabundant energies in brave-sounding invectives, and it not infrequently occurs that those who engage in it have suffered no greater injury in this war than a temporary dislocation of their bank-accounts. There are also some civilian organizations which expend much misdirected militancy in loud talk concerning what they are going to do to Germany after she has been defeated, cheerfully oblivious to the fact that the millions of men who are giving their lives in the front line of trenches are taking no part in the conversation but going quietly about their business of fighting the Huns. This line of talk is particularly objectionable, if only for the reason that it clogs the wheels of action and furnishes Germany with a much-needed cargo of propaganda with which to fan the waning spirits of her discontented subjects.

The defeating of Germany on land and sea is the business of the Army and the Navy. The arrangement of peace terms after this has been accomplished is the business of every citizen of the United States, through Congress, duly appointed commissions and the President. These institutions belong to us, they are ours, every man in the Navy has a part in them and is willing to trust in them and support them.

We are glad to follow the enlightened leadership of President Wilson; we are proud to have him interpret American ideals to the world; we are willing to fight, die and sacrifice the things we hold most dear to realize those ideals, the ideals he has flung like a flaming torch in the face of Germany. We are willing to trust in him, we are willing to fight and keep quiet, and leave it to him to arrange our international affairs, but we are not willing, nor is the country at large willing, to have private, self-constituted organizations arrange them for us, tell the men who are doing the fighting what they are going to do after the fighting is over, and in numerous self-seeking ways injure the efforts of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, the President of the United States.

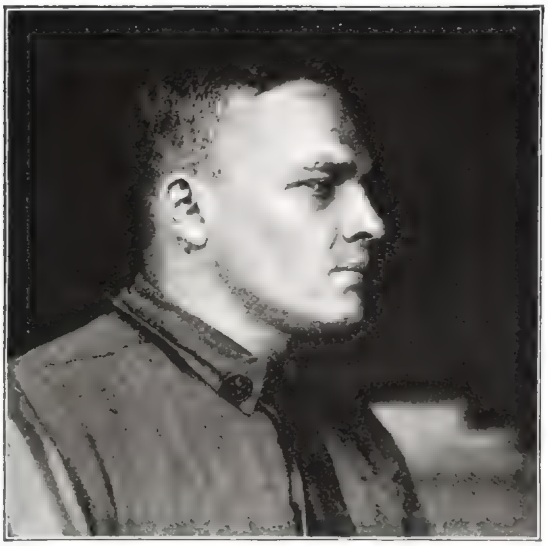
Hating is a perfectly justifiable emotion, and a man who does not know how to hate well will probably never be able to fight well, but this war is too serious a proposition for time to be wasted in futile brimstone talk, or for self-important individuals to be running around hypothecating victory by striving to commit the country to a pernicious policy of war after the war, which will eventually spell social, economic and moral degradation and suicide. We do not want to abuse Germany; we want to smash Germany, smash her on land and sea, defeat her armies, defeat her navy, and crush forever the horrid system of oppression and brutality that her leaders have tried to force upon the world. The task is ahead of us, and it is a big and noble one, one worth fighting for and dying for, and all our energies should be devoted to that inevitable end. War to the hilt, and not hate and hot air, should be our watchword.



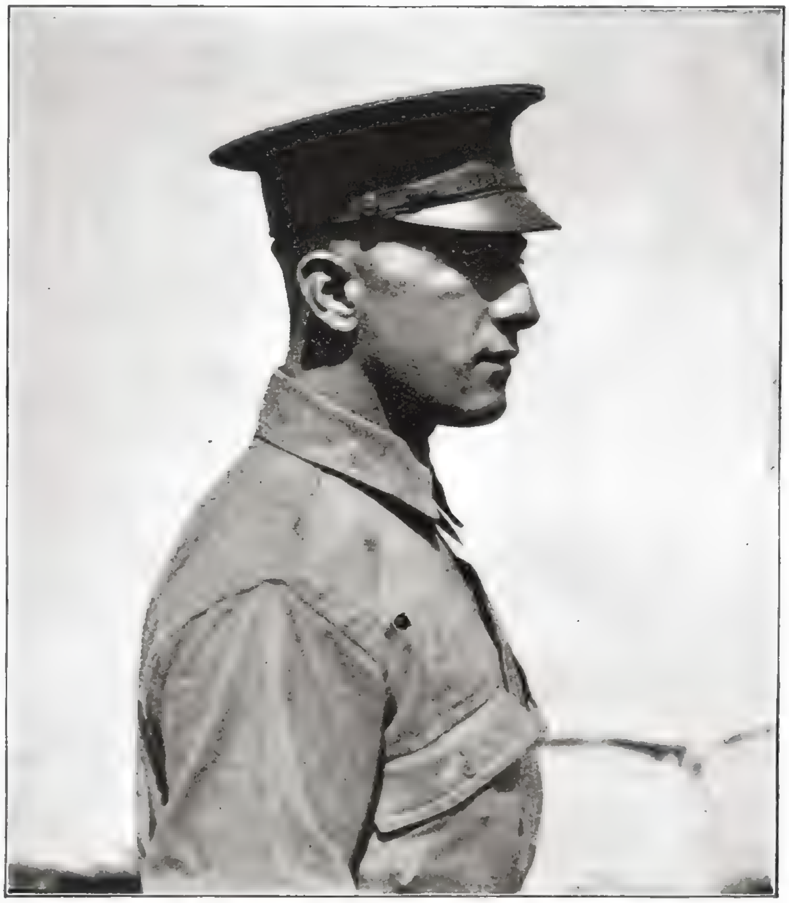
A Touch-me-not from Brooklyn.

The Yankee Stew—

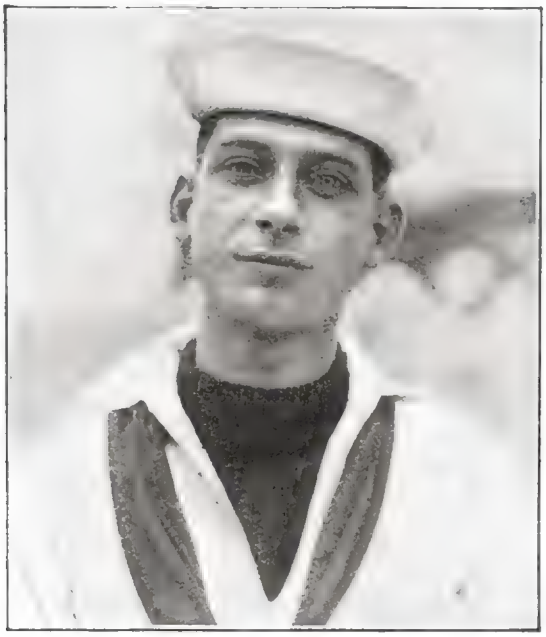
Photographs for *Everybody's* by Lewis W. Hine



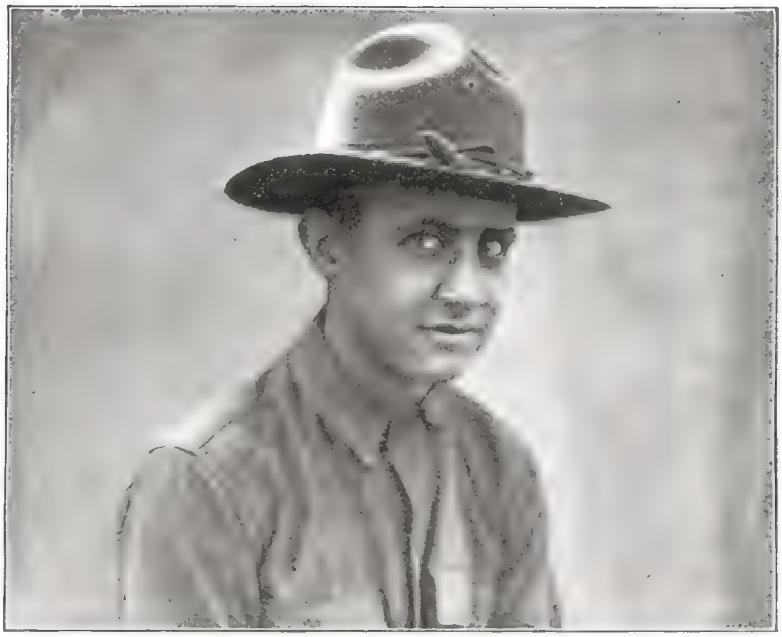
A chemist and a good mixer.



Of an ancient race.



Italian? American!



Straight from the prairies.

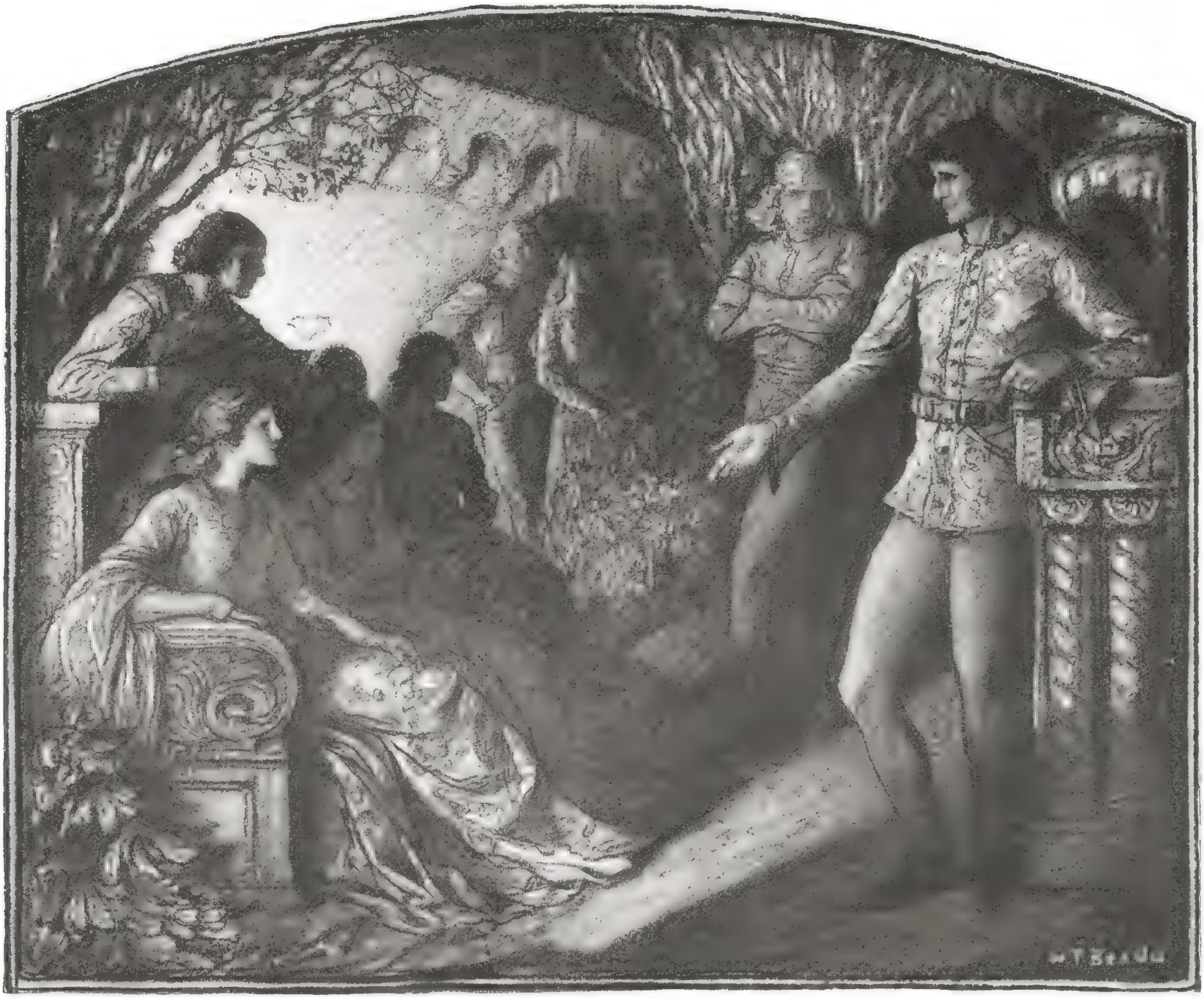
a Bit Too Hot for the Kaiser

The champion pugilist of the crew.

A Greek athlete.

Just young Yank.

Bound from Broadway—To Berlin.



His tale to-night was of a most disastrous march from Stamboul to Cathay.

The DUCHESS *of* SIONA

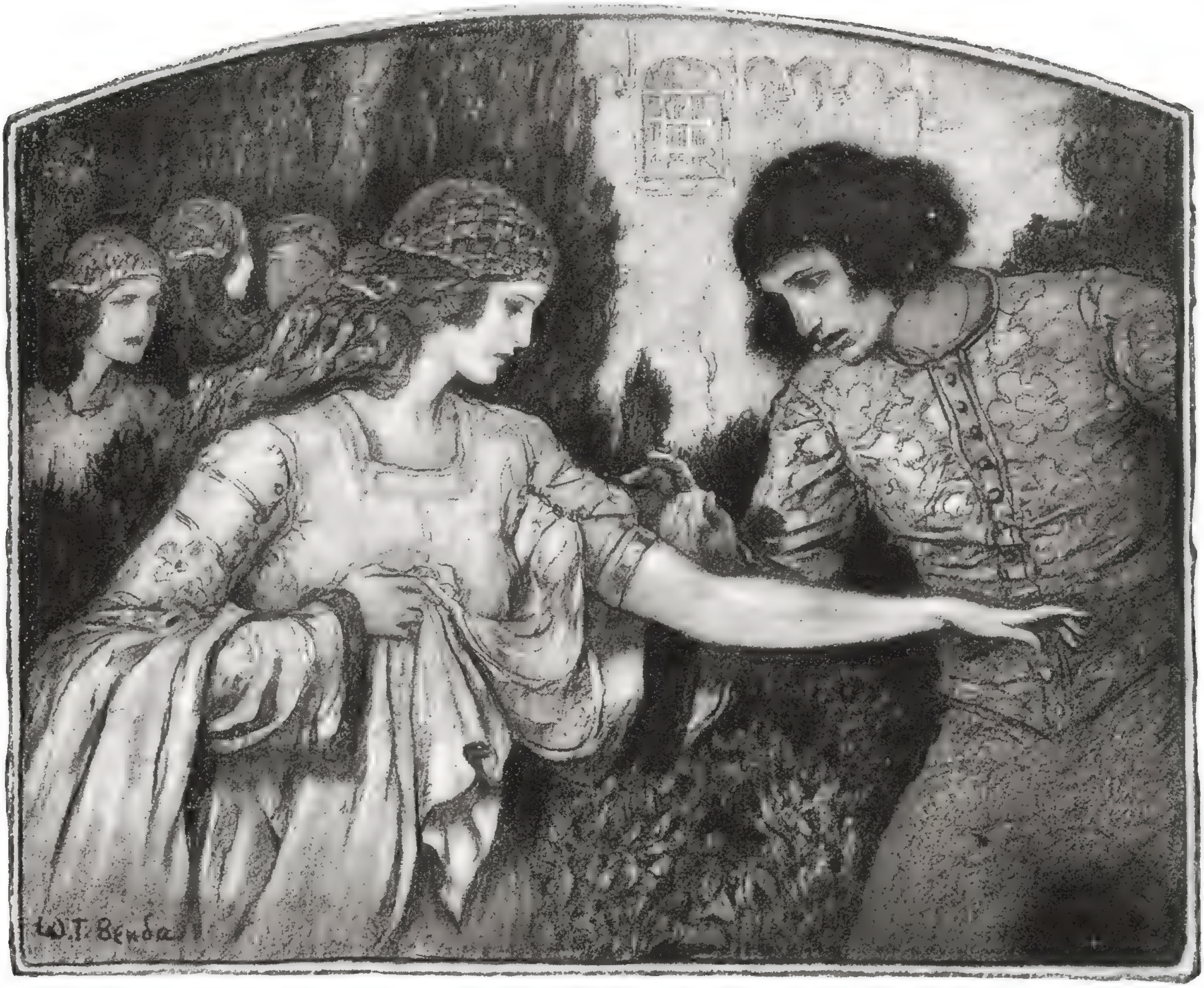
By Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

THE young and beautiful Beatrice is Duchess of Siona, a hill town of fourteenth-century Italy. The Sionese are heavily taxed by the Lord Malatesta, who had conquered the city when Beatrice was but a girl of fifteen. Her memory of that terrible conquest and the slaughter that resulted has made her cold and relentless. She hates all men and refuses to marry, although on his deathbed her father exacted the promise from her to allow any man who came courting her a month's grace before she gave him her answer. The rules she has laid down for her suitors discourage men from trying their luck, and after three years no more suitors come to Siona. But Siona needs a strong man's hand. Malatesta doubles his taxes and demands a levy of men. And there are threats of rebellion among the guilds. Meantime, Guilielmo, Malatesta's son, wanton, cruel, and a coward, sends a messenger to demand the Duchess in marriage. Beatrice is still quivering from her indignant refusal of this proposal, when a lover is announced, the first in a year. However, the suitor, who bears himself as a gentleman, proves to be no more than a man without title, by name "just Pedro." The Duchess is so enraged at what she deems his insolence that she gives him to the city mob to punish as they choose, although she forbids his death.

Pedro plans his revenge. In a wood, high above Siona, he comes upon a young nobleman for whom life has lost its savor and who is about to hang himself. Pedro begs him to try one more experience and urges him to take his chance at winning the Duchess. Together, as master and man, they enter Siona, Pedro therefore inviolable. There, Pedro, although he never presumes on a lackey's position, still contrives to make the Duchess constantly aware of his presence. She recognizes his brain in the advice her new suitor gives her about the difficulties of her duchy. Even his love-making is borrowed from Pedro. The Duchess begins to lose sleep and longs for the month of trial to come to an end.

Before the month is out Guilielmo arrives in person to demand once more the Duchess in marriage, swearing that he will have her, by fair means or foul. The Duchess at last realizes that she must have a man's aid in ruling Siona. Needless to say, Pedro is aware of all this and he is next found at a little inn down by the river taking control of what might otherwise have proved a disastrous conspiracy against the Duchess.



"Choose one of these," she said, "and do you give me yours."

CHAPTER NINE (Continued)

PEDRO was all aglow. This it was to have eyes, a memory—and divine curiosity. How many men, venturing into a castle as he had done, on such an errand as his—the courting of its mistress, and meeting a man swaggering out with something of importance in his manner, would have troubled to inquire the other's name, to docket it in his mind? Surely, none but Pedro.

Pedro held Bartoldi with unaltering smile. "Pardon the seeming impertinence, signor. If this strikes you as idle curiosity, forgive me. I desire only to be of service."

Bartoldi found his voice: "Service—I don't see—I don't admit——"

"Not for a moment, signor. A wild shot, I confess, and yet—if I had by the merest chance been anywhere near the mark——"

"If you had been near the mark?"

"Then I should have said, make use of me."

"How am I to make use of you?"

The smile died away from Pedro's face. Immense seriousness was his cue now. He leant over the table, brought his lips close to Bartoldi's ear, whispered:

"Tell me what you want, and recollect—" he held him with a glittering eye—"I'm a man all ears and eyes. Not a mouse squeaks in the castle, not a bitch pups in the town, but I know it. Use me."

Bartoldi drew his chair closer. The faint instinct that urged warning on him was lulling to sleep, soothed by the magnetism of this devil of a man who guessed so well and yet bore himself so transparently friendly.

"What are you in Siona, signor?"

"I serve a young gentleman courting the Duchess here, and now lodging up at the castle."

"Do you lodge there?"

"Obviously."

"And are you—could I—none too well paid, I suppose?"

A great wave of pity for this clumsy fool spread through Pedro's breast. He was not even amusing—stealing money from a blind beggar was better sport. Pedro merely lifted his shoulders expansively, spread his arms, lifted his eyebrows and waited.

With an air of immense sagacity Bartoldi put his hand in his pocket, looked round, produced a purse, deposited it on the table, well in Pedro's gaze, laid both hands on it, and breathed:

"The very man. You lodge in the castle? Then you can tell me what I want—if you are willing."

Pedro put one finger on the purse, poked it consideringly. "Signor, how much?"

"One hundred crowns."

Pedro gave an artistic gasp of pleasure. "A hundred crowns! A hun—Signor, what's to do? Whose throat am I to cut? Is there a girl you want lifted—is it poisoning? Name your request—rape, murder, arson—I'm your man."

Bartoldi laughed. How pleasant to have got this fellow, with all his nimble wits, so easily into service! Ah ha, the power of money!

"I'll be plain with you. I serve—well, Malatesta. No need to beat about the bush."

"Certainly not," assented Pedro.

"We want information. There's a business afoot here we must have the ins and outs of. There's a young gentleman courts the Duchess—your master, you say?"

"Aye."

"What's his name, what's his family? How's he prospering with the Duchess? Will she wed?"

"On these subjects I can inform you." Pedro laid two fingers on the purse.

"There's a rumor of a revolt in the town here—what's in that?"

"There again, I know." He added another finger.

Bartoldi drew his chair closer, leant still farther over the table, his lips on the very threshold of Pedro's ear.

"You sleep in the castle?"

"Aye."

"You know the Duchess's room?"

"Aye."

"Could you get there—at night?"

Hullo—what was coming now? Gonzalo, is there another choice brain hatching schemes akin to yours?

"WELL, now—close—you've a—knife——"

He broke off, and his bloodshot eyes peered with grim meaning into Pedro's.

No outburst of rage this time. Instead, almost a guffaw. The thing was comic. Two clumsy fools at the same clumsy game.

He winked expressively. At the same time he dropped a fourth finger on the purse. Bartoldi held it firmly.

"I'll be plain. 'Tis time this city came into our hands. We've our plans. We want no marrying here. We find our Duchess needs more patience in handling than we've time or inclination for. I don't say we can't manage her, but there's a short way, surer——"

"You think a knife-stroke?"

"Not necessarily."

"A cord, a sash?"

"Why not? As you please."

"A push on the stone stairs on a fair opportunity," suggested Pedro, though thoughtfully.

"Anything, anything—the choice is yours. I see in you," Bartoldi beamed with satisfaction, "a man of resource, enterprise."

Pedro bristled urbanely. "I flatter myself that you could have met no man in Siona better shaped for this diversion."

"Well, then?"

Pedro gave himself a second. All he wanted, he knew. But, what next? Could he use this man? Using a fool's a risky business, yet Bartoldi, Malatesta's right-hand man—a heavy hammer. Useful if well swung.

He stared at Bartoldi. Bartoldi returned the stare and sitting thus, motionless, eye fixed on eye, the two men waited on each other.

Quietly, unobtrusively, Bartoldi pushed the purse of one hundred crowns across the table. Pedro's hand closed on it. He picked it up, balanced it, looked at Bartoldi, eyed him meditatively.

"Signor, now a word with you in turn. As man to man, what's your bond with Malatesta, love or money?"

Bartoldi laughed quietly. "Love? Love, the devil! I sell him my sword. I'd sell him my soul."

"And is your soul in the open market?"

"To a buyer, at a price, yes."

Pedro felt in the bag at his belt, drew out the purse Shimei had given him, laid it on the table beside the other, and pushed them both over to Bartoldi. The condottiere sat back. "What's this?"

"Earnest money—you say your soul's for sale; I'll buy it."

Bartoldi looked at the two purses, laid a hairy hand on them. "What's your price?"

"Never mind now—I name no figure. But this I'll say, you shall be satisfied or I'll forfeit the money. Take the purses up. They bind you to nothing. They are my proof that I mean business."

Bartoldi held the two purses in his hand, on his lap. "Speak a little closer, man."

Pedro soared to his most impressive, by way of the mysterious—his favorite flight.

"Bartoldi, something more than chance brought us together to-night. All you want to know you can have pat, from me. But there's a bigger business afoot for you and me."

"Bigger? Ah! Well?"

"Malatesta wants the Duchess out of the way. He's not the only one."

"The guilds here?"

"The guilds?—Ah! That for your guilds!" he snapped contemptuous fingers. "No, something bigger than the guilds."

"A relative of hers?"

"Ha! You've got wind of that? You know his name?"

"G—," said Bartoldi.

"You have it pat. Gonzalo. That!" Another snap of the fingers, for Gonzalo.

"Something bigger than Gonzalo?"

Bartoldi's eyes glistened.

"Listen, Bartoldi. Supposing not only the Duchess tumbled out of it here, supposing a man big enough and clever enough to swing Malatesta out of the saddle at Missona——"

"Oh, God!" Bartoldi's eyes became goggle, his breath came in little jerks.

"Malatesta out of the saddle at Missona. There'd be——"

"There'd be hell—through all Aquiloja."

"There'd be hell in more than Aquiloja. Milan will have something to say. Venice knows what a strong Aquiloja means. The Pope's interest is more than fatherly."

"Malatesta gone! Why, all Italy—"

Bartoldi's head swam under the impact of that tremendous thought.

"You have it. All Italy would be in the stew-pan—and I'll ask you, would swords and brains like yours and mine—yours and mine, Bartoldi—fetch a penny or so? Come, my cock. We know how to fish in the troubled waters, I think."

Bartoldi got his breath more freely. He buckled the purses into the pouch at his belt. "Can you tell me more?"

"For the present, nothing. But, see the situation. You're at Missona, I at Siona. Two men like you and I, who can pull a good oar apiece, could make a boat travel far and fast, I think."

No doubt of that. It was mystifying, but the vagueness was intriguing and the sense of great events imminent, only just behind the veil, the portentous planning, on the very threshold of whose counsel his feet were placed, was irresistible. Besides, here was the money, under his hand. He slipped his belt. "I'm your man, signor. Tell me more when you want to."

"You're like me, signor, I take it," came Pedro's most confidential and ingratiating. "A man may take a gamble."

"I'll dice at any fair odds, sir."

"Fair odds!" Pedro grimaced at him. "Fair odds! Nay, man, no fair odds for me. The dice are loaded, and we make our own game."

"Say no more then, unless—well, who's behind it all? May I know the man?"

"That's beyond my authority at present. But you've the facts, and—you handle his money. Let that suffice for the present."

"What's the next move?"

"YOU move for me as I for you—use eyes and ears. First I'll give you enough to take back to Missona. The suitor of the Duchess—my master—is Count Amati, a cadet of the Riccioli's. His father is Podesta of Astoretto and the lad for that reason carries weight. Within a week he makes formal demand for the hand of our Beatrice here. What luck? Ask me later. I might tell you, but I hold it back for the present. Excuse for you to ride over here again next week. The tradesmen are grumbling, and willing to make trouble, but they've got hold of the wrong man to head them. As a matter of fact, more than likely my man may make use of them."

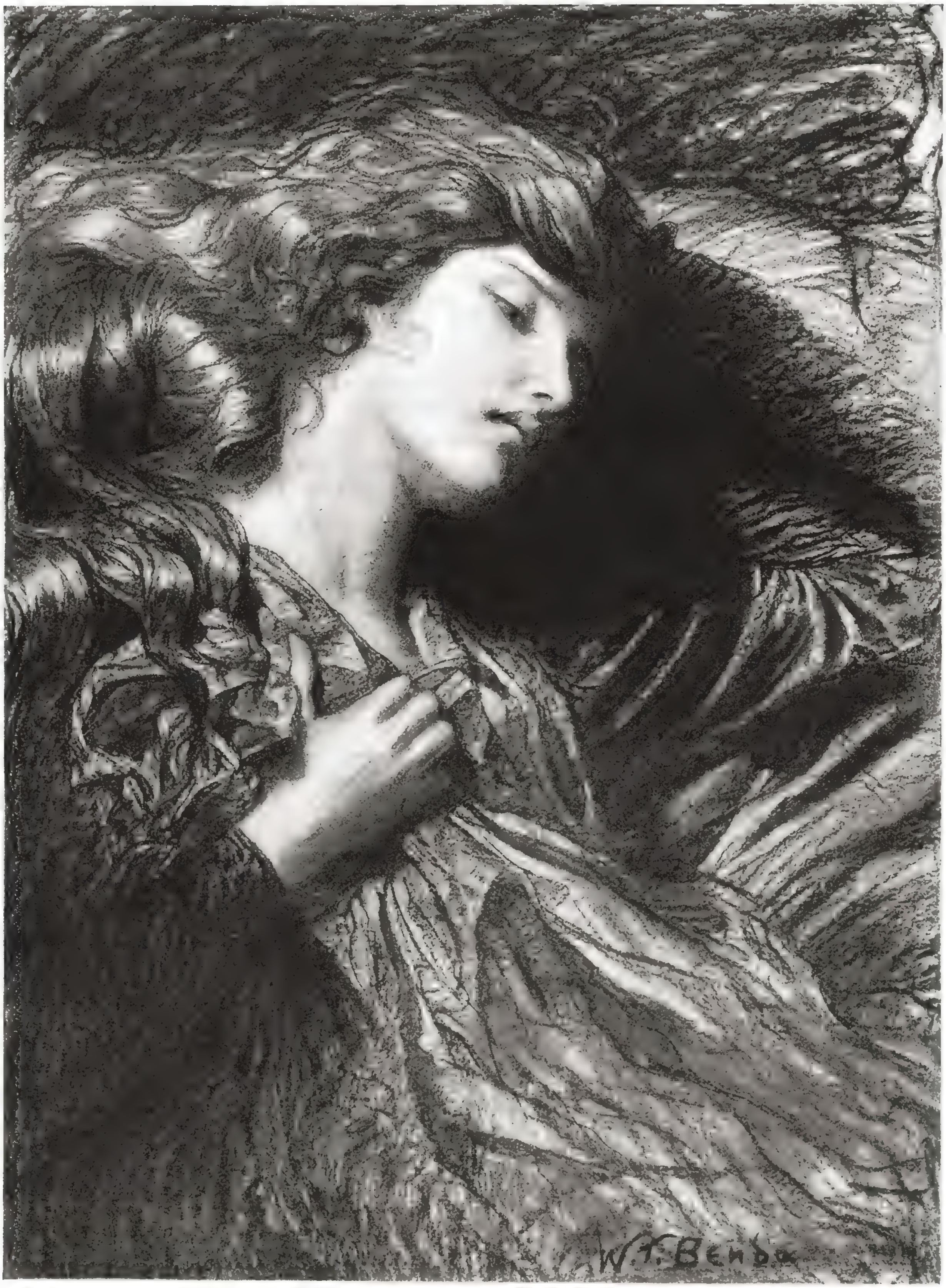
"A republic?"

"Yes—a republic." Pedro grinned and laid a finger along his nose. Bartoldi laughed shrewdly.

"Well, there's your budget. Open that to Malatesta and he'll thank you for a good night's work."

"Now, what do you want?"

"Send me, whenever you can, any



She was of an unearthly beauty in the moonlight.

news you get hold of. Little things—one never knows what they may be worth. Malatesta may move on what you tell him. Watch him and send word. He's no small fish to land."

Bartoldi made a grimace. "He'll splash when you hook him."

"With our fingers in his gills he may splash his damnedest. We'll have him in the boat."

Bartoldi rose. "I'm away with my news. Signor, what's your name?"

"Pedro, serving Count Amati at the castle."

"Well, Pedro, my ningle, this has

turned out a good night's work."

He held out his hand. Pedro grasped it with enthusiasm. "When two good men meet, Bartoldi, it wants but a little chat, and hey! they're soul to soul and the world's theirs. Another drink?" he broke off, eyed Bartoldi musingly. A fresh thought glimmered.

"What is it, signor?"

"Can you spare ten minutes?"

"Twenty, if you like."

"Sit here a moment. I may be able to show you a little more. I know your discretion. Beppo, another flagon. Bartoldi, give me a minute."

"I'm yours."

Beppo filled the beaker in all haste, Bartoldi buried his nose in it without delay. Pedro was already in the room up-stairs and addressing Shimei.

SHIMEI sat in a chair by his bedside. Fat Jack was just preparing to go, well pleased to be away. For all his glibness, Pedro had made little headway with the Jew. That hundred crowns passed over meant little. What Shimei had in his mind was that Pedro was now in possession of enough of the treason that was plotting to hang not only Gonzalo but Shimei, unless the Jew avoided Siona altogether in future. The money, he hoped, would be a sweetener, that was about all. So Shimei had been unburdening his soul to his captain. That he was a fool, an ape, a louse of no wits, a dolt, a muddy-brained flounder with no eyes, ears or judgment, no discretion, no sense, no appraiser of men, that he was damned for certain in this world if not in the next, that he would infallibly come to the gutter and rot there, having first ruined every man fool enough to repose one scintilla of trust in his capacity to handle the very smallest fragment of an affair requiring even the meanest and most paltry knowledge of character—this Fat Jack had received, not once, but paraphrased with much ingenious invention of language, several times over. And he was now preparing to depart, well pleased to get out of it. His hat and cloak were on, Shimei's stream of vocalized opinion was gurgling to a conclusion. On the remains of this frank and unfettered delivery of candid opinion Pedro made his entry.

"A word, Shimei."

Shimei, rather tired and sleepy, was surprised but interested at his reappearance. Bartizan offered a chair. He refused it. To do his best he preferred to stand. He found he got his effects better with ample room for gesture. He was at his best now.

He had been strongly of opinion earlier in the evening that he could make no possible use of Shimei—this, as a man over-prone perhaps to frankness and plain dealing, he felt bound to remark. Shimei opened his wrinkle-embedded eyes. Up till that moment he had not envisaged himself in a position of usefulness to Pedro. The resentment he had felt and had a right to feel at the humiliating position in which he had been placed by the incredible stupidity, the crass idiocy of a certain enormous ass—a wave of the hand, quite superfluous, indicated Fat Jack, who, still sodden with the outpouring of his employer's depleted reservoir of vituperation, allowed this fresh and lively insult to spray over him stolidly and without protest—had not altogether obscured the fact that in Messer Shimei he had very possibly run across a man of whom, if investigation confirmed the first favorable impression, use might be made. He need scarcely add with mutual profit.

Shimei blinked twice and bowed. Pedro would have preferred him to talk. However, the blink was something. It followed immediately on the word "profit."

It would be necessary to inquire here again, in expectation of a frank answer, what exactly was Messer Shimei's purpose.

Shimei answered him fairly enough. In a word, as he had said before, trade. He had no wish to harm the Duchess, but—he wanted his trade to go on.

That was the sole reason for his traffic with Gonzalo?

Solely. Gonzalo had made approaches. The Duchess was making herself impossible. Gonzalo undoubtedly had a following, and failing a better man—

Pedro fixed him with an eye full of meaning. "Failing a better man," he repeated significantly. Shimei pricked up his ears.

Pedro expressed the profound regret he felt that his position would not warrant his disclosing to Shimei—in whose discretion he felt an instant and unbounded confidence—all the information he had locked in his breast. This much, and no more: Let Shimei trouble no more with Gonzalo. Poof—the man was an empty eggshell—and the egg always had been addled. What Pedro had decided to disclose was that great events were preparing, portentous happenings, centering perhaps in Siona, but like the ripple from a stone cast in a pond, circling wide away. Let Shimei but keep his ears and eyes open, and with his profound penetration he should soon see for himself. He wished he dared—he almost dared—but no—he ceased.

Shimei was inquisitive. Pedro held him off. It would be, not a betrayal but an indiscretion. Later on, if discovery were made, he might find himself in an awkward hole. If and when he could get permission to induct Shimei further into the mystery—

Shimei was distinctly intrigued. He begged Pedro to have the most perfect faith in him. He was secrecy itself. Anything his young friend cared to disclose would remain with him in the grave.

Pedro hesitated. Shimei grew warm. Pedro, overborne, first demanded the exclusion of Bartizan, then reconsidered.

"Tell me, Shimei," he asked thoughtfully, "are you acquainted with Bartoldi, Malatesta's condottiere?"

Not acquainted with him; Shimei had heard of him, but never seen him. Bartizan, however, had both seen and spoken to him in past days. Yes, and Bartoldi would probably recognize him, Bartizan, if he saw him.

"Then to cover, my ancient," said Pedro, lightly. "Shimei, for my life I dare tell you no more. Not one word more shall you get from me but this—Bartoldi is now in this inn!"

Shimei plainly was pricked here.

And further, Bartoldi should be brought up by him, Pedro, to this room and introduced. But Bartizan must make himself invisible, while Shimei must from that moment promise to forget ever having heard the name of Bartoldi. He, Shimei, might speculate as to why Bartoldi was here to interview Pedro in this obscure corner at this hour of night. Pedro's lips must be sealed. But Shimei will no doubt realize the solid basis of the prodigious events of the future which Pedro had limned at this proof, living proof, that a man of such importance as Bartoldi, Malatesta's condottiere, is so far involved that he rides from Missona, secretly, by night, to confer with Pedro. Once more, secrecy.

Shimei, a tough nut to crack, as Pedro confessed to himself, promised again with real eagerness. Fat Jack got into a cupboard where he could see privily. Pedro darted down-stairs to Bartoldi.

Behold, a moment later, Pedro's glib tongue working its will in Bartoldi's ear.

NEWLY met as they were, a strong feeling of comradeship had sprung in his breast. He felt a great desire to bring Bartoldi as far as his own subordinate position allowed into touch with the more secret workings of the wonderful affair at which he had so far done little more than hint. Relying on his friend Bartoldi's discretion, which a sure instinct informed him was as nearly perfect as the limits of human nature allowed, he proposed to make an introduction which would give him absolute assurance of the solidity of what he ventured to no more than adumbrate.

Bartoldi was properly impressed.

Had he heard of, was he acquainted with, Shimei of Tortolo?

"The shipper at Tortolo?" inquired Bartoldi.

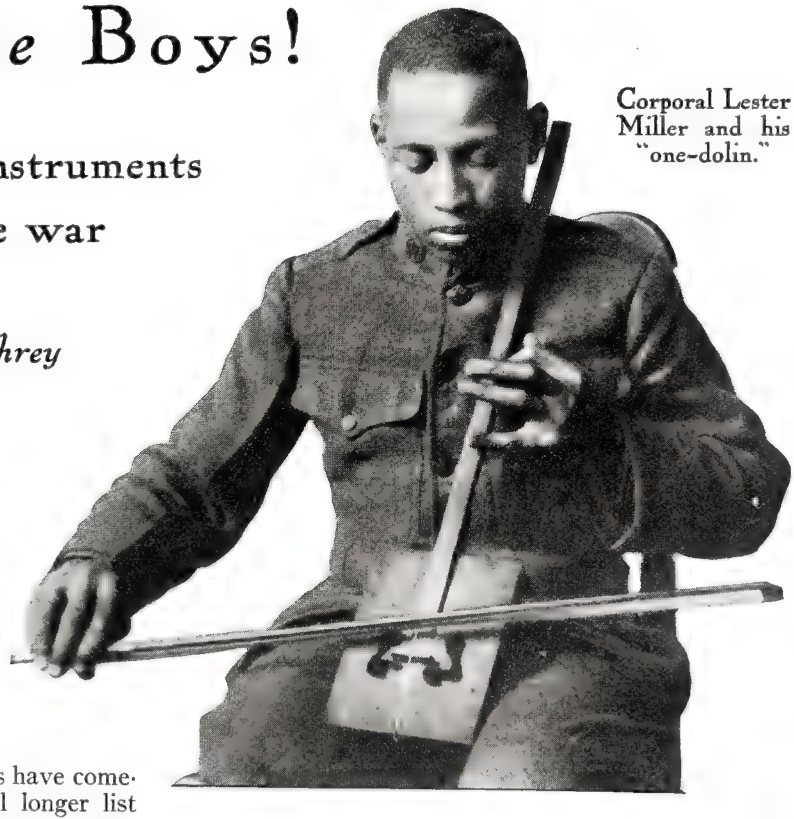
The same; dealer in wine, olives, figs, dyed fabrics, wool, silk, linen, cottons, importer of flax and fleeces in the rough—that was the Shimei Pedro referred to.

(Continued on page 97)

Banjos *for the* Boys!

How your musical instruments can help win the war

By Grace Humphrey



Corporal Lester Miller and his "one-dolin."

IT ALL began with such a little thing — a primitive musical instrument a soldier made from a cigar box, a long strip of wood, and one guitar-string. When his regiment gave a concert in New York, Corporal Miller played on the "one-dolin," and in the audience was an artist's wife who marveled at its unusual tone, its wide range, and the magic which made real music from almost nothing.

Speaking of it to some friends a few days later, she said: "There must be many soldiers and sailors who could play if they only had the instruments. I heard of three aviators yesterday who were asked what they wanted most, and they said eagerly, 'Something to play on! We've made a start at a band in our squadron, but the most important things we haven't got.' But when the Red Cross needs funds and the nation is raising Liberty Loans, I can't in conscience ask people for music money!"

"Of course you can't," agreed her host. "Here, Jack, run up to your brother's room and bring me down his mandolin. It ought to be making music for some soldier while he's in France. Now then," as he took the beautiful instrument out of its case, "there's one for a starter. Let's see what you can do, collecting instruments for the boys."

The next Sunday the artist and his wife invited some friends to the studio to hear Corporal Miller play on his "one-dolin," and the quartet from his regiment sing. "If you have any musical instruments you're not using, won't you bring them?" they asked their guests. The studio was crowded and no less than twenty instruments were piled up around the model-stand. One of the New York papers wrote a brief notice of this unique recital. Thus it began.

And it has grown like a snowball, rolling up violins and cornets and zithers and banjos and sheet music and pianolas and flutes and drums and three big 'cellos. It is by no means limited to New York. From Long Island, from towns up the Hudson, from Buffalo, from beyond the Mississippi even, instruments have come. To a still longer list of camps and ships have they gone out, with their cheery message of gay sound.

Nearly every one has a story. This came from a well-known illustrator, the next from a janitress in an office-building, that one from a portrait-painter; with this silver horn Gilmore led his band; Frances Starr gave her "Rose of the Rancho" guitar. The Magini violin was played by three generations of Dodworths, and for years the children of New York learned their dancing steps from its one-two-three, and heard it again on Sundays at the Central Park concerts. This guitar belonged years ago to the sweetheart of a man who went off to the war in '61. Now the grizzled old veteran brings it to enlist for service in another war.

Many an instrument has come from the family of some man who is already "over there," its giving doubtless stimulated by the story of the first instrument given to Corporal Miller by the father of a young lieutenant, who said, "I hope he'll hear you play it in France with as much pleasure as you've given us to-day." And still others, unused these many years, have come out of storage to serve the need of our boys. "Please give my violin to some soldier," wrote an aged seamstress; "it has been packed away for twenty years, but my hands are too old to play it now."

And there is also a story from the other end of the line—the soldier or sailor who receives it. One instrument went to an Italian in a base hospital who promised to go about in his wheel-chair and play to all the wards; one to an English officer just arrived in this country; he had seen a notice at some club-house, he had no friends here, and could he have a mandolin? Several were sent to Pershing's first group invalided home. One found its way to a Virginian who enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps long before we entered the war, and is just around again with a mended leg, after a bad fall in his plane. A dozen instruments, all stringed, that the music might not be too loud, went to a hospital ship whose medical inspector reported that he had a number of men who could play, enough to make a band. Later he wrote back that the precious instruments had been officially listed as part of the ship's equipment and would stay aboard even if some of the players were transferred.

Requests poured in from camps in Georgia and Texas and New Jersey. A group of sailors on duty in the West Indies sent a round-robin letter begging for something to play on, and cannily including a list of men who could play and what instruments they knew. One boy wrote for a banjo and hoped he wasn't asking out of turn and beating any other soldier from the same.

"Could you manage, somehow, to send us a pianola?" read a letter from a base hospital. "We have a piano, but no one to play to us." Now a pianola seemed, even to the artist and his wife, rather a large order, but they secured it as a loan, for the length of the war. Since then, three others have been given. There seems nothing too big for these two people to accomplish.

More than once things have come about in the studio in a magic way. A request came for a piano. The next day the artist's wife met an acquaintance on the street who greeted her with, "I heard about your instruments. I wish I had something to give you, but there's only the piano." And promptly came the reply, "Just what we want exactly. When will you send it?" Five ukuleles were sent to the studio and given out almost at once. Then up turned a soldier lad to ask for one. The last had just been sent. What to do? Disheartened, the boy sank down by the sitter's chair.

"But don't you see, lady? We're going over to-morrow. I've just got to have it, ma'am. The crossing won't be half so bad if we can play a bit." And the next morning some one sent in a ukulele, and a special trip was made to put it into that soldier's hands before he started to France.

Soldiers and sailors come to the studio for their instruments.

There are never any conditions made about these instruments. The givers appreciate the wise discrimination of the artist and his wife and never once have failed to agree, and heartily, to any suggestion. One gift was a sweet-toned violin, unusually small. The expert at the music store, when consulted about it, was enthusiastic. It was rare, very rare indeed, to find that size. Did they specially want it for some soldier? His firm would trade three for it, or if they wanted other things than violins, they'd give still more.

"May we exchange your wonderful violin?" read the letter to the giver. "That together with a valuable banjo we have, will get instruments for a whole band. Think of those men going off the transport in silence, or marching into France to the music of your band!"

And when the lieutenant who had made the request received the fifteen instruments, he said simply, "No use to try to talk to you about it. I'll write you what every man says." When their letter came, it bore sixty-five signatures!

"I've found my bit," reported a woman's voice over the telephone. "I'm in touch with houses that publish music and can give you any quantity. Do any of your men want sheet music or books of songs?"

Another woman offered her services to teach soldiers and sailors to play on various instruments. So from one studio to the other there is splendid cooperation.

Farther still the work has spread. Carnegie Hall programs carried to their music-loving audiences the request for instruments. The sixty public libraries of New York City put up placards asking for them. A great firm offered to mend and polish and tune any that needed repairing. Soon they became so interested that they announced this war work in their advertising space in a trade journal, heading it, "Get on the Band-Wagon!" and notified their agents in every state to put a card in the window that they would collect and mend, free of charge, instruments for the boys over here and "over there."

Every instrument sent out is tagged with the name and address of the giver, and a suggestion that the receiver write a note of thanks. And such nice letters as come back from the boys! "Quite a lot of fun," and "it takes up time that is mostly spent in brooding;" "fills up the hours when we're off duty;" "music helps make any one better," and "your kindness will bring the men back home as good as they went," are frequent expressions showing their appreciation. And practically every writer speaks of the pleasure it gives to his companions, "the boys in our tent, in our hut, our squadron, or corps."

Said an English officer just from the front, "It's the most remarkable individual piece of war work I've heard of. You people over here have no idea what it'll do in your American cantonments and in billets back of the lines. It stands for recreation and sane diversion, and speaks high for morale. I've known a little harmonica change the whole spirit of a trench, and you're sending finer things than mouth-organs!"

"'We're thinking of fighting all the time,'" said two sailors at the studio, "and now this has given us something beautiful to think about. Do the people who send these instruments realize what they're doing?"

"Realize? No, they can't," spoke up a quiet man in khaki. "They'll never know what they've started. This is one of the real war activities. Why, it'll go down in history!"

"But it's such a little thing to do," you say.

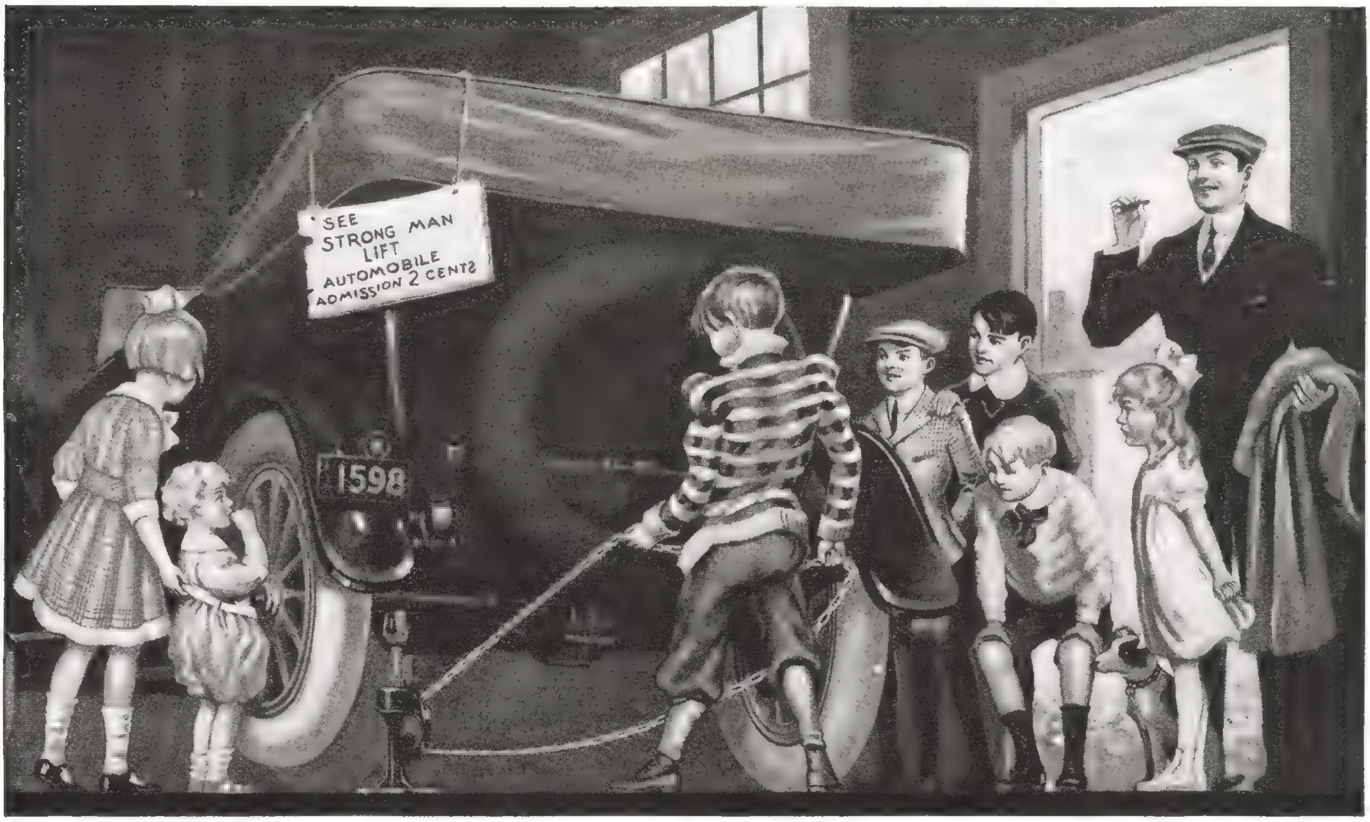
Perhaps, but in this war the little things count more than the big ones.

Editor's Note: *If you have a fiddle or a cornet or a banjo or any similar instrument that no one is using—even if it needs a bit of mending—give it to some soldier or sailor, and let it help to win the war!*

Mrs. Orlando Rouland, 130 West 57th Street, will be glad to collect musical instruments for the Army in and about New York.

C. H. Ditson & Company, 8 East 34th Street, New York, will collect and mend musical instruments through its agents throughout the country.

Do not send your instruments across country to New York, as they may be needed by soldiers in your town or your state. Start a similar clearing-house in your own community. Make up a list of what instruments you can give. Then write to the commanding officer of the nearest camp and ask what men could make use of them.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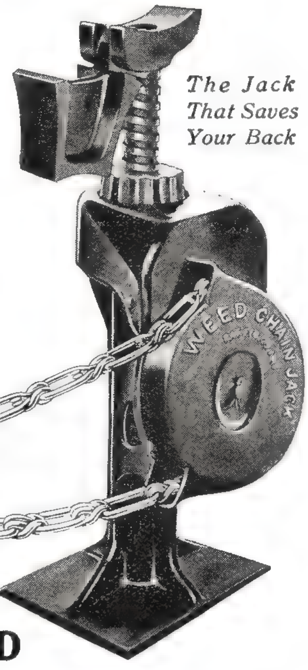

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(*Continued from page 45*)

keep Bill and her father—and especially Bill—talking. She wanted to find out things about Bill, and that was her way of doing it. On the whole, she succeeded pretty well. She had to fling herself into a conversational breach rather often, but when she rose she knew a good deal.

"We'll go into my den for coffee," she said.

Her den was an odd, three-cornered sort of room that really wouldn't have answered any other description. There was a small grand piano, and a desk, and a huge, enormously comfortable sort of sofa, or couch, and an open fire, and there were two or three big, deep-cushioned chairs.

Mr. Berwind grew restless soon after he had finished his coffee. He got up, and went over, sheepishly, to look at a picture that was hanging near the door, and Anne eyed him with a tolerant amusement.

"I—I think I ought to see Hazen to-night," he said tentatively. "It's really important."

He acted the way a small boy does when he wants to go swimming, or fishing, or something, and thinks his mother has designs connecting him with the wood-pile.

"He's always like that when there's some one here," said Anne, after he had gone. She chuckled delightedly. "He's such a dear! He goes down to the club, you know, and plays bridge, and talks business, and has a perfectly heavenly time."

"I'm awfully glad I've met him," said Bill. He was uncomfortable. He didn't know what to say. His eyes fell on the piano, and what he did say was pretty inane. "You play the piano, don't you?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said. "Do you like music?"

"I—I don't really know," he said. "I've never heard much—except bands, and what they play in restaurants and the tunes in shows. But I know I'd like to hear you play."

SHE went to the piano at once. But, once there, she hesitated. And the next few moments must have been rather crucial ones, so far as any continued relation between her and Bill was concerned. She struck a couple of chords, and then she waited. She made up her mind suddenly.

What she played fell strangely on his ears, at first. About it there was a quality challenging, baffling. It was as if a veil were cast about the sound that she evoked, covering it, hiding its meaning, its very form. He was profoundly moved. He was reminded, in the oddest way, of his childhood, and of moments long since forgotten, in which he had been exalted, in church, by the playing of the organ. The strange music rose to a climax, and fell away. It drew him up, until he was sitting straight in the deep-cushioned chair; until he was leaning forward, intently, staring at her. The room ceased to have form. The music cast a spell about him. There was nothing else, except, dimly, she who made it.

The last strange chord, dissonant, and yet subtly, strangely, attuned to a mood that had been made for him, hung in the air. She turned to look at him. "Ah!" she said. "I wanted to know!"

"I—never heard that before," he said slowly, after a time. "I never heard anything like that before. What was it?"

"It's called 'The Sunken Cathedral,'" she said, deeply content.

"I know why," he told her.

"I know you do!" she said. "That—oh, I suppose it was to see whether you would that I played it! Because I think any one would call me mad for playing Debussy, first of all, to a man who answered me as you did when I asked you if you liked music!"

He groped a little in an effort to understand that.

"He's supposed to be pretty far advanced, you see," she said. "Oh—I could talk about the way he uses the whole tone scale, but it doesn't matter, does it? You liked that? You thought it—beautiful?"

"I—I did more than like it," he said. "That isn't just the word. I—I think I felt it——"

"And that *is* the word!" she cried. "Oh, that's what you must do—you must feel music. And you can, you see. That was what I wanted to know."

She played again for him. More Debussy. And Chopin. And then, brilliantly, Schumann's "Carnival." But he shook his head at that.

"I don't like that so much," he said. "It's like seeing performing dogs in a vaudeville show after Bernhardt. I did once——"

She wouldn't tell him why she laughed. A little later she sang for him, and that settled matters. She played much better than she sang. Her voice had a good quality, but it was untrained. But how was he to know? For him the beauty of the world and all the stars was caught in her voice!

Again that night he did not sleep. But now it was not for fear lest he should not see her again, as it had been that other night. She had reassured him as to that. Then he had had no other thought, no greater desire, than just to see her, to come to know her. Now a new thought of her had forced its way into his mind. He did not hope, his daring would not carry him so far. But in his heart, where hope could find no resting-place, there was room for desire.

She had made up her mind that night, as she played for him. And from that night he could date the beginning of a time such as he had never known. At her touch the gates of the city that had repelled him, barred him from its delights, swung open. With her to guide him he turned explorer. With her he went about, saw the pictures, heard great music, came to know the city and its treasures.

IT WAS in January, in the heart of winter, when the city was at the crest of its year, that he met her. Everything, every circumstance, thanks to her, conspired to make up to him for the arid time that lay behind him. The miracle of her friendship remained the greatest, as it was the first, of all the miracles she brought to pass. But, miracle though it was, he could not doubt it.

There was an infinite tact, an infinite skill, about her way of opening the city to him. For a time he did not meet her friends. But when he was ready, she brought him, easily, gradually, into contact with her own life. Subtly he became a part of it, finding an acceptance so casual, so much a matter of course, that it failed to amaze even him.

An odd thing brought him up, one day, with a round turn. She telephoned to him, to ask him, frankly, to fill an empty chair at dinner that same night.

"Tonight?" he said. "Anne—I can't! I'm awfully sorry. I'm dining with the Mercers."

"You'll have a good time," she said. "It's absurd, of course, to have hoped you could come—at such short notice——"

"Absurd!" he said, and laughed queerly. "Anne—will you have half an hour this afternoon? I want to see you——"

"Come about five," she said, after she had thought for a moment.

She was waiting for him in her den. There was nothing unusual about such a visit as this—not by that time. They had become good friends; their friendship was so well established, indeed, that they quite ignored its grotesque inception.

"Well!" she said, smiling at him.

"Look here, Anne," he said, "you know—when you asked me for to-night, and I couldn't come because I was

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going to the Mercers, it woke me up. I—I've been taking things for granted! You've done so much for me that I've just taken it as if it were nothing——"

"Oh, Bill!" she said. "Can't you see that's just what you ought to do? If it weren't just like that it wouldn't be possible at all. You see, it shows that I haven't done anything, really. I couldn't have, of course. If people didn't like you—they wouldn't be nice to you on my account, except just at first. And I wouldn't want them to be. All I did was to get you started—to help a little, maybe, to make up for the time you'd lost——"

He shook his head doggedly. "No," he said. "That's not so. And—well, I just wanted you to know that I did realize——"

"Stop talking nonsense and have some tea," she said. But she couldn't help being pleased, and she couldn't help showing it.

"It is nice, Bill," she said. "You have had a good time this winter, haven't you? You know—you're not so awfully grown up, Bill! It's been wonderful to see you enjoying things so. It—it's the first time you've ever really played, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "And, look here, Anne. I wasn't talking nonsense at all. You have changed everything for me. You've made life worth living. And I was just taking everything as it came. I couldn't keep on, of course. Because, oh, Lord, Anne, don't you know? The more you give, the more I want! You—Anne——"

"Bill!" she said. There were tears in her voice. "Oh, Bill, dear, I wish you hadn't! I've known, of course. But I didn't want you to ask me—yet—at least. I knew, but you did surprise me, or I'd have tried to stop you——"

"It's all right, Anne," he said quietly. "If you can't—you can't. And I don't know that I really thought you could—care about me that way——"

"Don't!" she cried. "Of course I could care for you, Bill! I almost do. That's what's so maddening—that I don't—quite. I wish I did, Bill! I don't know why I don't. And—if I don't about you—I never will—for any one else——"

HE STARED at her. "That's next best, Anne," he said. "That's so much more than I could have expected—" And then he broke out suddenly, "Oh, Anne, do you think you ever will?"

"I don't know," she said. "I—I wish you'd go away, now, Bill—because I think I'm going to cry, and I don't want you to see me doing it——"

He wasn't half as encouraged as he ought to have been as he went away. After all, you know, he had got a lot more than he had really hoped for! One moment he knew that, and the next he had plunged back into the abyss of gloom.

The next time he saw her he tried to act as if nothing had happened, because he had an idea that would please her. But she wouldn't have it.

"It's dear of you to try to make it easy for me, Bill," she said. "But I've done nothing but think of you since—Bill, I wish I'd known you when you were at work, in Detroit!"

He thought a good deal about that remark. But his thinking got him nowhere. Anne couldn't have wished for many things without inducing him to try to gratify her wish, but this was one of them. And he didn't altogether understand what she meant, either. Except—he did, in a vague way, connect that saying of hers with a feeling that was coming to him, more and more often, that this new life that she had made possible for him did, after all, delightful though it was, lack some things. For a long time after that never-to-be-forgotten evening when she played for him he had been perfectly content; had ceased to be homesick for Detroit and the old, busy days.

He wasn't bored now, as he had been before he met Anne. But the old restlessness did, sometimes, afflict him. Anne could banish it; it never came when he was with her. But when he was alone, or when he was doing something in which she had no part, it came upon him.

Things that had nothing to do with him personally, or with Anne, were contributing to his mood. Things were in the air in these days. A growing fever was about that got into his blood. He had been stirred by the sudden blossoming of the flags all over the city on the day that Bernstorff was sent home and relations with Germany were broken. And now the ever-increasing strain, the gradual emergence of the fact that war was inevitable, had its effect upon him. He was one of those who, until the last moment, had doubts about the President and the firmness of his purpose. But when the word was sent out at last, when the nation's sword was drawn, he was clamorous with delight.

"I'm going, of course!" he said, to Anne. "Thank Heaven, they've waked up! And now—I've got something to do!"

It never occurred to him to have doubts. He was fired by his purpose, by his conviction of his duty. And then—he was rejected when he tried to go to Plattsburg. Incredulous, he sought to enlist. Again he was rejected. His eyes condemned him.

"It's damnable!" he cried to Anne. "I can see as well as I need to! They've taken men in England and France whose eyes aren't half so good as mine!"

She tried to comfort him. But he was utterly cast down. He offered himself in a dozen capacities; there was no place for him. The realization of his uselessness confounded him, shocked him. Anne could scarcely bear to see him, in those days; it hurt her to look at him, to listen to him.

And then, one morning, just as she was about to go out, he stormed in. His eyes were blazing.

"Anne!" he cried. "I've got a job! I'm going to Washington this afternoon. I've just got time to say good-by. Do you remember my telling you about J. T.—John Thompson, my old boss—the one who wouldn't take me back? I met him this morning, downtown. And he wants me down in Washington with him. He's on the Air-craft Production Board. Do you know about that? It's going to build the air-planes for the Army. He wants me to help with the buying. I'll write to you——"

"BILL!" she said. "Tell me a little more! You—take my breath away——"

"I'll write!" he cried. He seized her hand and wrung it. "Will you explain to the people what's become of me? I've got to pack and catch a train——"

He didn't look to see if she were displeased by his abruptness. She wasn't. There was a curious look in her eyes as, from a window, she watched him leap across the pavement into a waiting taxicab.

He wrote to her. Yes! In a month, a whole month, she got two hasty notes from him. And one of these he had dictated! But at the month's end she got more than a note. She answered the telephone, to hear his voice ringing in her ear.

"Anne!" he cried. "I know there isn't much chance—but I'm here just for the afternoon and evening. I'm going back to Washington on the midnight train. Can you see me this evening?"

"I've an engagement for dinner and the theatre, Bill," she said. She paused a moment, and heard his disappointed—"Oh!" "And I'm going to telephone, this minute, and say I can't go. Can you come to dinner—or just afterward, in the evening?"

"I'll have to work clear through till eight o'clock to get through in time to see you at all," he said. "But I'll come up then. Anne—you're an angel!"

She had never seen him look as well as he did when he came into her den that night. He wore a suit that would have made his tailor weep, so badly was it in need of pressing. And its fit was absurd, because he had lost at least fifteen pounds since she had seen him last. But his cheeks were glowing with color; he was superbly alive. And he looked, in the oddest way, taller, and, very strangely, younger, and, at the same time, more mature.

"Well—Bill!" she said, and gave him both her hands.

"I've got all sorts of things to thank you for," he said. "But seeing me, this way, to-night, is best of all! I don't know when I'll ever be over again—I didn't know until ten minutes before I took the train to-day that I was coming this time. Oh, Lord, Anne, but I've been busy!"

"Tell me," she said.

"It's great!" he said. "J. T.'s the same old slave-driver he always was—only worse! We all work about eighteen hours a day. You see—I'm buying about a hundred million dollars' worth of stuff. And it's got to be bought right. It's not only money that depends on my buying, the way it used to be in Detroit—it's men's lives, and the very winning of this war, maybe! And I'm getting a dollar a year!"

"I know," she said quietly. "After all—I don't want you to tell me about your job, Bill! I—I've been keeping track of you, even if you didn't have time to write. Bill—I——"

He got up, in sudden consternation.

"Anne!" he said. "You're crying! Why — Anne — what's the matter—dear?"

"N-nothing!" she said. "I—I'm just glad to see you, Bill! The real—you—I never quite saw you before—the you I couldn't see unless you were doing something big—and real—that made you forget all about me——"

"Forget about you! Anne! There's never been a moment when I haven't thought about you—and wanted you——"

"Ah!" she said. "Oh, Bill—then you'd better take me—now—my dear!"

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 50*)

flanked one side of the field. Tam followed behind him, his machine gun going, but McGinnice seemed to have a charmed life. Tam dipped down the nose of his machine, landed and charged the running man, but McGinnice detected the maneuver and flung himself flat on his face and the machine passed over him.

Tam flung himself from the nacelle and raced after his flying foe. Suddenly McGinnice stopped and turned. There were two sharp reports and the wind of the bullets fanned the Scotsman's cheek and then Tam was on him, his big sinewy hand about the other's throat, his knuckles driving upward against the chin, his left hand pressing the man's back. It was the simplest of jiu-jitsu tricks, and the big McGinnice went down with a crash.

Tam had a big leather belt about his waist over the skin coat, and with this he fastened the man's hands behind him. With a savage pull he jerked the rebel to his feet.

"Ma laddie," said Tam, breathing heavily with the exertion, "A'm thinkin' ye're goin' for yeer last flight."

The eyes of McGinnice roved the field. There was no one in sight. The tap, tap, tapping of the machine gun had apparently aroused no interest and certainly brought no help. As they stood together, a flight of German air-planes came over in beautiful formation, but they were six thousand feet up and the appearance of two ring-marked scouts so near the McGinnice aerodrome would not arouse any suspicion.

"What are you going to do?" asked McGinnice coldly. "You are not going to get me away. My mechanics will be over in a minute or two and I have only to tell them——"

"Ye can rest yeer mind that ye'll tell them nothing," said Tam grimly. "A'm no such a bad shot at a distance of six inches."

He hauled his captive to his machine, when a thought struck him.

On the other side of the narrow white road which divided the hedgeless fields he had seen a long picket-line. Evidently cavalry had been encamped here and the careless soldiery had departed leaving behind part of their equipment.

After a glance at his captive's bonds he laid him ungently on his face, ran across the road and severed a long length of the rope. He came back more slowly, a thoughtful smile on his face.

"Mon McGinnice," he said to his prostrate captive, "A'll ask ye a question."

"Turn me over," growled the prostrate man; "I can't talk with my mouth to the grass."

Tam turned him on his back. All the time his eyes were roving the flat plain, but beyond a slow-moving farm cart there was no sign of life.

"Will ye tell me," asked Tam, "have ye ever in yeer long an' sinfu' career felt ye'd like to be a wee angel?"

McGinnice looked at him in alarm. "See here," he said, "I'm entitled to a trial. I'm a belligerent——"

"Oh, ye're a' that an' worse," said Tam calmly. "Mon, 'twas a low thing to try to strafe a Flyin' Corps gentleman wi' a fruit-knife. It would ha' been an ignomeenious death."

"All's fair in war," said the other airily.

"Aye," said Tam nodding, "A'm glad ye think so—A was under the same illusion mesel' once. A'm goin' to leave yeer han's free," he said. "Can ye swim?"

"Yes—what——"

"Don't try to get into conversation wi' me," said Tam, busy at the rope. "A'm giein' ye instructions. Do ye know the big château pond near by our aerodrome? It's a graund pond an' A'm no sich a bad judge o' distance. When A let ye drop, ye'll be goin' through air wi' a muzzle velocity of eighty miles an hour—but the pond's deep."

"For God's sake, what do you mean?" cried the pallid man. "Don't keep me in suspense——"

"Ye've took the words oot of ma mouth," said Tam; "that's just what's goin' to happen to ye."

He walked to the machine, took one end of the rope and fastened it securely to the bomb-cradle. He did it with a deliberation that did not suggest the imminence of his own peril. Then he did something to the free end and McGinnice, watching him curiously, saw that he was making a slip-knot.

"You are not going to try to carry me under that carriage, are you?" he asked in alarm.

Tam said nothing. He stooped down and fitted the rope about the prisoner's body. Then he released the bonds about the man's hands.

"If ye try to get away or unfasten the rope, A'll shoot ye," he said simply. "Ye're no' fit to ride in a respectable bus. If ye struggle after A start, A'll pull the bomb release an' drop ye. If ye behave, A'll give ye a short drop to the pond. Hauld tight to the under carriage."

McGinnice shouted in terror and plucked at the knotted rope about him, but soon his voice was drowned in the roar of Tam's engine. The little Scotsman climbed into his nacelle and his machine began to move slowly across the ground, the wild-eyed prisoner clutching with both hands to his perilous perch. The machine was at two hundred feet when he slipped and fell till the rope jerked tight.

All the army saw the return of Tam. The wheeling air-men stared in amazement as the big Spad sailed serenely through the blue, westward, the limp figure of a man swinging and swaying beneath it.

ONE WAY OUT

By John R. Jaffreys

Reported by Mary Stewart Cutting

THIS is a little story from real life, telling how one family—an average one, in nearly every way—met and freed themselves from the "money-fear" and the "bill-bugaboo" that haunts so many hundreds of homes always, and especially in these war days. It was a very simple thing, but full of suggestion for all to whom the H. C. of L. is a real and incessant problem. And to whom, nowadays, isn't it?

I DO not know whether this is a confession of incapacity or not—that is for you to say. I know I shall be very glad to get any help in the way of suggestions or example that may be offered, to add to the single small way out of some of my difficulties which I evolved a year ago for myself. My life has not been a series of geometrical progressions in which everything that is planned out in orderly sequence comes to its logical culmination, but rather a succession of switchings-off, of suddenly compelled jumps in different directions, immensely disquieting.

There are two things which seem to separate me at the start from most of those who give their helpful experiences to the public; though I am persuaded that there must be numbers in like case. One thing is, that, with many thousands of young men, I do not live on a salary. I get paid varying prices for such work as I do, for which there is a varying demand, and I wait any time from two weeks to three months, sometimes much longer, for that pay. (For some work done for the city I waited a year.) And the other fact is, that I have never in my life laid up money ahead that some unexpected and pressing need didn't arise—if not on my part, on that of those near to me—to take it.

Don't mistake me—it was, each time, a providence that I had it. When I married it was with a few hundreds—four, to be exact—in the bank. Bess—bless her heart!—was as deeply interested as I in little ways of saving, to add to it each week. Then my widowed mother was obliged to go to the hospital for a dangerous operation which I had to finance. With the lessening of our hoard we agreed that when our baby arrived we would economize by keeping the trained nurse for only two weeks; many young mothers get along quite well that way.

Mistaken Economy

IT IS true that many do, but Bess didn't. She was very ill, to begin on, and far weaker afterward than we realized, but as brave as ever. When we let the nurse go at the end of two weeks, to the consternation of our friends and neighbors—Bess had no mother nor sister to help her—we had to get her back in a hurry a few days afterward, and she stayed for eight weeks—she had to! And even then, Bess was a near-invalid for a year. We have had two children since, but we have never tried to economize that way on the nurse question.

Then when I began to get a little bit ahead again, my sister Min's husband died, and she had to be helped out until she got on her own feet, poor girl. She will never be able to pay me back, though she worries over it, and I don't want her to.

There is no call for my multiplying further instances in this line. They keep recurring in a greater or less degree. Little as I have myself, I seem to be the only man in the family that there is to turn to in any pecuniary stress.

Simple Living

I LIVE in a large suburb. I say a large suburb advisedly, for you can live as you please and dress as plainly as you please without being noticeable in any way, as you are in a small place. We are not in any so-called fashionable set, and we don't "entertain," in the received sense of the word, but we have a small circle of interesting and intelligent friends; we drop in at each other's houses evenings, and the refreshment provided is of the simplest. Bess makes the children's clothes and most of her own. We would have been very happy, had it not been for the continued strain of waiting for money to come in.

This was the whole situation as it stood a year ago.

In the long periods of drought we had to live on the credit we could secure. Mine was good in the community—the butcher and the grocer were quite willing to receive my checks in a lump sum, although sometimes the periods of waiting became harassingly long-drawn-out, with the haunting fear that something would prevent my getting the payment at all, as once did happen.

As soon as money came in, it had to be paid out at once, and too often what was left over couldn't be kept as a cash basis for the household expenses, but had to be used for a wide variety of things as necessary as food—life, for instance, in this country can not be lived without shoes; a new suit is at times a business necessity. The wash-boiler has given out, or the big ash-can must be renewed, or wire-netting put in the door and window screens. You can not let your wife lose a front tooth even though it takes an expensive trip to the dentist to save it. There are a hundred pressing needs that must be provided for some way, even with the endeavor to sift them out most carefully.

There is a peculiar temptation that besets those who, after going without for a long time, suddenly find themselves in possession of a lump sum. You feel that this state of things is going to be permanent; that the next lump sum will come sooner and perhaps be larger—in fact, you feel, with a glow, that your money is going to come right along now, as it should, minus any more hitches.

The result is in the further temptation to spend, even if sparingly, for things that make for the renewal of the spirit—a night at the theatre with Bess, after a long period of drought, or a modest dinner at a little restaurant in town with too-seldom-seen friends from a distance: it is even a joy to give the children hitherto withheld small treats. If we need a new rug in place of the one with a hole in it, why not buy it? There is a singular confusion that seems to encompass one as to what *are* the things most imperatively needed—what you can hold in the hand, or what helps the spirit to live.

The Financial See-Saw

BUT this glowing haze lasts but a very short time, before one is face to face once more with an iron reality that clamps one fast. No matter whether it was a hundred or five hundred dollars that came in, it was never enough to pay what we owed and to live on besides.

We went up and down in our finances like a seesaw, and every time we went down the descent was more sickening with its attendant fear and strain: the tug of the ascent became too much.

The man on a fixed salary at least goes without something that he may have something else. It began to seem as if we had no legitimate right to anything. Something had to be done.

It was in one of these worst periods of depression last spring when my little Lucy had been ill all winter and I dreaded to open a bill for fear I should see "please remit" on it—or hear a ring at the door-bell in the evening for fear it was some one to respectfully try to "collect" (every one was nice to me!), when I could hardly raise enough cash to pay my way into town, and had gone back for the last week to an office-boy's lunch of bananas or the like—it was then that the greatest manifestation of delicate kindness and tactfulness I have ever known was vouchsafed me.

Brunner & Co., small grocers with whom Bess had dealt for some time, sent in their bill—which had been running a long time—at my request, although the money on which I had been anxiously counting for the last month was still in abeyance. Brunner, I knew, had a tug himself to get along, as most tradespeople in the suburbs do have. I had paid him small sums on account, whenever I could, but my little Lucy's illness had put us back terribly, and I knew we had been dropping 'way behind.

The Sympathetic Grocer

I HAD fearfully estimated the amount I owed him and was astonished when I looked at the dreaded bill to find it extraordinarily less than I had expected —even with the payments put to my credit. It was on the face of it a delightful and comforting surprise, though my common sense told me it couldn't be true that I had owed Brunner only seven dollars and twenty cents. On looking more closely at the dates and figures, I found that he had made up the account only to the fifteenth of February and it was now the first of April.

Henry Brunner is a big red-headed fellow, no angel to look at, but can you beat that for sheer understanding delicacy? I was amazed, confounded! When I charged him with it, he said he didn't want to take my boot-heels off when I had a sick child, that we all had to help each other, and he only wished that some other people who owed him were as sure pay as I.

We can never tell what is going to set a change in motion in ourselves. Brunner's act touched me more than I can express; it seemed to make a special effort necessary on my part.

The next week I was not only paid the full amount—a large one this time —for which I had been waiting, but a sort of light had been given me. Bess and I talked it over and we came to our great resolution to safeguard ourselves and others in the future. Large as the sum was, it was, of course, as usual, not enough to pay what we owed and leave much of a surplus for the countless needs that had been saving up for it. This time we cut down the list of needs remorselessely: we simply pretended that the money hadn't come in for them; that we would still, as the saying is, have to go on our uppers until we got the next haul of dollars. It was a heroic effort, but we made it.

Then, instead of putting what remained in the bank, to be drawn on at will, I deposited all but a small sum in different portions with Brunner and the butcher to offset the long periods in which they had both waited for my convenience. We calculated, Bess and I, that in each case the credit would last us for a month, and at the end of that time I could pretty confidently count on more money coming in.

The proposition was received at first by the other parties concerned with surprise and polite demurrers as to the necessity, and then, these preliminaries over, with a prompt, hearty and businesslike cooperation.

I can not describe to you the intense relief and satisfaction that Bess and I experienced. For a whole month we "lived free." What we ate and drank was already paid for, and there was an extraordinary and unforeseen result of the situation. Long credit, even the most honestly intentioned, is apt to have, for the impecunious, a subtly undermining effect: if you buy less at one time you are apt to buy more at another; the perception of what is chalked up against you grows dim. The bill, when it comes in, is almost always bigger than you thought it would be—there is a continued sense of something depressing and harassing on one's mind.

Breathing Easy

BUT when we were purchasing for ourselves the situation was entirely diffferent. The deposit had to last for a certain time. Bess kept the slips that came with each package instead of being afraid to look at them, and each day's sum-total was recorded. We went without some things which had always seemed vitally necessary before. A very wise woman once said to me, "You can do without a great many things, if you only *think you can.*"

You have to have a spur to that kind of thinking. This assumed the aspect of an exhilarating game in which we wished to keep ahead. When at the end of the month we found that we still had a few dollars left to our credit, and the surplus was needed to carry us over into the next week, before our next pecuniary haul materialized, it gave us a sense of having been born over again and into an entirely new world. But this condition of things was not wholly due to our unassisted efforts. On the contrary: the plan of cooperation worked in a way we hadn't counted on. We got a ready-money discount on what we bought—and often more than that. Bess grew gratefully familiar with the words, "Well, I guess *you* can have this head of cabbage for so much, Mrs. Jaffreys, if you want it," or, "I'll throw in another onion."

It was over a year ago, as I said before, that we started the scheme—in some miraculous way we've been able to keep it up so far. When money comes in, instead of paying for what we have had, and leaving us in agony waiting for the next instalment, it safeguards our future and those from whom we buy.

The Solution

IN THIS deadly uncertain time of war I am more thankful than I can say to have the future safeguarded even this small way ahead, and we're spreading out the system. A couple of places indeed refused to consider it: if other customers took it up it would make a separate set of books necessary. There were places that made—or thought they made—largely on their enormous credit accounts. And singularly enough, we have learned to live so that even with the war-time prices our expenses are not so high as they were two years ago. This is honest truth. We have, I suspect, learned how to go without. We have also learned *how to buy from ourselves*. Without the tremendously helpful and educative steady-salary-and-cash basis to go on, we've evolved a plan of living to take its place, and everything—this is the strangest part of the whole—has seemed to further our purpose. I suppose a steady purpose has a carrying power of itself. Bess thinks so! Incidentally, I have been doing better work, because I'm not so worried—and work, thank God, in which I can help my country, even if I can't leave Bess and the babies, to enlist.

We have even been able, lately, to put a small reserve sum in the bank, so that when we have to draw it out in the day of calamity, it won't be taken from those to whom, under our former credit system, it would rightly belong.

IRENE CASTLE'S STORY OF VERNON CASTLE

—the gay figure who danced his way from obscurity into the youthful heart of America, who gave his life for the cause, and whom we knew so little about. Here is his story, simply told by the one who knew him best. It is a revelation and an inspiration in these times. It begins in the November EVERYBODY'S.

BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 19*)

the charge was, and she did not deny it, that she had given them asylum and had aided them either by gifts of money or food and clothes, or hospitality and care when they were sick.

These are not mere lawyers' quibbles; they would afford sufficient reason in any English or American court for dismissing the charge on the ground of variance. And the Germans themselves recognized this fatal variance, for on that very day, October twelfth, after they had executed a judgment which even their own laws would not sustain, there was, as I have said, a notice announcing a new decree of the Governor-General, a decree which sought to cure the defect by defining the offense of which they had already convicted their frail victim, and punishing with death those who aided or harbored fugitive soldiers.

"Whoever knowingly aids, in any manner whatsoever, such a person (i.e., a person who *has wished* to aid an enemy of Germany) in concealing his presence, whether by giving him lodging, by clothing him, or by giving him nourishment, is liable to the same punishment (death)." Such was the new edict of the Governor-General, promulgated an hour or two after Miss Cavell had been shot, to cure a defect in the process that had condemned her.

LXXVIII

OUR rector, Mr. Gahan, whose services and sacrifices during all these sad and brutal times were consoling to so many, was the last representative of her own people to see Miss Cavell. He had gone from the Legation to the prison of St. Gilles, and his wife was among the waiting women on that night at the Legation. Mr. Gahan was with Miss Cavell all that evening, and when they would not let him be with her at the very last, it is one of the ameliorating circumstances of that monstrous tragedy that the German chaplain was kind.

When Mr. Gahan arrived at the prison that night, Miss Cavell was lying on the narrow cot in her cell; she arose, drew on a dressing-gown, folded it about her thin form, and received him calmly. She had never expected such an end to the trial, but she was brave and was not afraid to die. The judgment had been read to her that afternoon there in her cell. She had written letters to her mother in England and to certain of her friends, and entrusted them to the German authorities.

She did not complain of her trial; she had avowed all, she said, and it is one of the saddest, bitterest ironies of the whole tragedy that she seems not to have known that all she had avowed was not sufficient, even under German law, to justify the judgment passed upon her. The German chaplain had been kind and she was willing for him to be with her at the last, if Mr. Gahan could not be. Life had not been all happy for her, she said, and she was glad to die for her country. Life had been hurried, and she was grateful for these weeks of rest in prison.

"Patriotism is not enough," she said. "I must have no hatred and no bitterness toward any one."

She received the sacrament; she had no hatred for any one, and she had no regrets.

Those, so far as we know, were her last words. She had been told that she would be called at five o'clock. At six they came and the black van conveyed her and the architect Bancq to the Tir National, where they were shot. Miss Cavell was brave and calm at the last, and she died facing the firing-squad, another martyr in the old cause of human liberty.

Mr. Gahan later gave out this report of his last hours with her:

> On Monday evening, the eleventh of October, I was admitted by special passport from the German authorities to the prison of St. Gilles, where Miss Edith Cavell had been confined for ten weeks. The final sentence had been given early that afternoon.
>
> To my astonishment and relief I found my friend perfectly calm and resigned. But this could not lessen the tenderness and intensity of feeling on either part during that last interview of almost an hour.
>
> Her first words to me were upon a matter concerning herself personally, but the solemn asseveration which accompanied them was made expressedly in the light of God and eternity. She then added that she wished all her friends to know that she willingly gave her life for her country, and said: "I have no fear nor shrinking; I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me." She further said: "I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. This time of rest has been a great mercy. They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward any one."
>
> We partook of the Holy Communion together, and she received the Gospel message of consolation with all her heart. At the close of the little service I began to repeat the words, "Abide with me," and she joined softly in the end.
>
> We sat quietly talking until it was time for me to go. She gave me parting messages for relations and friends. She spoke of her soul's needs at the moment and she received the assurance of God's Word as only the Christian can do.
>
> Then I said "Good-by," and she smiled and said, "We shall meet again."
>
> The German military chaplain was with her at the end and afterwards gave her Christian burial.
>
> He told me: "She was brave and bright to the last. She professed her Christian faith and that she was glad to die for her country. She died like a heroine."
>
> H. Stirling T. Gahan,
> *British Chaplain, Brussels.*

In this touching report there is a statement which in its exquisite pathos illuminates the whole of that life of stern duty, of human service and martyrdom. She said that she was grateful for the six weeks of rest she had just before the end. During those weeks she had read and reflected; her companions and her solace were her Bible, her prayer-book and the "Imitation of Christ." The notes she made in these books reveal her thoughts in that time and will touch the uttermost depths of any nature nourished in that beautiful faith which is at once so tender and so austere. The prayer-book with those laconic entries on its fly-leaf in which she set down the sad and eloquent chronology of her fate, the copy of the "Imitation" which she had read and marked during those weeks in prison, weeks which, as she so pathetically said, had given her rest and quiet and time to think in a life that had been "so hurried," and the passages noted in her firm hand, have a deep and appealing pathos.

Page 124. It is no small prudence to keep silence in an evil time.

Chapter XXIX, page 125 and Chapter XXX, page 126.

Psalm XXX. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit—for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord Thou God of truth.

Page 502.

'Twas the last watch of night,
Except what brings the morning quite
When the armed angel, conscience-clear,
His task nigh done, leans o'er his spear
And gazes on the earth he guards
Till God relieves him at his post.

Page 170. So shalt thou keep one and the same countenance always with thanksgiving, both in prosperity and in adversity, weighing all things with an equal balance.

Page 58. Man considereth the deeds but God weigheth the intentions.

Page 36. Thou must pass thro' fire and water before thou come to the place of refreshing.

Page 22. Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

Page 108. Without a combat thou canst not attain unto the crown of patience.

Page 102. Grant me above all things that can be desired, to rest in Thee and in Thee to leave my heart at peace.

Thou art the true peace of the heart; Thou its only rest; out of Thee all things are hard and restless. In this very peace that is in Thee, the one Chiefest Eternal Good, I will sleep and rest. Amen.

Page 62. Be pure and free within and entangle not thy heart with any creature.

Page 54. It were more just that thou shouldst accuse thyself and excuse thy brother.

Just before the end, too, as I have said, she wrote a number of letters. She forgot no one. Among the letters that she left, one was addressed to the nurses of her school, and there was a message for a girl who was trying to break herself of the morphin habit; Miss Cavell had been trying to help her and she sent word to be brave, and that if God would permit she would continue to try to help her.

It was on October 10, 1915, already condemned to death, that Miss Edith Cavell wrote that letter of farewell to her nurses. The letter was in French, for all the nurses were Belgian girls, and in it, after expressing the sorrow she felt in bidding adieu to her pupils, she wrote of the joy she had in being called on the seventeenth of September, 1907, to organize at Brussels the first school of graduate nurses in Belgium.

At that time nursing had not been made a science in Belgium as it had been in England and in America; the graduate nurse was unknown. Dr. Depage, one of the leading physicians in Belgium, one of the leading physicians indeed in the world, had been anxious that such a school be founded, and it was through his inspiration and that of his wife that the school was made possible. They succeeded in interesting a number of influential men and women in Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges, Liège and Mons in the project. A society was formed and Madame Ernest Solvay gave to the school the sum of three hundred thousand francs, with which was built the model hospital and training-school for nurses that stands now in the Rue de Bruxelles.

THE building was completed in the month of May, 1915, the very month that Madame Depage went down on the *Lusitania*. Miss Cavell, in organizing and establishing the school, encountered very real difficulties in those first years. But she was evidently a woman of great nervous force of will and of nervous energy; she had a high intelligence and a profound character, and she succeeded; she established the school, she established nursing in Belgium, and her name and that of Madame Depage, both victims of German frightfulness, will ever be associated with the school at Brussels.

The letter, which sounds the profound depths of the Anglo-Saxon character with its stern command of emotion and feeling, though all the while deep down there is an affection that somehow fears to express itself, somehow sums up the character that made a noble and devoted life. When one thinks that there in her cell behind the grim walls of the prison of St. Gilles this frail woman sat down and in a firm hand, and in a foreign language, almost without a fault, wrote such a letter as this, one understands something of her nature. She gives a glimpse of the difficulties she had to overcome to found her school in a peculiarly conservative environment where all was new and strange.

She remembers some of the obscure but tragic conflicts that were going on in the souls of those whom she was

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directing. She had been a strong disciplinarian, a self-contained nature which she had completely mastered, sternest always with herself, and in asking those girls, who may not always have understood her, to forgive what they had considered her severity, she ends with the touching confession that she loved them more than they knew.

Prison of St. Gilles

My dear Nurses:

It is a very sad moment for me when I write to make my adieus to you. It calls to my mind the fact that the seventeenth of September was the end of eight years of my direction of the school. I was so happy to be called to aid in the organization of the work that our committee had just founded. Though in October of the year 1907 there were only four students, now we are already numerous, between fifty and sixty in all, I believe, counting those who have received their diplomas and have already left the school.

I have told you on various occasions of those first days and of the difficulties that we encountered, even in the choice of words for your hours "on duty" and "off duty," etc.; all was new in the profession in Belgium.

Bit by bit one service after another was established—graduate nurses to nurse in private houses—student nurses—the St. Gilles Hospital. We helped in the institute of Dr. Depage, the sanatorium of Buyssingham (Buysinghen), the clinic of Dr. Mayer, and now many are called (as perhaps you will be later) to nurse the brave men wounded in the war.

If in this last year our work has diminished, the cause is found in the sad time in which we live. In better days our work will resume its growth and all its power to do good. If I speak of the past it is because it is well sometimes to stop and look over the road that we have traversed and to take account of our mistakes and of our progress.

In your beautiful house you will have more patients and you will have all that is necessary for their comfort and your own.

To my regret I have not been able always to speak very much with you personally; you know that I have had a good many occupations but I hope that you will not forget our evening chats. I told you that devotion would give you real happiness, and the thought that before God and yourselves you have done your entire duty with a good heart will be your greatest comfort in the hard moments of life and in the face of death.

There are two or three of you who will recall the little interviews that we have had together; do not forget them. Being already so far along in life I have been able perhaps more clearly than you to show you the straight path. One word more. Beware of gossip! And may I say to you—loving your country with all my heart—that that is the great fault here. I have seen so much evil during these eight years that could have been avoided or lessened if there had not been a little word whispered here and there, perhaps not with bad intention—but it ruined the reputation and happiness, even the life of some one. My nurses should think of that and cultivate among themselves loyalty and *esprit de corps.*

If there is one among you whom I have wronged I beg you to forgive me. I have been perhaps too severe sometimes but never voluntarily unjust, and I have loved you all much more than you thought.

My best wishes for the happiness of all my girls, those who have left the school as well as those who are there still, and thank you for the kindness that you have always shown me.

Your devoted directress,

Edith Cavell.

October 10, 1915.

SHE left several other letters, one for her mother in England, that were turned over to the German authorities to be delivered, but they were never delivered. Again and again I asked for them, begging to be allowed to send them to England to comfort the aged and sorrowing mother, but they refused to give them over. They said that if I were to send them to England they would be published abroad and a sensation created that would react against the German cause. I was able to give them word later that they would not be published, and that they would remain the sacred secret of the mother for whom they were intended, but no, they would not give them up—the military would not consent. But the officer in whose keeping they were did have the grace to say to me finally: "I wish I might give them to you: they are a very sad and uncomfortable charge for me to keep."

LXXIX

WHY was Miss Cavell singled out among all the others as the one to be shot at dawn on the morning after the condemnation? Why, if justice, even rude military justice, was being done, were they not all shot, or at least all condemned to death? Why this signal distinction, this marked and tragic determination? Because Edith Cavell was English; that was her offense. And so they slew her; slew the nurse who had cared for their own wounded soldiers—those generals with stars on their breasts and iron crosses, bestowed for bravery and gallantry.

They could not even await the unfolding of their own legal processes; they could not wait even the few days they had allotted to the Countess de Belleville, to Madame Thuiliez, or to Severin, the Belgian, although the Countess and Madame Thuiliez, if all that is now known of the complot and the trial is true, were as deeply involved as Miss Cavell. They had been associated in the conspiracy, if the word may be employed, to aid British soldiers to escape; the only fact that saved the Princess de Croy was her declaration that after the men reached Brussels she did not know what became of them.

But *Messieurs les Militaires* must hide their intentions, perhaps even from their own colleagues in the Government of occupation, and shuffle their frail victim out by stealth in the night, like midnight garroters and gunmen, because she was English. The armies of Great Britain were just then making a great offensive and it was partly in petty spite for this, partly an expression of the violent hatred the Germans bore everything English, the savage feeling that had been fostered and kept alive and fanned into a furious flame by historians and Herr Professors and Herr Doktors and Herr Pastors and editors with their editorials and harangues and hymns of hate, that they did what they did. It was in that spirit that they pronounced their judgment secretly in her prison cell and hurried her out and slew her before dawn and another day should come in which the voice of pity could get itself heard. They couldn't wait for that, and they would not disturb von Bissing, there at his game of bridge in the château at Trois Fontaines.

We were told that, according to the German law, whatever that may mean, it was only the Military Governor in the jurisdiction in which the so-called crime had been committed who had the power to receive or to grant a plea for mercy. I do not know as to that; German military law seems to be whatever *Messieurs les Militaires* are moved at the moment to call it. Von Sauberzweig said that he alone had the power to receive our plea of mercy, or even to grant a few hours' delay; he accepted the responsibility. And long afterward, when he had been removed from his post at Brussels, I heard of him haunted, if not by remorse, at least by the memory of the deed, and incessantly explaining to all who would listen why he had done what he did. He spoke of the victim always as "*Die* Cavell," whose "murderer," as he did not shrink from phrasing it, he was said to be. He had a son, an officer in the army, who had been horribly wounded; a bullet had passed through the head behind the eyes, blinding him for life. Perhaps, said the enraged and sorrowing father, one of the very men whom "*Die* Cavell" had helped to escape had fired that shot that thus mutilated his boy.

BANCQ, the Brussels architect, was shot that morning because it would have been too bald, too patent, even from the Prussian view-point, to hurry out a woman all alone and kill her. And so it was Bancq's ill luck to be chosen for a fate that might have been no worse than that of Severin or the others whose lives were saved. Poor Bancq has not been often mentioned with the tragedy. He was no less illegally condemned, no less foully done to death, but his fate was swallowed up in the greater horror of the assassination of his companion of that tragic dawn at Etterbock. He left a wife and two children. One of them was a little girl of twelve, who, several days after, went to a neighbor's and asked if she might come in and be alone for a while.

"I wish to weep for my father," she said, "but I do not like to do it before mama; I must be brave for her."

There were heroines even among the Belgian children.

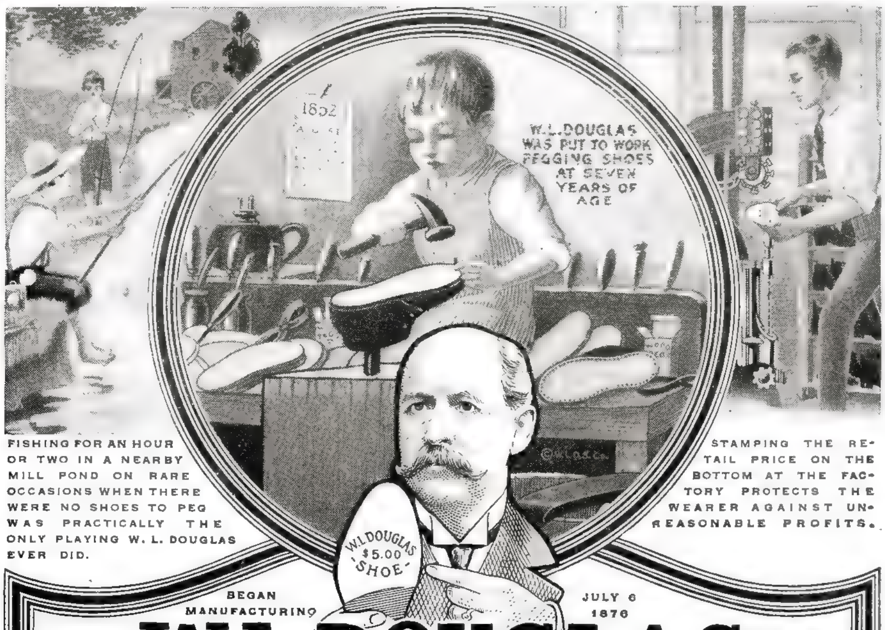
Miss Cavell, as I have said, did not deny having aided the British soldiers and Belgian lads by giving them food and clothing and lodging and money. The thirty-four who were tried were said to be concerned in a conspiracy, if the word is exact, a conspiracy of wide extent to help men over the frontier into Holland, what our grandfathers in America, in our old antebellum days, would have called an underground railway. In all, seventy persons were said to be included in the vast plot.

There is of course no doubt that the military camarilla, and von Sauberzweig as just then the official head of it, were determined to break up if possible the system by which escapes over the frontier into Holland were facilitated. More than seven thousand young men, it was said, had gone out during the months of June, July and August. These were for the most part young Belgians just come of age, and they went as volunteers to join the Belgian army. Mothers in Belgium trembled to see their boys grow up, for that meant not only the danger of war that was common to all, but the far greater danger of crossing the frontier.

There is not in history any story more heroic than that of those lads, some of them only seventeen, who braved the many dangers that lay between their comfortable homes and the taut, shining spread of electrified wires at the Dutch frontier. Thousands of boys were shot down with liberty in sight, there among the bracken and the heather in that drear land of Campine. Others were English soldiers cut off from the main body of their troops after the battle of Mons, hiding in the woods and fields and farms for months until they found their Belgian friends. There were French soldiers in this plight as well, and even Belgians. There was a captain of artillery, a Belgian, who had been wounded and taken prisoner at Liège; he escaped from the hospital, got to Brussels, hid for months in an attic, and then, after wonderful adventures in East Flanders, a poacher guided him by night across the frontier.

Miss Cavell was indeed ideally situated to aid such patriotic work. Her nursing-home offered an exceptional basis. The Germans had apparently convinced themselves that among the seventy whom they had arrested they had the ringleaders of a formidable organization and that they had undone the knot of the conspiracy that had been carrying on so extensively the work of recruiting for the Allied armies. They determined to break it up, and they employed their favorite weapon — "Frightfulness" (*Fürchterlichkeit*). What would make a deeper impression on the mind or instil greater fear in the hearts of the people than to take a woman out to shoot her—this calm, courageous little woman with the stern lips and the keen gray eyes that were not afraid? And then she was English—the unpardonable offense.

It is possible that the men at the Political Department did not know, that Monday afternoon, that judgment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had been pronounced. *Messieurs les Militaires* had an affair in hand, and they had set their hearts on carrying it out; and they may not have told them at the Political Department, may have kept the truth from their colleagues, or, with that contempt they always had for the civil department of government, may have warned them to keep their hands off. It may be that the Political Department did not care, or did not dare, to interfere.

If the military party had deceived or ignored them, they, of course, in the solidarity and discipline that binds all Germans, would not have given that fact as an excuse. The excuse they did give was that Maître de Leval had led the American Legation into error and that, anyway, even if Conrad had told Maître de Leval what he did, neither Conrad nor Maître de Leval had any diplomatic quality and that therefore the German authorities had not deceived the American Legation.

The first excuse is not founded on fact; the second rests upon a distinction too trivial to give it any moral or legal value. Maître de Leval did not put us into error; Conrad did tell him, and did tell Topping, either honestly believing, or having been instructed to say—it must be one or the other—that no judgment had been rendered, when, as a matter of fact, that judgment had been rendered hours before. The deed, of course, was the work of the military, deliberately planned in hatred and determinedly executed in cold blood.

Edith Cavell was tried for and convicted of an offense which, while she did not know it and was allowed no legal adviser to make it plain, had not been even defined in German military laws; her judgment was pronounced in secret and they tried to keep the fact of it secret until they could hurry their victim out in the night and do her to death. And Gibson summed it all up, I think, that night, when he exclaimed: "They've done a job of which Lefty Louis and Gyp the Blood would have been ashamed."

There were many stories of how she was betrayed; there was the tale of the post-card sent to Miss Cavell by the boy whose indiscreet gratitude betrayed his benefactress; there was another that would have it that it was a lad, a messenger somewhere down in the Borinage, angry because his pay was not at once forthcoming, betrayed his employers. And only lately I heard a fantastic tale to the effect that one of the accused was a somnambulist who talked in his sleep, and that the Germans, as always, strong on science and modern methods, hypnotized him and so obtained the facts. The story is hardly sufficient for our Anglo-Saxon notions of evidence, and I think that the explanation was somewhere to be found in another dark tragedy which some months later shocked that Brussels

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that was so accustomed to tragedy.

Months later, one evening in February, the tenth, my journal says, after a dinner at a house where once there had been only gaiety and light and sprightly talk I was sitting and smoking a last cigaret and waiting for the old butler to come in and announce my motor. He came at last, but instead of the formula there was a whispered consultation with the master of the house, then I was beckoned to, and we left the room and went to the dim salon where a man was waiting for me; he had a white, drawn face—another had been condemned, was to be shot that night; could I do anything?

The name of the condemned man, Louis Brill, suggested nothing to me other than one more vague form among that host of wraiths whom German firing-squads had hurried into the darkness and the silence, but in the first of the confused explanations the name of Edith Cavell was mentioned. Then I had the story.

THERE was a young Belgian, the son of a retired officer in the Belgian army; he bore an honored Belgian name, of which he had proved himself so unworthy as to sell himself as a spy to the Germans. It was he, so people said, who had betrayed Miss Cavell. One morning his body was found lying in the street, a bullet in his heart. Over the dead there hung the mystery of a profound and impenetrable silence. The Germans were piqued because the assassins were not at once discovered, and there were threats of fining the city five hundred thousand marks if justice were not immediately done. But no Belgian could be found, it seemed, who knew anything about the affair, and no one, in speaking of it, seemed to evince the horror and regret that such a deed should excite, though there was, in the gossip of the town, a universal sympathy for the old officer, the father of the recreant youth who had brought such shame upon his house.

Louis Brill was a waiter in a restaurant in Brussels and he had been tried and condemned to death that very day for having shot down that recreant son of the retired army officer, who was said to have betrayed Miss Cavell. The swarming spies and the secret agents, with inexorable patience, had prowled the mysterious underworld of Brussels until they had found the man who shot the traitor down in the street, and now he, too, was to die. I can not pretend to know the whole story; it will be told some day, I suppose, with many another like it, when the history of those dark times is all revealed. Perhaps it was but an element of the romanticism in which, since war itself is so wholly an expression of romanticism, all stories of war must be invested, that linked the dark event to the immortal name of the English nurse.

There were those who said that Brill did not shoot him to avenge Miss Cavell, but to avenge himself and his comrades, when the recreant Belgian had offered to guide parties of young Belgians who wished to leave the country, and luring them thus into his trap had led them to the Holland border, there miserably to betray them to the Germans. The betrayer may in this way have learned of the group with which Miss Cavell was associated; I do not know; but it was for his treachery in one or the other instance that Brill dogged him, patiently, remorselessly, tracking him down until the night when, as he stepped from his own door into the street, Brill shot him down and left his body lying there on the sidewalk.

From that hour, from having been the hunter, Brill became the hunted, and for weeks eluded German spies and German *politzei*, until he too was at last tracked down and captured.

The man who came to me that night wished to know how to present the plea for mercy that Brill's mother had signed; and I could tell him to whom to present it, at any rate. It had no effect, of course, and Brill was shot the next morning, as we were informed by the usual poster.

In the letter that Miss Cavell wrote to her nurses there is a reference to the evil of gossip which is of immense significance; not only were happiness and reputations destroyed by idle words, she says, but life itself sacrificed. It is not for me or any one to penetrate the sacred precincts of the brave soul of Edith Cavell in that solemn hour, but the references may have been, in part at least, due to the fact that she found herself condemned to death because of some unrestrained and indiscreet tongues that betrayed her.

"*It is no small prudence to keep silence in an evil time*," she wrote in her prayer-book—the most pathetic, perhaps, of all the lines she wrote, and the nearest expression to anything like reproach that she ever made.

FOR us at the American Legation there was a sequel a week after her execution. I had Gibson's and de Leval's reports sent over to the American Embassy at London and there they were turned over by our Ambassador to the Foreign Office and given out to the press for publication. They were published far and wide, and in consequence the *Rotterdamsche Courant* and the other Dutch newspapers were not allowed on sale in Brussels that next day. The closing of the frontier to newspapers was an invariable sign, well known in Brussels, that the Germans were not satisfied with the state of things, and we soon heard that the authorities were very angry and had even intimated that the Governor-General "might have to send all the diplomats away in consequence." It was a menace that had few terrors for us. Our situation was not enviable—but had the Germans expected to take a defenseless woman out in the night and murder her and then hope to escape the moral consequences? It was of course the policy of terrorization transferred to the diplomatic field; they were trying to divert attention from their own responsibility by complaining of us.

AT ANY rate the Germans had a copy of the London *Times* over at the Political Department with our reports spread out in full through all its broad columns, and were greatly agitated. Even little Conrad, much moved, had exclaimed to Villalobar:

"They've put me in it!"

"All right," said the Marquis; "you have become one of the big bonnets of Europe."

Then we heard that the German rage was especially directed against de Leval for having made a report at all, and that they threatened to send him to a concentration camp in Germany. That was on Saturday, the twenty-third. I was convalescing; my physician had told me that I might go to work again and I had made an appointment to see the Baron von der Lancken on Monday to discuss the restoration of industry, an appointment that had been postponed several times already by my illness. It was raining heavily when Monday came and my physician told me not to go out; but I went.

The Baron von der Lancken, pink from his morning ride, booted, with his Iron Cross and other ribbons, the white cross of St. John on his side, and a large brief-case under his arm, received me with a dark face, asked me upstairs to his little workroom where a fire was burning, and when seated he began solemnly:

"I am very much pained to have to make to you the communication," etc.

He spoke then of the diplomats having remained in Brussels by courtesy of the Germans, then he said that the publication of my report in the Cavell case was a great injustice to Germany; that it was a great breach of diplomatic etiquette, that de Leval was largely responsible; that our Legation was furnishing an arm to England, Germany's enemy, etc. I interrupted him to say that I could not permit him to charge us with furnishing an arm of any sort to England; that I had but communicated the facts to our Ambassador in response to a request, and that I was not responsible for the publication. His tone grew more calm. "Let us talk the matter over unofficially and in a friendly way and try to reach some conclusion," he said. This was better, and we discussed the case in all its bearings.

He had copies of the *Times* and of the *Morning Post* before him, marked with red and blue pencil. His objections, it soon developed, were not to the report, nor to the fact that the report had been published, save that by reason of what he alleged as misstatements in de Leval's report, he himself had been accused of having broken his promise. He said that I, officially, as American Minister, had not made frequent inquiries, that it was de Leval who had spoken to Conrad and that neither de Leval nor Conrad had any diplomatic quality. What he wished, then, at the end, was that I express regret at the publication and that de Leval instantly be dismissed from the Legation; otherwise he could not be responsible for what would happen to him. Already the military had threatened to arrest and deport him.

To this I replied that I was responsible for de Leval, and for his actions, that I would not dismiss him, and that my Legation would be his asylum if any effort were made to molest him.

"You don't think me capable of throwing him to the wolves and let this Sauberzweig eat him alive!" I exclaimed.

The Baron smiled; his blue eyes twinkled. As to the regrets, I said that I would not express any, nor make any statement unless instructed by my Government so to do. We talked calmly and frankly perhaps as never before, both recognizing in our conversation the fact that the relations between our Governments were still strained over the *Lusitania* case. We spoke of the relief work and the danger to it involved in any disagreement, but even so, I said, rather than seem to shirk any responsibility, or to abandon de Leval, I should prefer to withdraw from Belgium. At this he protested, begged me not to mention such a thing, suggested that Villalobar join the discussion, to which I consented of course, with pleasure, and we parted to meet again in the afternoon. In the end he was friendly, shaking hands twice and inquiring solicitously about my health.

At three o'clock that afternoon in the yellow salon down-stairs the Baron and the Marquis and I met, and Baron von der Lancken outlined the whole subject again; on the table before him were copies of the London newspapers with the *Graphic*, or some illustrated journal containing my picture and one of Villalobar—the Marquis in a yachting cap, at Cowes, thirty years before, he said with a sigh.

Baron von der Lancken's tone made it clear that they were especially bitter against de Leval. He said that de Leval was *persona non grata* and that his presence compromised our neutrality. I told him that of course if de Leval was *persona non grata* he could be eliminated, though not as a punishment, and only after communication with Washington.

We talked all afternoon, a terrible afternoon. I was weary and depressed, weary of the long strain, weary of negotiations in French of all accents, and I was still seedy and under the horror of that awful night. The cold rain was falling in the park. I refused to give the statement he desired or to authorize any expression in the nature of an excuse, a disavowal or a regret. So it was left.

Three days later there was another poster on the walls, among the "News Published by the German Government." It was an amazing notice, in view of my interview with Baron von der Lancken, but we were beyond amazement by that time. This was the poster:

> Brussels, 27 October:
>
> The Ambassador of the United States at London has placed at the disposition of the English Government papers relating to the Cavell affair. These papers include the correspondence on the subject of the trial exchanged between the Legation of the United States at Brussels and the German authorities in that city. The English Government immediately gave these documents to the press and they have been published by Reuter's Agency. They reported the most essential facts in an inexact manner. They made it appear, especially, that the German authorities had, by false promises, made the United States Minister wait patiently in order to keep him ignorant of the fact that the death sentence had already been pronounced and, by proceeding rapidly with the execution, to prevent him from intervening in favor of the accused.
>
> In the comments published at the same time on this subject Sir Edward Grey considers particularly reprehensible the fact that the German authority did not respect its engagement to keep the United States Minister informed of the progress of the trial. Such a promise was never given by the German authority which, consequently, could not have broken its word. The Minister of the United States in Brussels, in the course of an interview with the German authority, himself recognized that such was the case. The Ambassador of the United States in London has been misinformed; he has been led into error by the report of a Belgian lawyer who, in his quality of legal adviser to the American Legation in Brussels, has played a certain part in this affair. The United States Minister has declared that the publication of the documents in question had greatly surprised him and that without delay he would apprise his colleague in London and his Government of the differences existing between the actual facts and the story published in the report written by the Belgian lawyer.

It made its sensation. There were some who wished me to begin issuing statements myself, and to post them on the walls of Brussels.

What I kept uppermost in my mind and before my eyes then, as during all those months and years in Belgium, was the relief work. Explanations, and especially denials of German statements, could wait, but not the seven million hungry mouths.

"But," they would say, "de Leval!"

They were troubled about the reflections the Germans had made on de Leval's veracity. It would seem that German official statements should have been estimated at their proper value in Belgium by that time, and by the vast majority of people they were. The Germans had tried to make the world believe, and had tried to make it appear that I had said—when I refused to make and had not made any statements whatever—that de Leval had misled me, that the published report was inexact; whereas it would seem quite needless to say that de Leval had not misled me and the report was meticulously accurate.

I do not know who was responsible for that notice; Lancken had gone to Munich, and I was troubled about something more important in de Leval's case just then, namely, his liberty—perhaps, as was conceivable, his very life. The Germans had concentrated all their anger on him; there were threats of arrest, of imprisonment, of deportation. The Maître himself took it all calmly enough, but I felt that it would not be safe for him to remain in Belgium. I reported to Washington and finally there came a telegram approving of my suggestions in regard to de Leval's difficulties and I arranged the passports that permitted him to go to Holland, whence he was to cross to England.

SOME one brought to the Legation and committed to my care Miss Cavell's prayer-book, with its touching entries, written in her own hand, firmly, that last night, with the verses of scripture that had given her comfort and then, last entry of all, written while she was yet alive and life still pulsing within her, when, in a world otherwise ordered, long years of devoted service might have been hers, the legend, the epitaph that need not have been:

"*Died at 7 a. m. on October 12, 1915.*"

There were a few francs and precious trinkets, all her poor little belongings. And yet—how vast, how noble, how rich an estate!

The modest English nurse whose strange fate it was to be so suddenly summoned from the dim wards of sickness and pain to a place high among the world's heroes and martyrs, will have, in happier, freer times, her monument in Brussels; some street or public place will bear her name, the school she founded will be named after her, and continue her mission of healing on the earth. And when the horror of her cruel and unjust fate shall have faded somewhat in the light of its emergent sacrifices, the few lines she wrote and the simple words she spoke as she was about to die will remain to reveal the heights that human nature may attain, and to sanctify a memory that will be revered as long as faith and honor are revered of men.

The November instalment deals with the blackest chapter of German barbarism in Belgium—the deportations, "the enslavement"—the horror of which will never die from the world's mind.

Shrapnel and Shoddy

By Douglas Jaspersen

MARS has brought about many changes in this world of ours. We feel his presence at our tables, in our homes and when we move abroad. His mailed fist is laid upon our backs, too, and, although less apparently, is slowly stripping us of the very clothes we wear.

The fashions in clothes are changing as the war goes on. Before we are done, an afternoon frock of burlap with paper ruffles for trimmings, or a hand-painted muslin toga for the coming débutante may not be beyond the realm of possibility, provided the shortage of wool and shoddy, brought about by the war, is carried to its logical conclusion.

But even with peace it is doubtful if our clothes will return to normal, in price or otherwise, until long after the war. The necessity of rehabilitating the millions of men in khaki is already a problem that Great Britain is preparing to solve. Now their uniform cloths are manufactured in the gray so that in event of peace they can be quickly colored to civilian cloths—a gain over the old way of first dyeing the yarn, when a much more considerable time must elapse before a mill can change to ordinary cloths. This vast army to be reclothed will be a heavy drain upon the world's already exhausted wool and shoddy markets. Then, too, the need of depleted Germany for wool and shoddy should further tend to increase the shortage all over the world.

Ever since the beginning of the war shoddy has been disappearing from our midst at an alarming rate, while the production of wool has been entirely inadequate to the world's needs. "Shoddy" is a generic term that is applied to recovered wool or cotton fiber, that is, the fiber obtained by passing rags, clippings, yarns or waste through machines which reduce them to a condition of clean fiber, ready for mixing with new material for spinning into yarn.

In normal times the life of a pound of wool in its various incarnations extends over a period of years. It first appears upon the back of some dandy of the Avenue. After it has done duty for him and perhaps his valet, and Beppo, the ragpicker, has finally rescued it from the ash-can, it goes back again to be ground up into shoddy and mixed again with wool.

Its next appearance, together with a sparse sprinkling of new wool, will probably be in a suit of cheaper cut. Reduced to $11.99 it will grace the window of some Bowery bargain house to deck out some Beau Brummel of the neighborhood in his Sunday best. Sooner or later it will return again to its original state, for the maw of the ragpicker is large, and nothing escapes him in the end.

The next time, mixed with a little cotton, perhaps, it will emerge as a cheap but nobby coat for some colored lady of discretion, or as a boy's suit "guaranteed forever" at $3.90. And so on, until it comes back in a pair of workingman's pants, and then as filling for a mattress, until the last shred of usefulness is worn out of it.

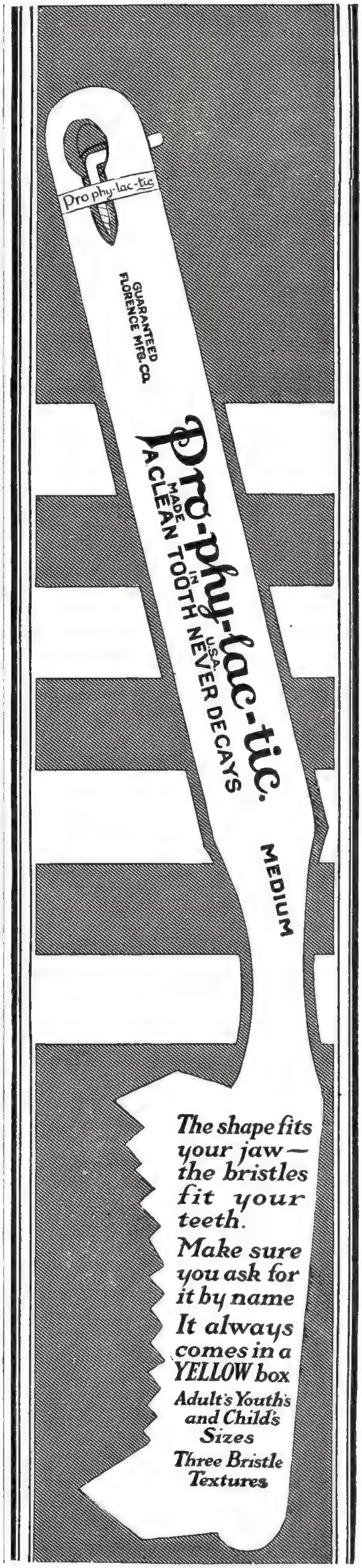
But war, the most wasteful of all businesses, has changed the old order of things. Both the virgin wool and the shoddy that went to make up that khaki coat for some soldier are buried, with its wearer, somewhere "over there" and will never return to do duty for us again. And so, in a great many cases, the life of a pound of wool has been suddenly reduced from somewhere around six years to as many months.

The bare facts are that even in normal times the supply of wool has never been equal to the demands of the world and the deficiency has always been made up by the substitution of shoddy. The wastage of war, however, has visibly reduced the supply of shoddy without there being any large increase in the supply of wool.

So even when the drain of war is over it will still take a long time to bring the supply of shoddy up to what it normally was before the war. Wool alone can never clothe the world. It has been shoddy that has kept the world's clothing bill down for many a year, and until the shoddy supply is normal again we can all expect to have more or less trouble with our clothes.

"Are sandals and a blue cotton dressing-gown, trimmed with forget-me-nots, the proper attire for a young bride, lately a widow?" or "Is a bathing-suit with top hat good form for afternoon tea?" may be some of the problems the ladies who answer all queries in the newspapers will have to struggle with before "ye golden olden days" return.

There may be a bright spot to all this, however. The shortage of wool and shoddy which we are commencing to feel, has been much more acute in Germany, cut off from her natural supply for over three years, and may indirectly be a means of ending the war, after all. The writer has no desire to appear in the rôle of a prophet of peace, but should the Kaiser some morning find himself reduced to the extremity of explaining his latest victory to his trusting people in his nightshirt, it is certain peace would be but a short way off.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McDERMOTT *and the* WAR

(*Continued from page 24*)

of the night, was now about to become the ground of something like a battle.

"There's a French division on the way," said the British colonel in command in the village to one of his captains. "If we can only hold them for an hour."

He did not finish the sentence. As he spoke the German bombardment, precedent to the infantry attack, began to comb the western fringes of the town and the railroad line behind, searching for the hurriedly-digged and shallow trenches, the improvised dugouts, the shell-holes, the cellars and the embankments where the British lay. The British guns to the rear of the village made answer, and the uproar tore the mists of dawn to tatters. A shell fell short, into the middle of the Grande Place, and McDermott saw the broken motor-car against which the sleeping lieutenant had leaned the day before vanish into nothingness; and then a house directly opposite the Hôtel Fauçon jumped into flame and was no more. Looking out across the back of the stooping Gustave at the window, Mcdermott muttered, "I dunno as I w'u'd want to jine that war." And then he bellowed in Gustave Schmidt's ear: "Cut loose! Cut loose wid y'r gun! Cut loose!"

"I vill not!" shrieked Gustave. "*Mein Gott!* Dat is mein own regiment!"

"Ye lie!" shouted McDermott. "Ye will!" He thrust a bit of bayonet into the fleshiest part of the German's back.

"I vill! I vill!" cried Gustave.

"Ye will that," said McDermott, "an' the less damned nonsinse I hear from ye about y'r own rigimint the betther f'r ye! Ye're undher me own ordhers till I c'n make up me mind about this war."

The mists were rising. In the clearing daylight at the eastern end of the square, as if other clouds were moving forward with a solid front, appeared the first gray wave of the German infantry. Close packed, shoulder to shoulder, three deep, they came, almost filling the space from side to side of the Grande Place, moving across that open stretch against the British fire with a certain heavy-footed and heavy-brained contempt of everything before them. Ten steps, and the British machine guns and rifles caught them. The first wave, or half of it, went down in a long writhing windrow across the east end of the square, and in the instant that he saw it squirm and toss before the trampling second wave swept over it and through it, the twisting gray-clad figures on the stones reminded McDermott of the heaps of heaving worms he used to see at the bottom of his bait-can when he went fishing as a boy.

"Hold that nozzle lower, Goostave!" he yelled to his captive. "Spray thim! Spray thim! Ye're shootin' over their heads, ye lumberin' Dutchman, ye!"

"*Gott!*" cried Gustave, as another jab of the bayonet urged him to his uncongenial task.

And then McDermott made one of the few errors of his military career. Whether it was the French brandy he had drunk to excess the night before, or whether it was the old bung-starter wound on his head, which always throbbed and jumped when he became excited, his judgment deserted him for an instant. For one instant he forgot that there must be no instants free from the immediate occupation of guiding and directing Gustave.

"Let me see if I can't work that gun m'self," he cried.

As he relaxed his vigilance, pushing the German to one side, the Boche suddenly struck him upon the jaw. McDermott reeled and dropped his rifle; before he could recover himself, the German had it. The weapon swung upward in the air and—just then a shell burst outside the open window of the Hôtel Fauçon.

Both men were flung from their feet by the concussion. For a moment everything was blank to McDermott. And then, stretching out his hand to rise, his fingers encountered something smooth and hard upon the floor. Automatically his grasp closed over it and he rose. At the same instant the German struggled to his feet, one hand behind his back, and the other extended, as if in entreaty.

"*Kamerad*," he whined, and even as he whined he lurched nearer and flung at McDermott a jagged, broken bottle. McDermott ducked, and the dagger-like glass splintered on his helmet. And then McDermott struck —once. Once was enough. The Boche sank to the floor without a groan, lifeless. McDermott looked at him, and then, for the first time, looked at what he held in his own hand, the weighty thing which he had wielded so instinctively and with such ferocity. It was the bung-starter of the Hôtel Fauçon.

"Goostave niver knowed what hit him," said McDermott. And if there had been any one to hear, in all that din, a note of regret that Gustave never knew might have been remarked in his voice.

McDermott turned his attention to the machine gun, which, with its tripod, had been knocked to the floor. He squatted, with his head below the level of the window-sill, and looked it over.

" 'Tis not broken," he decided, after some moments of examination. "Did Goostave do it so? Or did he do it so?" He removed his helmet and rubbed the sore under his red hair reflectively. "If I was to make up me mind to jine that war," mused McDermott, "this same w'u'd be a handy thing to take wid me. It w'u'd that! Now, did that Goostave that used to be here pull this pretty little thing-a-ma-jig so? Or did he pull it so? I have ut! He pulled it so! And thim ca'tridges, now—do they feed in so? Or do they feed in so? 'T w'u'd be a handy thing, now, f'r a man that had anny intintions av jinin' the war to know about all thim things!"

And, patiently, McDermott studied the mechanism, while the red sunlight turned to yellow in the Grande Place outside, and the budding green vines withered along the broken walls, and the stones ran blood, and the Hôtel Fauçon began to fall to pieces about his ears. McDermott did not hurry; he felt that there was no need to hurry; he had not yet made up his mind whether he intended to participate in this war. By the time he had learned how to work that machine gun, and had used it on the Germans for a while, he thought, he might be vouchsafed some light on that particular subject. It was one of McDermott's fixed beliefs that he was an extremely cautious sort of man, though many of his acquaintances thought of him differently, and he told himself that he must not get too far into this war until he was sure that it was going to be congenial. So far, it promised well.

And also, McDermott, as he puzzled over the machine gun, was not quite the normal McDermott. He was, rather, a super-normal McDermott. He had been awakened rudely from an alcoholic slumber and he had been rather busy ever since; so many things had taken place in his immediate neighborhood, and were still taking place, that he was not quite sure of their reality. As he sat on the floor and studied the weapon, he was actually, from moment to moment, more than half convinced that he was dreaming—he might awaken and find that that war had eluded him again. Perhaps he is scarcely to be chided for being in what is sometimes known as a state of mind.

And while McDermott was looking at the machine gun, the British commander prayed, as a greater British commander before him had prayed one time, for assistance, only this one did not pray for night or Blücher as Wellington had done. Night was many hours beyond all hope and would probably bring its own hell when it came, and as for Prussians, there were too many Prussians now. His men would hold on; they had been holding on for epic days and unbelievable nights, and they would still hold while there was breath in their bodies, and when their bodies were breathless they would hold one minute more. But—God! For Foch's *poilus!* There is a moment which is the ultimate moment; the spirit can drag the body until—until spirit and body are wrenched into two things. No longer. His men could die in their tracks; they were dying where they stood and crouched and lay, by dozens and by scores and by heroic hundreds—but when they were dead, who would bar the way to Hazebrouck, and beyond Hazebrouck, to the channel ports?

That way was all but open now, if the enemy but realized it. Any moment they might discover it. A half-mile to the south of the village the line was so thinly held that one strong, quick thrust must make a gap. Let the enemy but fling a third of the troops he was pounding to pieces in the bloody streets of the town, into the torn fields that flanked it, and in the shambles of the Grande Place that was the center of this action, at that weak spot, and all was over. But with a fury mechanical, insensate, the Germans still came on in direct frontal attacks.

The British had slain and slain and slain, firing into the gray masses until the water boiled in the jackets of the machine guns. Five attacks had broken down in the Grande Place itself—and now a sixth was forming. Should he still hold fast, the colonel asked himself, or should he retire, saving what machine guns he might, and flinging a desperate detachment southward in the attempt to make a stronger right flank? But to do that might be the very move that would awaken the Germans to their opportunity there. So long as they pounded, pounded, pounded at his center, he would take a toll of them, at least—but the moment was coming—

* * *

"I have ut!" cried McDermott, and mounted his gun at the window.

* * *

"It is time to retire," said the British colonel, and was about to give the order.

"RIGHT in their bloody backs," said McDermott to himself.

And so it was. For the sixth advance of the German masses had carried them well into the Grande Place. McDermott, crouched at his window, cut loose with his gun at pointblank range as the first wave, five men deep, passed by him, splashing along the thick ranks from behind as one might sweep a garden-hose down a row of vegetables. Taken thus in the rear, ambushed, with no knowledge of the strength of the attacking force behind them, the German shock-troops swayed and staggered, faced about and fell and broke. For right into the milling herd of them, and into the second advancing wave, the British poured their bullets. The colonel, who had been about to order a retreat, ordered a charge, and before the stampeded remnant of the first two waves could recover themselves the British were on them with grenades and bayonets, flinging them back into the third wave, just advancing to their support, in a bleeding huddle of defeat.

McDermott saw the beginning of that charge, and with his bung-starter in his hand he rushed from the door to join it. But he did not see the end of it, nor did he see the *poilus*, as they came slouching into the village five minutes later to give the repulse weight and confirmation, redolent of onions and strange stews, but with their bayonets—those bayonets that are part of the men who wield them, living things, instinct with the beautiful, straight, keen soul of France herself.

McDermott did not see them, for some more of the Hôtel Fauçon had fallen on him, crushing one of his ankles and giving him a clout on the head.

"Whoever it was turned loose that machine gun from the inn window, did the trick," said the colonel, later. "It's hardly too much to say that he blocked the way to Hazebrouck—for the time, at least, if one man can be said to have done such a thing—what's that?"

"That" was McDermott, who was being carried forth, unconscious, to an ambulance. It was his blue overalls that had occasioned the colonel's surprise. He was neither French nor British nor German; palpably he was a civilian, and a civilian who had no business there. And in his hand he clasped a bung-starter. His fingers were closed over it so tightly that in the base hospital later they found difficulty in taking it away from him.

Owing, no doubt, to the blow on his head, McDermott was unable to recall clearly anything that had taken place from the moment he had first fallen asleep under the influence of French brandy until he awakened in the hospital nearly four weeks later. During this period there had been several intervals of more open-eyed dreaming, succeeded by lapses into profound stupor; but even in these open-eyed intervals McDermott had not been himself. It was during one of these intervals that a representative of the French Government bestowed the *Croix de Guerre* upon McDermott, for it had been learned that he was the man behind the machine gun that had turned the tide of combat.

McDermott, his eyes open, but his mind in too much of a daze even to wonder what the ceremony was about, sat in a wheel-chair, and in company with half a dozen other men selected for decoration, listened to a brief oration in very good French, which he could not have understood had he been normal. In answer he muttered in a low tone, rubbing his broken and bandaged head: "I think maybe I will jine that war, afther all!"

The French officer assumed that McDermott had spoken some sort of compliment to France, and kissed McDermott on both cheeks, in front of the hospital staff, several American reporters, and as much of the French army as could be spared to do honor to the occasion. The *Croix de Guerre* made no impression upon McDermott, but the kiss briefly arrested his wandering consciousness, and he cried out, starting up in his chair and menacing the officer: "Where is me bung-starter?" Then he fainted.

A GOOD many thousands of people in France and England and America learned from the newspapers the story of the nondescript in the blue overalls, who had behaved so gallantly at the crucial moment of a crucial fight. But McDermott never did. He seldom read newspapers. No one had been able to learn his name, so the reporters had given him a name. They called him "Dennis." And it was "Dennis" who got the fame and glory. McDermott would not have identified himself with Dennis had he seen the newspapers. When he awakened from his long, broken stupor, with its intervals of dazed half-consciousness, the first thing he did was to steal away from that hospital; he left without having heard of Dennis or of the decoration of Dennis.

There was one thing that he had experienced that did live hazily and confusedly in his memory, however, although he could not fix it in its relationship to any other thing. And that was the fact that he had met Gustave Schmidt. Three or four months after he slipped away from the hospital—a period of unchronicled wanderings, during which he had tried unsuccessfully to enlist several times—he limped into a saloon on the Brooklyn water-front and asked Tim O'Toole, the proprietor, for his usual. He had just got back to Brooklyn, and he carried his earthly possessions in a bundle wrapped in brown paper.

"I hear Yordy Crowley isn't givin' his racket this year," said McDermott, laying his bundle on the bar and pouring out his drink.

"He is not," said Tim. "He is in France helpin' out thim English."

"Yordy will make a good sojer," said McDermott. "He is a good man of his fists."

"The Irish is all good sojers," said Mr. O'Toole, sententiously. "There was that man Dinnis, now, that was in all av the papers."

"I did not hear av him," said McDermott. "An' phwat did he do?"

"He licked th' entire German army wan mornin'," said O'Toole, "an' saved England, an' the Quane of France kissed him for ut. ''Twas in all the papers. Or, maybe," said Mr. O'Toole, "it was the King av Belg'um kissed him for ut. Annyway, wan of thim foreign powers kissed him wid the whole world lookin' on."

"An' phwat did this Dinnis do thin?" asked McDermott.

"He attimpted to assault the person that kissed him," said O'Toole. "Maybe 'twas the King av Italy. 'Twas in all the papers at th' time. Some wan told me ye were in France y'rsilf, Paddy."

"I was that," said McDermott. "I wint wid mules."

"Did ye see annything av the war?"

"I did not," said McDermott. "Divil a bit of ut, barrin' a lot o' racket an' a big roarin' divil av a stame-boiler thing that come bustin' through th' air an' took away the mules that was me passport. But I come near seein' some av ut, wan time."

"An' how was it that ye come near it, an' missed it?" inquired Tim.

"I wint to slape," said McDermott. "The war was slapin', an' I laid m'silf down b' the side av ut an' took a nap, too. Later, I woke up in the hospital, some wan havin' stipped on me whilst I was slapin', or somethin'. They was afther keepin' me in th' hospital indefinite, an' I slipped away wan mornin', dodgin' the orderlies an' nurses, or I might have been there yet eatin' jelly an' gettin' me face washed f'r me. An' afther I got back here I thried to jine that war, but th' Amurrican Army wud not have me."

"And phwy not?"

"Because av me fut."

"And how did ye hurt y'r fut?"

"Divil a bit do I know how," said McDermott. "I'm tellin' ye 'twas done whilst I was aslape. I remimber gettin' soused in wan av thim Frinch barrooms, an' I wud think it was a mule stipped on me fut whin I was slapin' off me souse, excipt that thim mules was gone before I got me souse."

"An' ye saw naught av the war?" Tim was distinctly disappointed.

"But little of ut, but little of ut," said McDermott. "But, Timmy, wan thing I did whilst I was in France."

"An' phwat was that?"

"I avened up an ould grudge," said McDermott. He put away a second drink, rolling it over his tongue with satisfaction. "Do ye mind that Goostave Schmidt that used to kape bar acrost the strate? Ye do! Do ye mind th' time he hit me wid th' bung-starter? Ye do!"

"Phwat thin?"

"Well, thin," said McDermott, "I met up wid him agin in wan av thim Frinch barrooms. I do not remimber phwat he said to me nor phwat I said to him, for I was soused, Timmy. But wan word led to another, an' I give him as good as he sint, an' 'twas wid a bung-starter, too. I brung it back wid me as a sooveneer av me travels in France."

And, undoing his brown paper bundle, McDermott fished forth from among his change of socks and shirts and underwear the bung-starter of the Hôtel Fauçon and laid it upon the bar for his friend's inspection. Something else in the bundle caught O'Toole's eye.

"An' phwat is that thing ye have there?" asked Tim.

"Divil a bit do I know phwat," said McDermott, picking the article up and tossing it carelessly upon the bar. "'Twas layin' by me cot in the hospital, along wid m' bung-starter an' me clothes whin I come to m'silf, an' whin I made me sneak from that place I brung it along."

It was the *Croix de Guerre*.

He Heard General Sherman Say It

YOU and I and the vaudeville artists and the popular-song composers and the after-dinner speakers and the contributors to the funny magazines have been saying for years and years that General Sherman said it.

"War is Hell."

Before his death, the General tried to recall the when and where of his famous epigram, and even instituted a search in 1891 of his records and newspapers, without finding any evidence that would establish the matter.

Now comes John Koolbeck, of Harlan, Iowa, to solve the mystery. Mr. Koolbeck, who has been the active manager of a café in Harlan for twenty-four years, is an old soldier.

John Koolbeck, soldier, (1863) and civilian (1918).

"It was in '63, after the battle of Vicksburg," says Veteran Koolbeck. "General Sherman was commanding both the infantry and cavalry of the western department. At that particular time the army was crossing the River Pearl at Jackson, Mississippi, on a pontoon bridge. General Sherman sat on his horse at the water's edge in deep meditation. The infantry had crossed. Just as the cavalry—headed by General Winslow of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry (I was his aide-de-camp) started across the bridge, General Sherman suddenly broke his silence with the remark, 'War is Hell, boys.' He called it out to us in a loud voice. I was in the head line with General Winslow, so I heard him very clearly. We were going after General Johnson of the Confederate army, whom we had driven across the river. The realization that war *is* hell seemed to have come over the General suddenly. General Johnson had been worrying us. It was up to us to hurry after him and catch him. I think it was sort of sympathy for his troops that General Sherman wanted to express in his remark. It seemed like an attempt on his part to let the boys know that he knew war wasn't any fun, too, and that he knew they'd go on just the same. I can remember it as if it had been yesterday."

General Winslow is dead. The other members of his staff were considerably older than Mr. Koolbeck, so he believes that he is the only living man who heard General Sherman say "War is Hell," at the River Pearl.

By Betty Shannon.

POETRY *of the* WAR

Mothers of France

By Anne Bunner

MOTHERS of France—we send our sons to you.
The ships go out from morn to eventide,
Bearing with them the hope of our young land,
That they may stand in battle side by side
With those your sons who die so well for France.

We shall not be less brave than you have been.
With patient hearts we pay the price you paid,
And wait our sons—but some will not come home.
Nor shall we ever know where they are laid.

Remember us—for we are mothers too—
When fair peace gilds your land, and poppies grow
Over your battle-fields. Do not forget
Our sons, whose alien graves we do not know.
Tend thou our homeless dead—mothers of France.

The Supreme Flight

John Purroy Mitchel, July 6, 1918

By Marion Couthouy Smith

HE WAS set free at last from toilsome things,
In the brave company of air and light;
But when his valiant spirit found its wings,
Came the swift summons to diviner flight.

He has gone forth where dream and action are
But one harmonious motion of the soul;
We shall recall him as a fiery star
Flashing before us to some splendid goal.

—Reprinted by permission of "The Nation."

An American Ace

By James Church Alvord

TELL me, who are you, Dead Man, Dead Man—
Flung by on the rain and the wind?
Has wrath so wizened your pallid lips,
Or scarlet sins you have sinned?
They caught me on the edge of night,
As Belgium's borders glimmered white
And her windmills groaned in the ghostly light;
They crushed my wings in the midst of flight—
That was not I.

From your tumble, from your headlong race,
The blood drips black down your hueless face.
Not from my fall—from the whip-cord's sting.
They beat me with belts round their jeering ring;
My weary feet went zigzagging;
I felt the blood through my blank brain sing—
That was not I.

They stood me up against a wall.
I watched six drunken soldiers crawl;
I heard the brutal sergeant bawl;
I blinked at the spot where I must fall—
That was not I.

Your face isn't numb—it has boldness—glow—
It gleams with the anger angels know.
You leap like a shaft from a twanging bow, Dead Man.
They reckoned I'd my message sell.
They offered life. Before I fell
I answered with a furious yell,
And bade them straightway "Go to hell!"—
And—That was I.

The Anxious Dead

By Colonel John McCrae

Died in France, January 28, 1918, in service with the Canadian Army Medical Corps

O GUNS, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on!
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar!
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call;
That we have sworn and will not turn aside;
That we will onward till we win or fall;
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep—
Shall greet in wonderment the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

—Reprinted by courtesy of "The Spectator."

When

By Ralph Linton

Private 668, A. E. F., France

WHEN I have gone into the dark,
I know quite well how they will mark
The muddy hole where I must lie:
A wooden cross, and set thereby,
In case the weather leaves it blank,
A bottled tag, with my name and rank.
And yet, I'm fool enough to pray
Some one may dig me up some day
And box and ship me back again
To the golden land of little rain;
To the silver sage and the turquoise sky
And the far-off hills that look close by;
And raise a stone above my head,
The way they should when a fellow's dead,
With my name and age and the place I died
And perhaps a line or two beside—
Not pious lies, but just the truth:
"Here lies a cup that the wine of youth
Filled up once to the very brim.
Its owner clinked it, rim to rim,
With the cups of all the folks about
And never cared if a bit spilled out;
Till, just when he had had a taste
And knew the cup too good to waste,
Big trouble started in the place
And he flung the wine in a bully's face,
Cup and all, and the wine was lost.
The cup was broken. He knew the cost;
And with legs still steady and eyes still bright,
He walked from the tavern into the night."
And the boys I knew will turn aside,
Perhaps as much as a half day's ride,
To pass the place where the stone is set,
For they aren't the sort that will forget.

The LIBERTY LOAN *and our* ALLIES

By Arthur Pollen

The Distinguished English Naval Critic

FOR the fourth time, every American is now asked to take a share in a new Liberty Loan, and, by making that share as large as possible, to help us all on to victory.

There is an old saw which runs, "What is done can not be helped." Great Britain, France and Italy are very far from being done; they can still be helped. Indeed, if the powers of darkness and decivilization are to be beaten, they must be helped—because, for the present, the bulk, if not all of the fighting, falls to them. To fight successfully they want more men, more munitions, more maintenance, more ships, and more money; and, whichever way you look at it, either money means all these things, or all these things mean money. You can not escape the choice: either the Liberty Loan will be a success—or the Allied effort to win will not be a success. It is, indeed, quite indispensable to victory. And victory is just as indispensable to America as to the rest of us, for reasons which are obvious.

Victory or Defeat

IT IS simply that there is no alternative to victory but defeat; no way by which Europe can be defeated and America win. You can talk about a drawn game and talk excellent sense, for games are conflicts in which the use of force is limited by rules. But start talking about a drawn war, and you must talk nonsense, because the kind of war we fight to-day is a conflict in which there are no limits at all. Germany is, in every sense of the word, past the limit. Force is limited in games, so that the issue shall be, for the most, settled by skill. In old days, in war, the use of force used to be limited by chivalry, humanity, decency and mercy to the helpless. This is not true to-day. And if Germany remains victorious, it will never be true again.

Had any one, five years ago, warned us that the war of the future would make no distinction between fighting and murder, between conquest and slavery, between sea-power and piracy; had any one said that torture, enslavement, arson and rape would be the settled practise of one belligerent—the author of so grim a prophecy would surely have been treated as a lunatic. But then, five years ago, the world was simply unaware that there existed in its midst, not a body of men, not a nation only, but a group of nations, bent on seizing the mastery of this planet, and seizing it by an employment of force, sudden, unprovoked, treacherous and ruthless, such as no felon blow had ever been before—a blow, be it remembered, its authors were certain would succeed, precisely because it was treacherous, ruthless and sudden.

This group — Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—is so wholly dominated by Germany, that it can be called a single power. We know to our bitter cost how sinister a portent this is. It is sinister because all the objects of this power are shamelessly predatory, because all its methods are nakedly brutal, and, if it is not defeated by a greater power, it will pursue these objects and follow these methods indefinitely. Russia, Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro it has conquered already. The allies that constitute the group, Prussia dominates already. Its own peoples, Prussia has terrorized into silence. It has, then, no conscience to which appeal can be made. The idea that Turkey, Bulgaria or Austria can, by bribes or threats or cajolery, be made to break away from Prussia, is wholly visionary. The hope that the starved, discontented, oppressed proletariat of any of the group will break away from their autocratic rulers, may be well founded. But it would be folly to rely on a hope that may be just as visionary too. We have, therefore, to deal with a power built up of sheer force, having more military power—infinitely more—than any other single power ever has had or will have; and to this sheer force it has in the last few months added, in the east and in the west, the prestige of substantial victories. If we make any but a victor's peace with this power, we leave it victorious and ready to strike again. Europe is defeated. America is defeated. If we allow Germany victory here, she gets her victory everywhere.

The strength of this unrelenting, conscienceless state can not be measured only by the numbers of the nations that pay allegiance to the Kaisers and the Sultan, or have been conquered and enslaved by them. Holland, Denmark and the two Scandinavias are—to use a phrase that sounds like mockery—wholly at the Kaiser's mercy. They, too, must be reckoned in among the satellites of Germany. Draw a line from Belgium to Switzerland, from the Trentino to Venice and around the boundaries of Greece—and everything north and east, till you come to India and China, is either in German possession or under German dominance, seemingly for good and all—unless a certain thing happens.

What will German dominance over this vast territory and population mean? The resources of Russia are hardly inferior to those of the northern and western states of America. They include iron and coal and copper and gold and silver, a soil as rich as that of Kansas or Manitoba. All these will be developed as thoroughly and quickly by Germany as the wealth of America has, in one generation, been created by the splendid enterprise of her sons. And in this task Germany will have an advantage that those who made the riches of the Middle West and the North did not possess. Germany will have at her orders a population numbering more than one hundred and fifty million strong, thrifty, hard-working, bred to a low standard of life, broken by defeat, discouraged by the anarchy that has followed the failure of self-government—a population that can be shamelessly exploited, for they will not have the spirit to rebel. They will be virtually slaves, whose labor, therefore, will cost so little, that the profits of this vast transformation will be fabulous. Let this war end without breaking down the military power of Prussia, and the world will have, at some future day, to deal with a new Germany, richer, more populous and stronger than ever before. Worse than all, it will be a new Germany, publicly pledged to a denial of every principle of public honor, and so pledged because events will have proved that dishonesty is the best policy.

What Defeat Means

A DRAWN war, then, means a German victory. This, in turn, means that Prussia, which in 1914 had control of less than seventy million, will, before 1920, control a population effective for war of over three hundred million. If to get peace Prussia had even to give back Lorraine and Alsace and Belgium, the sacrifice would be no sacrifice, for it would be a mere matter of a few years before she could seize, not only these small territories, but all the rest of Europe as well. And, seizing Europe, she could dictate her terms to the world. To America and Great Britain there would then be no third choice. They would have to fight or to submit. Well, if we make peace now, we are submitting now. We are probably making it impossible to fight successfully again. There is no alternative, then, except to fight on till victory, now.

There is another old saying that "Heaven helps those that help themselves." America knows something of what Great Britain has done in raising men and money, and in building ships.

But Great Britain has done more than that. Our administrative system has, at almost every point, been altered radically, and the men at the head of each part of it have been changed again and again. Each step forward has been another stride toward democratic ideals, until to-day, in the most numerous ministry that this country has ever possessed, there is the smallest handful of men of patrician birth ever known in our history.

Our Prime Minister, to-day perhaps the most powerful single figure in Europe, is the son of a humble Welsh Noncomformist minister. The chief of the British Army, Sir William Robertson, head of the War Staff at Whitehall, began life as a valet, and served many years in the ranks. The First Lord of the Admiralty was assistant manager of a railway before the war—a class of men, who, in old days, could hardly have got into any Government, even into the least important of offices. There is, it is true, a round number of peers in the ministry, but all except two or three are self-made men. The claims of birth and wealth, the magic of court favor, the mystery of family influence—all these things, which seemed innate in our public life in England, have gone. The empire to-day is run by a ministry of merit. The rich pay half their incomes in tax, and a fifth of their estates is taken when they die. Four-fifths of all war profits have been taken already; the whole may be taken next year. Labor is strongly represented in the Government. Industrial life is being remodeled in the workman's interest. Women have been enfranchised. To Ireland, the one blot on England's scutcheon, we have, without reservation, given the power to choose any form of settlement on which the people of Ireland can agree.

There is no sacrifice this nation has not made. The record of our fighting men in seven separate fields of war on land, and over the world-wide ocean, speaks for itself. Literally, we have done, and are doing all we know. We are doing this, not in our own cause only, but in the cause of all humanity. It was not the danger to Britain, but treachery to Belgium that brought us into the war. It will not be the safety of Britain, but the vindicated honor of humanity that will bring us out. For the cause's sake we ask America to help us now.

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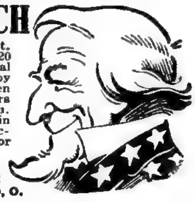

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CHASING *the* PERISCOPE

(*Continued from page 32*)

their courses each in a prescribed direction and send their huge flock veering from its line. When this is done in the black darkness of a winter night, the seamen concerned may safely be described as performing the most dangerous evolutions known to the sea.

There are no lights. Safety lies only in catlike eyesight, in following the very ticks of the clock, and in blind luck. In the early days of the war the dangers were enhanced by the independent spirit of the commanders of merchantmen who were disinclined to yield to navy leadership and instructions.

Guarding the Convoy

ALL around the veering flocks of ships dash the destroyers. Their dashings, however, are more or less methodical, like hunting-dogs scouring the fields, but always returning to their master. Moving at a far higher speed than their convoy, they too have their own zigzag schedule. For every new direction taken by the transports, they must form themselves into new geometrical designs in relation to the convoy. Like football players changing their formations for each new play, or like baseball players shifting from their own positions into another's field in order to give assistance and supports, so the destroyers in the pitch blackness, at every certain number of clock-ticks must, at full speed oftentimes, turn in their courses and take new places. If everybody else in the convoy has followed his clock faithfully, all is well. In the pitch darkness of a stormy night the destroyer men can go only by faith, trust and luck. Not even eyesight is of avail. And if somebody has gone wrong and got into some area not his own at the wrong time, a deadly collision is inevitable. It is blind sailing.

"As far as seeing anything around you was concerned," said a commander of one of the dozen destroyers that I have in mind, "you might as well have closed your eyes. Perhaps, now and then, if there was a little clear spot in the sky somewhere, you might catch just a glimpse of the dark hulk of one of the big ships and guard it. But I have speeded for hours in a group of many ships and destroyers and not seen a single one of them."

In the seventeen-hour nights that fall on the northern seas in winter the nerve of these destroyer men as well as of the big ship commanders is strained almost to the endurance point.

"You get jiggly and superstitious, if you aren't careful," one of the destroyer men told me. "You may try to run your destroyer by hunches. One night, for instance, while I was on the bridge, just at zigzag time, something told me to throw my helm over and put her at full speed. I don't know why I did, but I gave the order. And right behind us, just where we had been a minute before, dashed another destroyer, out of her course. We'd been cut in two if she had hit us.

" 'You were dead-right in doing it,' my commander said to me, when he hurried up to the bridge a minute later and saw the white wake of the other boat; 'but what I want to know is: why did you give the signal? You couldn't see her coming in the darkness, could you?'

" 'Don't ask me, sir,' I said. 'I couldn't see her or hear her, but something told me to get out of her way and I did.' He put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Keep at it, young man. You're learning how to be a real destroyer man.' "

The commander who said that fear of not finding the convoy came first, was speaking from the view-point of personal pride. The supreme danger in the convoy work comes from possible collision. With a stormy sea, filled for many square miles with huge zigzagging ships, and with a night so black that human eyes are useless, every moment abounds in danger.

And yet these boys of the destroyers have brought dozens and dozens of these great convoys through a submarine zone without a loss or even a light collision.

The Great Moments

THERE are high moments, worth living a lifetime to pass through, that come to the destroyer men now and then. Months of dull, drab strain, heightened only by picking up occasional survivors, or getting two or three days' leave ashore where the Y. M. C. A. huts and soft unrolling beds await, are dotted with high spots that atone for all the dreariness and strain.

The supreme moment, of course, is getting a submarine.

Depth bombs are at hand on a destroyer. There isn't anything among the weapons of the navy, except the great shells, that has the explosive power of the depth bomb. They are more powerful than torpedoes.

"I knew I was right over a submarine. I had calculated it to a 'T'," said one commander, who shortly is to have a British decoration for bravery. "I dropped one depth bomb and hurried out of the way. Say! Did you ever see a heavy object fall on ice? You know how it powders the ice just where it hits, and how the cracks run out from the center in every direction. Well, sir, that depth bomb went off so hard that it seemed to turn the water into a solid mass. That water had that same powdered center and the same cracks that you see in ice. I swung around and hurried back to the same place and dropped another. Then I went off, because I was in charge of a convoy.

"The next day some of the destroyers saw oil floating in that spot. For days, every ship that came in from that direction reported oil on the water there and two weeks later, when I got a chance to steam over that way, the water was still greasy. That moment of dropping those bombs was worth all the hardships of a year."

The destroyers themselves, with their high speed, have little to fear from torpedoes. The *Jacob Jones* is the only American destroyer that has been hit by a submarine. It was a thousand-yard shot, and pure luck.

"They fired her on the top of the water," said a young man who had stood on the deck of the destroyer at the time. "If they had fired her at the usual depth, a dozen feet below the surface, she might have gone under us. She came bouncing like a porpoise. Whenever she jumped out of the water she sounded like the Twentieth Century Limited, because of the roar of the escaping compressed air. They had aimed her to the millionth of a second, I think. It killed fifty men when it hit us, but the rest of us were rescued, after a while, from our life-rafts."

The worst storm in the history of that part of the world struck the submarine zone in December of 1917. It lasted seven days. In desperation several of the American destroyers, badly damaged, made for the coast of Spain. Two of them sighted it in the height of the storm, but internment for the duration of the war would have been the price of safety in a neutral port. And so they went fifteen hours farther in the storm, to the shores of Portugal, where they found a pro-Ally welcome.

Yarns of the Patrol

THE hardships of the submarine hunters do not get into the cold official reports that find their way back to Washington and the Navy Building. It's just the tale of bare, unadorned achievement that is told in these. And none of the lightness and fun of the life gets into these reports, either.

By the spinning of yarns alone the whole story is told. Here are a few, hit or miss:

"You should have seen us Christmas Eve on our destroyer," yarns one young officer. "We were sent eighty

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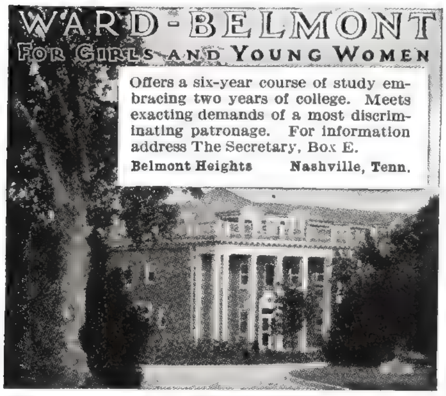

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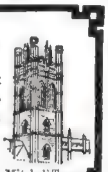

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Christmas packages and we had a hundred men. We sat up all night undoing those packages and remaking them so that there would be enough to go round. And we were in a storm, too, with a terrific roll. But we had a great Christmas the next day, even if the officers did look sleepy."

"One time, in the Bay of Biscay, we came across a life-boat with thirteen men in it and a black cat. What do you think of that for a bad-luck combination?" said another yarner. "Well, sir, not one of them was in bad shape and the black cat was the smartest of them all. It knew it was rescued. How it ever did it, we never could figure out, but as soon as we got alongside, it climbed right up the side of our destroyer. Seemed to fasten its claws in the paint. It made itself at home right away and we've had it for a mascot ever since. We put our dog mascot ashore, because he used to get terribly seasick and he couldn't hold on to the decks with his claws. Our cat is the best mascot afloat, we think."

"We saw an oiler afire one day, on our beat, and we hurried to it as fast as we could go. A submarine had set her afire with shells and had then departed. We raced an English torpedo-boat to the scene, but she had the start and got there before we did. She picked up the survivors and just as we were going away we saw that they had missed one castaway. It was a little black dog, swimming around in the water. The Englishmen saw it, too. Neither of us dared stop dead still, and we couldn't rescue the dog while we were moving because he couldn't grab a rope like a man in a boat.

" 'You circle around us to protect us and we'll pick him up,' signaled the Englishmen. So we circled at full speed while the English destroyer got out a boat and saved the dog. A dog that you pick up that way makes the best good-luck mascot in the world."

A valuable dog, that. The power of forty thousand horses was used in saving his single dog-life, and by the standards of sane youth, it was worth it.

THERE are other heroes asea in the American Navy, besides the destroyer men. Some of them are as young as the destroyer men, averaging less than twenty-three for the crews, and some are older. They steam and hunt and fight in ships of other sorts than the gaunt, high-powered, jewel-mounted, oil-driven destroyers and they have their places on our honor-roll of the sea.

I have taken the destroyer men for my theme because they conduct the dramatic submarine patrol in the northern seas, and because, in telling of America's new glory on the sea, the yarns grow far too long if spun in all its hundred-sided aspects.

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As to Keeping Our Shirts On

By Howard Wheeler

Editor of "Everybody's"

THIS is one of a series of short sketches recording impressions received during a recent trip to the French and British fronts. They are being published in the hope that they will give others something of what those impressions gave me: the answer to nothing—only the deep conviction that for each one of us nothing really counts except giving, striving, enduring, without regard to sacrifice.

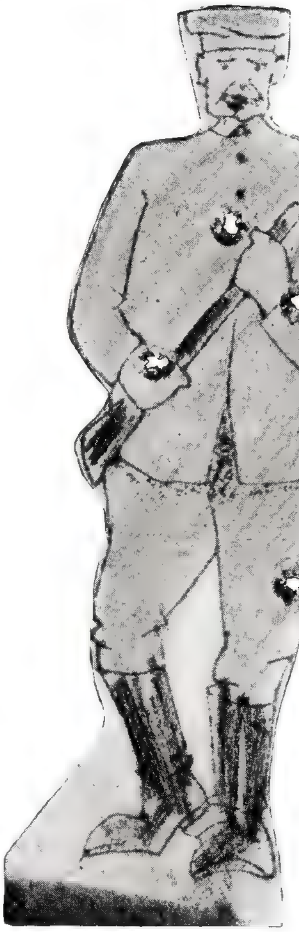
OVER in one corner of the big field a little bunch of men squatted around in a circle, apparently deeply absorbed in what they were doing. Plainly they were German prisoners. If it had not been for that, my guess would have been that, although we were within sound of the guns, a "crap" game was in progress. (I have heard supplications to "Phœbe," "Big Joe," and "Little Dick" much closer to the front than that.) I asked the major in charge what was going on. The major was Irish.

"Fritz is a rare artist," he said. "When there is nothing else in particular for him to do, we set him to drawing targets for the ranges. The targets are pictures of German soldiers. Fritz has his orders that the faces must be ugly. If he don't make them ugly enough, he has them to do again."

The pasteboard target is one of the things that is used up most rapidly in a bayonet and musketry school. There are many of these schools close up to the lines along the British front, conducted largely for the training of subalterns who have shown exceptional ability and have been selected to fill the gaps of the commissioned officers.

The school which I saw in operation is a "model plant." The course of study is short, and a graduate is made, first of all, a trained athlete. The training is confined entirely to the use of the rifle and bayonet, combined with a study of anatomy especially designed to insure intelligent use of the bayonet.

Covering almost the entire wall of one of the buildings, is a large chart, in colors, showing the internal mechanism of the ordinary human, and emphasizing those portions of this mechanism which, when interfered with by a bayonet thrust, which, as Tommy sees it, is a matter of "sticking a pin in it," will most certainly remove the owner from the Kaiser's pay-roll. To make more realistic the ownership of the mechanism portrayed, the whole diagram is topped off by a sketch of the face of a German soldier. The drawing of these diagrams is placed also in the hands of German prisoners, and the same specifications as to ugliness are laid down as apply to the drawing of the targets.



The author's target at the British musketry school.

Outside of the brief lectures on anatomy, the exercises are, to all intents and purposes, athletic contests.

In a field covering several acres, are laid out, as exactly as is possible, reproductions of what the soldier sees at the front and of what he finds when he goes over the top. Along one side of the field is a stretch of trenches, shell-holes, barbed wire, and all the rest of the clutter of "no man's land." Lying in the trenches or in the shell-holes, and sometimes strung up on frames overhead are sand and straw filled dummies representing enemy soldiers. These dummies are life-size and bear markings corresponding to the markings on the big chart. From the take-off trench to the objective trench is perhaps a couple of hundred yards. Out beyond the objective trench are the targets. The targets are about seven inches high. An average-sized man standing at a distance of two hundred and ten yards, would offer about the same mark as these targets, which are placed only a few yards away. The targets are so arranged that the instructor can raise or lower them in groups or singly, as he desires. Success at the targets means quick and accurate firing.

The field was a sea of mud the day I was there. It had been raining for days, and was still raining. Squad after squad was called up for the bayonet and musketry drill. The order was that nothing alive was to be left behind. That meant that every dummy lying in the stretch between the take-off and the objective trench must receive a vital bayonet thrust, and that each member of the squad must be in the objective trench and discharge five rounds of ammunition at the targets within a time-limit that seemed to me to be ridiculously low.

Yet squad after squad went out and made good. There was the whistle, and over the top they went—a slipping, plunging, growling pack of husky sons of Britain, that within a few days would be playing the game in earnest a few miles away.

At each dummy there would be a snarl and a bayonet thrust. Stumbling over wire, splashing through mud, plowing through shell-holes, the squad at last would leap into the objective trench and an instant later would be blazing away at the targets out beyond.

It takes a fit man—a superfit man to do it. It is no easy trick to find the sights while your chest is heaving after an exercise like that. If you would prove it to yourself, try running at top speed for one hundred yards over level ground, and then see what you can do with the rifle.

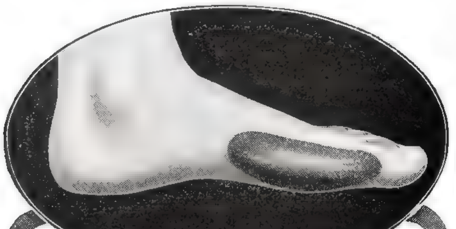
I asked the sergeant about the growling.

"Sure, they're taught," he said. "It helps to make them savage. That's Tommy's weakness. He's apt to be too kind-hearted when it comes to dealing with Fritz."

"It's pretty terrible to think of, isn't it?" I said, "teaching men to feel like that—the growling and snarling, I mean."

"It is that. And so is war pretty terrible, especially German war."

That was on the British front. Later I was on the French front and with



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the American troops. Everywhere the matter of training had been reduced to a system as completely worked out and as unemotionally applied as is any system of education in any university in the world. The object of it all, of course, as one American officer expressed it to me, is "To give the Kaiser as good as he sends—and then some."

During my brief trip along the front I saw, of course, only unconnected fragments of the stupendous amount and infinite variety of work that must go into the training of the men for the front in modern warfare. I went over, like so many other Americans, impatient that America had so few men on the firing-line. I came back marveling that we had already been able to do so much.

As this is written, the German Crown Prince is scuttling back from the Marne, having been given "as good as he sent—and then some." It is the spirit of the American officer's "and then some" that has turned the scales. Those boys from the States, who would not be denied, were led by young officers who have come out of the training-schools back of the lines.

In the corridor of a Paris hotel, just before I sailed for America, I was talking with a young American officer on whose shoulders rests a heavy responsibility in this matter of training. We had been discussing the very evident impatience on the part of a great many Americans, on the part of some uniformed Frenchmen and Englishmen. He wound up by saying this:

"When you get to the States, just say this and say it just as often and as loud as you can: *If the folks back home will keep their shirts on, we will make good.*"

Impatience and recklessness on the part of the American soldier has been one of the great dangers that far-sighted military leaders have had to face since the first American transports delivered their cargoes of human buzz-saws over there.

During the early days of our participation in the war, wherever one ran across American soldiers and reserve officers in France, there were sure to be heard murmurs or outright grumblings of discontent over the apparent disinclination of our leadership to put men in the firing-line. The situation, and the danger in it, were fully appreciated, of course, among the higher officers in all the Allied forces.

How much of the restiveness of our troops is due to sheer eagerness to get into the fight, and how much is due to their feeling that the folks at home are looking at them, it is hard to say. Certainly both elements are there.

A trip along the front will drive this home to any one who will keep his eyes and ears open—that "Keeping our shirts on" is a supremely important part of doing our bit.

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AFTER THE WAR—?

(*Continued from page 40*)

nation will be complicated by the fact that two sets of interests will be pulling in opposite directions, viz.:

(*a*) The *national* problem will make for *extreme* tariffs, but—

(*b*) The *international* problem will make for *moderate* tariffs.

However keenly the defense motive may compel the nations to feel the necessity for achieving economic independence of the rest of the world, the fact of the essential interdependence of the modern world will remain. It will be next to impossible to reverse the whole evolution of the modern business system and make each nation into a sort of air-tight compartment. Especially in the period immediately following the war, the need for interchange of goods and raw materials will be so pressing as to necessitate a moderating of tariffs and commercial laws to a degree greater than any nation's ambition for self-sufficiency will dictate. Thus the desire for independence and the necessity of interchange will complicate the problem of tariff arrangements.

4. *The problem of markets.*

The pressure of war debts will make imperative the securing of a maximum of foreign trade by each of the warring nations. This is clear in light of the fact that war debts can be paid in but three ways: (1) gold, (2) securities, (3) goods. Of these, the exportation of goods is likely to be the one available means. The depleted gold supply in the several belligerent countries of Europe will have to be kept at home to secure the vast amount of paper money issued during the war.

Available security markets will be glutted by the end of the war. The remaining method of paying war debts will be the sale of goods in foreign markets.

THE race for markets that these facts imply will be intricately involved with the problem of labor in each of the countries.

5. *The problem of labor.*

The race for markets, with its inevitable price-cutting, will create certain hardships for the masses, and yet the masses will have greater power than ever to demand and secure the things that will make life easier for them; but in securing better wages and better conditions for themselves, the masses will make it less possible for the nations to carry on a competitive price-cutting to secure markets. This means a highly complicated situation.

The problem of labor will be further complicated by the fact that in every nation the returned soldiers will find many places occupied by women which were formerly filled by men—a fact that will create an unprecedented problem of unemployment, or at least a very perplexing problem of fitting the demobilized soldiers permanently back into the industrial life of the several countries.

6. *The problem of taxation.*

It seems measurably certain that the following simple principles will underlie the whole problem of taxation after the war:

Taxation, broadly speaking, can fall upon but these three things: (1) *Wealth*, as found in great estates, large incomes, inherited privileges and similar types of accumulation; (2) *productive capital*, as found in the financing of the industrial activities of the nation; and (3) *the people*—the masses with limited incomes.

It is safe to assume that the burden of taxation will not be put upon productive capital, for the war will have proved that free and effective production is the corner-stone of military power. An unhampered and efficient economic life is the basic line of defense, without which an army is but a temporary restraining wall against an enemy. An intelligent statesmanship will not permit taxation to cripple the nation's military strength at its economic source. Nor will taxation at the source of production be permitted to increase prices to a degree that will hinder the export of goods that will be necessary to restore or strengthen national credits.

Nor will wisdom permit taxation to enervate the masses, for if a too-burdensome taxation is allowed to breed discontent and to reduce the incomes of average men to a point where they are not able to keep themselves physically fit, not only will the military strength of the nation be reduced, but there will be a decline in that productive efficiency upon which military power ultimately rests.

Then, too, the outlook is that the people who have borne such heavy burdens during the war will rise to greater power than ever after the war; and this new power will not weakly submit to an unduly burdensome share of the taxation.

Of course, all available sources of government income will share the burdens, but wisdom will unite with expediency in compelling wealth, as defined above, to carry a greater proportion than ever before. This will be accomplished by a vigorous use of such agencies as the income tax, the inheritance tax, the land tax, especially upon unused land, and heavy taxes upon luxuries and upon excess profits.

Indeed, the most significant factor in the problem of taxation promises to be the rising power of the masses. The outlook is that everything withheld from the masses by a blind business leadership enjoying temporary privilege can be won by the masses through their political control of taxation.

The war has awakened the masses throughout the world to conscious collective action, and that action will play no small part in future taxation.

THESE factors and the complicated situation they imply involve certain serious considerations:

1. *For the world at large.*

The situation will mean the conflict of two inevitable but fundamentally different sets of demands. First, the demand of every nation for greater self-sufficiency and economic independence than ever before; and, second, the necessity for an unprecedented international trade. The national demands will make more difficult than ever before the administration of international trade. But unless this international trade is administered with a maximum wisdom of policy, it will be the breeding-ground of the next war.

2. *For the Allies.*

The international needs of each of the Allied nations will put a great strain upon the interallied relationships. While this strain is upon the alliance, there will be hovering outside of the alliance the Central Powers—past masters in methods of secret propaganda which will increase still more the strain upon the alliance.

3. *For the United States.*

The end of the war will mark the close of our pioneer period which has busied itself with the physical conquest of the continent and the securing of political democracy. We shall then face, as indeed we are already facing, the fact that political democracy is fundamentally dependent upon industrial democracy. After the war Labor will demand an adequate voice in the laws that govern its work, upon the same grounds that it has demanded an adequate voice in the laws that control its government. This demand will come with its greatest force after the close of the war, when international competition will be greater than ever and employers will be operating upon a narrowing margin of profit and a war-time wage scale. Fortunately the severity of this situation can be greatly mitigated by the great saving that can be made by a wise and scientific conservation of human resources, by the prevention of needless diseases which have in the past laid such heavy charge upon industry, and by the greater elimination of waste, and the increase of efficiency in the use of men and materials.

The one clear conclusion is that serious international strife can be avoided and a good degree of international harmony maintained only upon the basis of adjustments founded upon wise, scientific studies made far enough in advance and substituted for certain methods of politics and tactics of violence which have so lamentably failed to achieve constructive results in the past. After-the-war adjustments, whether in matters of internal, inter-allied, or international affairs, will require a vast amount of compromise, a great deal of the give and take of which should be worked out now, so that we may be ready at the end of the war to meet our most vital problems with a unity of policy and action.

The studies upon which we must base these conclusions should not be made by classes, but by a government commission thoroughly representative of all classes. If the major part of preparation for the day of reconstruction is left to separate classes or interests, we shall come to the end of the war with a series of class programs, rather than a single national program. Business men will have a program; bankers will have a program; laboring men will have a program; farmers will have a program; Socialists will have a program. And, with such a series of programs, we should be obliged to face a costly delay while these programs, by the slow methods of compromise, were arriving at a common basis for action.

The necessity for keeping the public mind of America wholly concentrated upon the job of war is clear; but if we are not to come to the end of the war tragically unprepared for the demands of peace, we must have as soon as possible a National Commission on Reconstruction, composed of representative men from all classes and interests that make up our American life. Such a commission could, and probably should, work quietly until the outcome of the war is more definitely clear, but its work should be under way, nevertheless. The outlook is that these conclusions, if worked out far enough in advance and thoroughly criticised by all classes and interests, would, when announced, so impress the country at large with their sanity and justice that partizan politics would have little chance or desire to do other than support them.

Such a commission would consider such problems as:

1. Fitting our demobilized soldiers back into the industrial life of the country.
2. The future relations of employers and employees in the interests of increased production and greater justice of distribution of the fruits of industry.
3. Methods of increasing human efficiency and business efficiency.
4. The reduction of waste, through the scientific saving of men, materials and time in the interest of individual corporate and national strength, profit and security.
5. Taxation for the discharge of war debts, the financing of reconstruction and the continuing costs of civilization.
6. The future relation of the government to the control, direction or ownership of the agencies of transportation and communication, of natural resources, etc.
7. The more scientific organization of the agricultural productivity of the country.
8. The safeguarding of the standard of living.
9. The future relation of women to the industrial life of the country.
10. The control of prices.
11. The problem of wages.
12. The adaptation to the structure and processes of our government of the lessons learned in war time.
13. The adjustment of our educational system to meet the altered situation.

These, and all the other questions with which the fields of government, industry, education and social life bristle, would come under the legitimate jurisdiction of such a commission.

In the careful study which such a commission would make of these and related questions, I am convinced that it will be found that many of these problems can be better solved now than after the war. Although a paradox, it seems true that in the midst of the destructive processes of war our thoughts turn more readily to boldly conceived plans of reconstruction than in the normal conditions of peace. I am also convinced that such study would result in the solution of problems and the formulation of new policies that would be an actual help toward winning the war.

It is unnecessary to state that the governments of Europe have already undertaken such study, except as the statement gives added emphasis to the urgent necessity for like measures on our part if we are to be equally prepared. When the reconstruction ministries and commissions of the several nations have arrived at their conclusions, at least those fundamental conclusions upon which the more important national policies will probably rest, an important contribution to the future security and mutual effectiveness of international relations could be made by an interchange of counsel among these national commissions with a view toward effecting every possible compromise and adjustment that will insure a rapid reconstruction and permanent safeguarding of the international relations of the future.

EDWARD A. FILENE.

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

The things needed after this mad war to rationalize the world are, from my slant at the situation, so very simple that it is hard to believe they will be adopted. I am sure, for example, that if free trade is universalized, the lust for political dominion will die a natural death.

There will be as little cause for friction then between nations, so far as industry is concerned, as there now is between Illinois and Indiana, or as there is between Pennsylvania and New York. The overgrown "infant" industries of every country, of course, will have to depend upon their own inherent efficiency rather than upon the artificial stimulus of tariffs. So, in all likelihood, free trade is an iridescent dream. It is too rational.

Then, when we face the future with an enormous and hitherto unheard-of war debt, we might relieve industry from all tax burdens. This would reduce the cost of living. Our revenues might be raised exclusively from taxes levied on land values. This course would bring into use all that is needed of the sixty-five per cent. of our national domain that is now held out of use for speculative purposes. If land speculation were thus made unprofitable, then every man would have a chance to employ himself, and a natural minimum wage would be established, which would be what an average man could make by employing himself on fertile land. Then again this course would wipe out our war debt without any hardship whatever to any useful person. But it is so rational and so simple that it runs counter to our love for complexity.

A third simple thing would be for all nations to refuse to follow their citizens and their dollars with navies and with armies when they go abroad. Surely, when a man takes himself to live, or his dollars to invest in a foreign country, the kind of government that exists in that country is an element of risk for him to consider before going. If he guesses wrong he should accept the situation bravely and without whining. He should not play the baby act by asking his native country to spend money and lives to relieve him from the consequences of his mistake. Weak nations will see the wisdom of this course. But big, powerful nations doubtless will want to retain in this respect the advantage they have always held over their weaker sisters.

This simple trinity of reconstruction reforms will be powerful influences in making future wars impossible; in making the earth blossom like the rose, and in ushering in a perpetual era of peace on earth and among men good will. The only question is whether the horrors of war have sufficiently chastened and humbled the hearts of men to make them willing to forego and renounce all forms of special privilege, whether personal, national or political.

GEORGE A. BRIGGS.

Elkhart, Indiana.

The EYES *of the* BLIND

(*Continued from page 37*)

For all her courage she shuddered slightly.

"Now listen, Miss Gryce, I'm going to put a bullet where it won't do me any particular damage. I'll stop the car. You know how to run it, of course." He went on as she nodded her assent; "This roadster can lose that limousine. You make your getaway. They'll stop to pick me up. Don't go back to your house. Spend the night with friends or at a hotel. Don't go to the police. We'd have nothing really to tell them. We might get a few unimportant people, but—we want de Grecque and the people behind him. 'Night, Miss Gryce."

As nonchalantly as though he were brushing something from his sleeve Rogan pressed the muzzle of the revolver in his hand and his left forearm. Before the girl's cry could pass her lips, he pressed the trigger. The car wavered a moment, then it began to stop. Rogan pitched headforemost out the door. As he fell she heard him cry, "Step on it, Miss Gryce."

She cast one glance backward toward the approaching limousine. It was slowing down. She threw in the clutch; she was in third speed as she reached the next corner; she glanced again over her shoulder. The limousine was moving again; evidently it had picked up Rogan, had heard his explanation that he had been shot by the girl, and—but she could speculate later. At that moment she must dodge a mail-truck and round a corner. She did both—on two wheels. Her toe had found the accelerator and was "stepping on it."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A Strange Message

THERE was a policeman doing perfunctory guard duty in front of Heinrich Graffe's book-shop on Lexington Avenue. The arc-light beneath which he stood revealed him clearly. To Deems the officer seemed typical of the present American spirit. An outrage had been attempted against the premises which the officer guarded, not half a day ago; it was quite within the bounds of probability that a second attempt might be made; one would think that ordinary caution would cause the policeman to select a less conspicuous spot, a spot where he afforded a less perfect target. But as he leaned against the post that supported the light his whole manner seemed to say, "It can't happen to me."

So, with the most desperate foe it had ever faced aligned against it, America looked more or less complacently at the ruin that foe had wrought to others and said, "It can't happen to me."

And yet, within America's very gates vicious propaganda, aimed to destroy the structure of the nation, was being almost openly carried on. A few days ago Deems would have dismissed, as the ravings of a maniac, the words of a person who should have told him the things that he now knew to be facts. But to-night—even a gently bred girl, daughter of an American of American stock, to whom this country had given the opportunity to achieve place, power and fortune, had become so infected by the vicious germs of disloyalty that she did not hesitate even at murder in the furthering of her activities against the land of her birth.

His lips were set in a grim line as he paused a block away from the policeman. There were things higher even than love; and a love such as his, inspired by a woman like Lydia Gryce, must be stamped out of his heart.

He had walked in a semi-daze from the saloon on Bleecker Street, where he had left Randolph Fallon, only half conscious of whither he was bound. Love is a guest who comes not at invitation, nor departs upon request. It is easier to say, "I will have done with her," than it is to live up to the resolve.

It was an easy matter for Deems, at last convinced that Lydia Gryce was not merely a traitor, not merely a murderess, but both of these, and God only knew what besides, to determine to think of her only as the vicious, unspeakable thing that she was. But the memory of her eyes, her smile, her mocking voice!

But these things were camouflage, behind which lurked the real woman, the woman who, through motives incomprehensible, had sold her soul to the enemies of America. And the real woman was one whom it was his duty to bring to justice.

To Rogan, then, to tell his chief that there would be no longer even unspoken objection to the part he played, Deems was bound.

But the sight of the policeman on the corner halted him. It was quite probable that the man would accost any who tried to enter, openly, the book-shop. Questions might prove embarrassing. And arrests upon suspicion were not infrequent, as Deems's newspaper experience had taught him. It was just as well to round the block and enter the book-shop from Rogan's apartment on a side street.

He did so, undisturbed by the officer. Minna, who was more than a clerk to Rogan, was in the tiny living-room of the apartment of which she was housekeeper.

"He has not returned," she told Deems. "He has gone to the Booklovers' Club."

"He has not telephoned?" asked Deems.

The stout, Teutonic woman shook her head.

"For why should he?" she asked placidly.

Deems stared at her with something of admiration in his eyes. Most women would be reduced to hysteria by the experience that Minna had passed through this evening, but she was apparently not discomposed at all. Rogan had done wisely in choosing this woman for the position of trust that she held.

But he himself was not as calm as she. Rogan had dared greatly in going to the Booklovers. If de Grecque should happen to recognize him! And there was no reason why Rogan should not have returned by now. Ostensibly he had been summoned to go into more detail concerning the new recruit, William Curtiss. That should not have taken him until now. And Rogan had spoken as though he held some premonition that to-night might see the end of his labors. He had told Deems, if Rogan's end should come, to go to the proper authorities and lodge what information he had against the Booklovers.

BUT—all along Rogan had been insistent that, aside from the aid that Deems gave him, he should play a lone hand. At times, this insistence upon secrecy irked Deems; it gave rise to vague suspicions that his love for Lydia Gryce had fostered. But now that Rogan had been proved entirely correct, suspicion, if his uncertainty could possibly have been called that—it had been a most impalpable feeling—had vanished. Rogan was justified in playing the game his own way; results had proved that.

And if Deems should rush to the Federal authorities, merely because Rogan had not arrived home at a certain hour of the night! He shook his head. It would not do. He might jeopardize some of Rogan's plans. And these plans were subtly laid, long labored over. Rogan was clever, uncannily so. Until Deems had seen the lifeless body of his chief he would hesitate to believe that Rogan was dead.

But—Rogan had not come home, and he had gone upon a mission of some risk. Also, it was as well that Rogan should know of the absolute proof of Lydia Gryce's guilt at the earliest possible moment. Not that Rogan had ever seemed to doubt that guilt, but its certainty might in some way affect his plans.

It was late, the Booklovers might all have departed from their gathering place. But a great dinner had been planned for to-night, and some of the plotters might remain behind. At any rate, Deems could not sleep to-night until he had seen Rogan. He started for the Royal Restaurant.

He was under no illusion as to the risk he ran. If Rogan had been discovered to be an agent of the Government then Rogan was dead. His failure to come home indicated such a discovery. At least, it indicated this to Deems, whose mental processes, whose calmness of judgment, were more upset than he realized.

And if Rogan had been found out, then short shrift would await the man whom Rogan had recommended to the Booklovers. But—and Deems shrugged his shoulders as he crossed Madison Square—that was a risk that might well be run.

As a matter of fact, though he was not conscious of it, his heart invited such risks. Love is what makes life precious; love had left the heart of Deems, he thought, and life was of little value. Moreover, there had suddenly welled up within him an affection for Rogan. It was born, partly, of the fact that together they ran risks; partly of the fact that together they were serving their country; and partly of the fact that Deems had begun to pity the secret agent.

There was no whine in the soul of Rogan. Ever he carried with him the knowledge that his heart was weak, that death might overtake him in his next stride. And yet, when once death had cast its chill shade over him, Rogan had turned up smiling, with merely a casual reference to his ailment. No self-pity in the Rogan heart. It was this that accounted in a measure for Deems's regard for the man. Most men, suffering under Rogan's affliction, would nurse themselves, avoid all risks and excitement. But Rogan invited them.

TO LET Rogan face alone whatever he might be facing at the Royal Restaurant would not come within Deems's scope of what he ought to do.

On the west side of Madison Square he found a night-hawk taxicab, and ten minutes later he had been dropped within half a block of the Royal Restaurant. An employee still remained within the dimmed building that housed the Booklovers' Club. He was the waiter who had ushered Deems into the meeting this afternoon.

"Everybody gone, sir," he told Deems.

"Mr. Graffe, too?" asked Deems.

"Everybody, sir," replied the waiter. "They left an hour or more ago."

He was not rude, but plainly he desired no conversation. How deeply the man might be concerned in the affairs of the Booklovers, Deems could not guess. But patently, he was not desirous to talk even with the man whom he had led into the meeting this afternoon. For he did not release the chain that held the door open but a few inches.

And questioning him would only arouse suspicion. With a shrug of his shoulders Deems turned away. From an all-night drug-store on Broadway he called up Rogan's apartment. The woman, Minna, answered the telephone.

"No, Mr. Curtiss, Mr. Graffe has not yet returned, but he just now telephoned, and he said that he would meet you in the morning over here. Everything is all right, he said. He told me to tell you especially not to worry about the young lady. I don't know what he meant, but he said that you were not to worry, that she was all right. That was all, sir."

Deems hung up. He stared, mystified, out upon Times Square. What on earth did Rogan mean? "The young lady was all right." Did he mean that Lydia Gryce was not the murderess and traitor that Rogan had thought her to be, or did he mean that Lydia Gryce had been put where she could do no more harm to her country? Rogan must mean this last; he could mean nothing else. With the evidence of Lydia's guilt fresh before him, Deems could place no other interpretation upon Rogan's words.

And with the interpretation came wrath against Rogan. How had Rogan dared to make an arrest of Lydia Gryce without consulting Deems? And then he laughed. What an idiot he was. Greater things than the fancy of Robert Deems were engaged upon by Rogan. Deems's interest in a girl would hardly deter Rogan from doing his duty.

Life had never seemed so black, so hopeless, as it did now. And then the knowledge of where his duty lay came before his mental eyes. His duty was to help his country, not to think of an unworthy love. He braced his shoulders and stepped out into Times Square.

Rogan was safe—that fact should stand out much more prominently than the fate of Lydia Gryce. He would try and dwell upon that.

He crossed the Square. Plenty of hotels were near here, but he was a newspaper man, known to the newspaper craft, and it was as well that he should seek quarters remote from this section of the town, where, in the morning, he might run into the men he knew.

Across Forty-second Street to the Avenue he strolled. His mind was less jumbled and confused than it had been. The warm night air was refreshing. Sleep was a thing of minor importance, and the fascination of New York after midnight, not the fascination of its gayer section, but the charm of the deserted streets, was upon him. He sauntered up the Avenue and every step seemed to take him farther from Lydia Gryce. That coolness, that feeling of aloofness, almost, that follows prolonged mental strain and agony, and that lonely streets nourish, was upon him. He could review, almost without pain, everything that had happened to him since his first bizarre meeting with Lydia Gryce. Dispassionately now, at this night-hour, he could think of her as *a* person, not *the* person.

He no longer puzzled as to the meaning of Rogan's message to Minna. That didn't matter. He knew what she was, and knowing, was freed from the bonds that her eyes had mystically woven about him.

HE WAS getting too far up-town. A bit south, on the next avenue east, were unpretentious hotels where he could obtain a room. He turned back for a few blocks, then crossed to the east. He reached Fourth Avenue just in time to witness a collision between two taxicabs. It almost seemed that the accident had been deliberate. On that street, empty of traffic, there was no excuse for a collision.

Deems slowed down the walk that, at prospect of the accident, had become almost a run. There was no need of any one to help, no one had been hurt. And then he broke into a run again. For from the taxi that had, with seeming deliberation run into the other, emerged two men. The occupant of the first machine had stepped out upon the sidewalk. A big, burly man, he nevertheless went to his knees before the rush of the two men from the second machine.

And as one of the latter raised his hand above his head Deems saw why the big man had so quickly succumbed. For the attacker held in his hand a short, bulky weapon that Deems thought must be some sort of a black-jack. And then he was close upon them. His rushing steps sounded loudly upon the pavement. A cry of warning from his companion caused the man with the black-jack to turn. His blow was promptly launched at Deems.

Under it Deems dived; his hands gripped the knees of the man in a football tackle, bringing him to the ground, Deems uppermost. A lightning smash upon the wrist broke the man's hold of the weapon. Over his shoulder Deems saw the drivers of the two taxicabs engaged in silent struggle, while the big man who had been felled, having gained his feet, was putting up a desperate fight against the second of the two who had got out of the rear of the second taxi.

And then his attention was fully engaged by the man with whom he was locked in combat. Deems knew a little of wrestling, but his foe knew more. Grip as Deems might, the other broke his hold. The man gained his feet at the moment that the big man, the object of this nocturnal assault, had broken free from his opponent. Likewise, the two taximen, exhausted by their brief battle, were standing apart, and were watching each other catlike.

Deems climbed to his knees. Breathing heavily, he welcomed the rat-a-tat upon the pavement of a policeman's night-stick. From his kneeling position he dived again at the man who wielded the black-jack. But the would-be-killer avoided him by a sidestep. The man cried out hoarsely—in German, Deems would have sworn. Then there was a rush for the taxi that they had abandoned. They were in it, all three of them, and careening crazily around a corner before the coming policeman could stop them, or before Deems, his wind almost now restored, could move.

And then he recognized the man whom he had undoubtedly, by his intervention, saved. It was Stephen Gryce, the father of Lydia, his erstwhile employer, the potential, if not actual traitor, whom he and Rogan had been endeavoring to trap. And even as Gryce's identity was known to him he remembered where he had seen the face of the man with whom he had just been grappling; it was the face of one of those men whom he had met at the Booklovers' Club this—no, yesterday afternoon.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

American, After All

DE GRECQUE stared at the big man. Lines of resolution were printed deep about Gryce's mouth. He shook his head determinedly.

"I can not see the necessity for all this alarm," he said coldly. "If warrants are issued for members of the Booklovers we can defer action until those warrants are served. There will be no difficulty in obtaining bail and doing whatever seems necessary when something has *happened*. To get together now, to confer here endlessly—it is as though we had done something treasonable."

De Grecque bit his lip.

"You, of course, understand that the Government will leave no stone unturned in its endeavor to find victims at this moment."

Gryce laughed. "This is a democracy, de Grecque. There'll be no Bastile business in America. In fact, I shouldn't wonder if a public trial might not be a good thing."

De Grecque's sneer was faint but palpable.

"May I inquire how?" he asked.

"It will tend to crystallize the opposition to war, to the part that our Government evidently intends to play in the war," replied the publisher. "Let the Government show its hand! If honest criticism is treason we want to find it out; we want to show the people of this country whither the war is leading them. *I* shall not mind if I, too, am indicted."

"I should mind it very much," said de Grecque.

"Why? We are both innocent of treason," said Gryce.

De Grecque blew a smoke ring; meticulously he brushed ashes from his sleeve.

"We might not be able to prove it," he suggested.

Gryce's broad face broadened. "That's absurd, de Grecque! Not one word of mine, not one line printed in my newspapers, could possibly be termed treasonable. An open difference with the policy of the Government—yes. But treason—no one but a fool would make such a false statement."

De Grecque's rolling eyes fastened themselves upon the face of his visitor.

"I have never before been termed a fool," he said slowly.

Gryce laughed embarrassedly. "I don't apply the term to you, my dear fellow," he said; "I referred to the possible person who might make such a charge against me."

"You think that you could face such a charge successfully then?" queried de Grecque.

Gryce's eyes opened wide. "You talk as though you really believed that the Government would be insane enough to make such an attack on me." His forehead wrinkled for a moment, then it cleared as he smiled. "It's late at night and you are seeing bogies, de Grecque. The Government will hesitate a long time before it attacks me. Moreover, it will have to have evidence. And that it can never have because none exists."

De Grecque nodded thoughtfully. "There is, of course, the working agreement between you and myself," he suggested.

Gryce laughed loudly. "An agreement that we would both do what we could to save a war-torn world from further sacrifice. Even had every word uttered between us been overheard and noted by Federal agents, the Government would hesitate to term that treason. Be sane, de Grecque. To question the patriotism of a man like you, or one like myself—nothing but patriotism, a desire to save useless bloodshed, has inspired us both."

He tossed his cigar into the fireplace and rose to his feet. "Let us wait," he said, finality in his tones, "until the warrants have been served. It will be time enough then. In the meantime," and he yawned, "sleep will do us no harm."

He looked about him for his hat. But de Grecque remained seated.

"Just a little longer, Gryce," he said. His voice was suddenly harsh, menacing, all suavity gone from it.

Gryce's eyebrows lifted. Those who knew him well knew that facial movement indicated resentful surprise, and resentful surprise, in Gryce, was ordinarily followed by violent outburst. But he merely bowed slightly.

"Why is it, Gryce, do you think, that I came to you with my suggestions that America play a passive part in this world-war?"

"Why?" Resentment left Gryce's eyes; more than surprise, wonderment was in them now. "Because you knew my feelings, I suppose, Comte de Grecque."

"And yet—there was danger in what I suggested to you," said the other.

"Danger? The danger of popular misunderstanding, that was all."

"You play poker quite a bit, don't you?" asked de Grecque.

The irrelevance annoyed the publisher. "Well?"

"The bluff, as it is called, is an important part of the game, eh? Suppose, Gryce, that you and I quit bluffing?"

The publisher looked around; he was close to his chair, and he sat down again. He met the rolling eyes of de Grecque fairly.

"Two or three people in recent years have had the nerve to talk to me in the tone you are using, de Grecque," he said gently. "One of them was an ambassador from a South American country. He didn't like certain editorials in my papers. He was recalled. Another was a senator. He is in private life to-day. Another was a millionaire railroad man. He's doing time in Atlanta."

"And you think to frighten me?" sneered de Grecque.

Gryce waved his hands. "Not at all; I'm merely telling you, de Grecque. We are friends, you and I, but friendship depends upon respect. You will, if you care to continue our friendship, put back into your voice that respect that has been there until now."

"I was speaking of that part of the game of poker which is known as bluffing, Gryce." De Grecque spoke as though he had not heard the publisher's interruption. "It is all very well, up to a certain point, to use camouflage. But there comes a time, between men, when there must be no uncertainty of mutual purpose. I did not approach you, Gryce, merely because I knew of your pronounced views against war."

Gryce waited for him to continue. De Grecque lifted his shoulders. "You insist?" he asked. "Very well," as Gryce made no reply. "That letter which you wrote to Senator Randall. You remember that, eh? I am sorry that you force me to mention it."

Gryce reached for his cigar-case. He failed to offer one to de Grecque. Carefully he clipped the end and he was most fastidious in applying the match. Then, "To which letter do you refer, de

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Grecque? I have had much correspondence with Randall, correspondence covering several years."

"To the important letter that you sent him on the night that war was declared against Germany," said de Grecque.

"You are quite positive of the date?"

De Grecque smiled. "Quite," he stated.

"And the nature of the document in question?" Gryce's voice was sardonic.

De Grecque lowered his voice. "Is it necessary that I remind you?" he asked.

"You were using poker terms a moment ago, de Grecque," said Gryce. "Two can bluff, you know."

"Very well. In it you wrote Senator Randall that you were unalterably opposed to war; that you were specifically opposed to this war; that you considered America's entry into it uncalled-for and unjust, a diabolical crime against civilization, a crime for which the President was solely responsible; and that you wanted Randall to institute impeachment proceedings against the President at once. You went further: you asked him, as labor's voice in the Senate, to call to labor, to tell them, through their unions, to protest against this war even to the point of refusing to do any work whatsoever until the declaration of war had been withdrawn."

He stared at Gryce's impassive face.

"You would not welcome trial of your patriotism if that letter were offered in evidence of your treason, would you?"

"INDEED not," said Gryce. "And you—a soldier who had fought for France—you came to me after that? I can not see how even a lover of peace, de Grecque, could consort with one who was a traitor, not in military theory, but in concrete fact. You have never mentioned to me that you were anti-French; you merely claimed to be, as I was, antiwar."

"We are men," snapped de Grecque. "Why quibble? Does it matter—these motives of mine? I knew you; you must have guessed at me. And listen, Gryce!" His voice rose shrilly. "Your daughter—what manner of men are you Americans? She is your daughter, and yet you permit her to plot against us. To-night she——"

"Was listening at a dictaphone in a private room of the Royal Restaurant, eh?" interrupted Gryce.

De Grecque's eyes narrowed. "You knew it, Gryce?"

The publisher puffed at his cigar. "No, I did not know it, de Grecque. Not at the time. But to-night, when she came home, she told me."

"Yes?" said de Grecque softly.

"That's why I happened to be awake when you telephoned a while ago, de Grecque. What she said was insane, but—well, *she* isn't insane."

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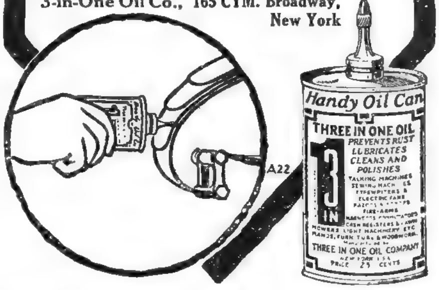

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"And she told you why she happened to be doing this?"

"She will tell me in the morning," said Gryce.

"And then——?"

Gryce inhaled; his huge chest stood out bigger than ever.

"Why, then, de Grecque, if I find out that I've been led by the nose to the brink of treason by a lot of pro-German traitors, if I find that my daughter has come nearer the truth through her emotions than I have through my brains—why, then, de Grecque, some one will face a firing-squad."

De Grecque nodded. "A right-about, you would call it, eh?"

"With the accent on the *right*," said Gryce. "If I've been a blind fool—de Grecque, you may be a sincere and honest man. To-night I do not think so. I think that my blind eyes are seeing. I think that my soul is hearing a cry to which my ears have been deaf."

"Which is very pretty," said de Grecque. "Loftiness of speech always appeals to me. But—you are forgetting the letter which I mentioned a while ago. You speak of firing-squads. Would not one of them reserve a few moments for the author of that letter?"

"Unquestionably," assented Gryce.

"And still you speak in threats. I do not understand you, Gryce."

"Nor do I understand you," said Gryce.

"Then I shall make myself very clear," said de Grecque. "That letter, the letter which you wrote to Senator Randall, is in my possession."

"Would you mind letting me look at it?" asked Gryce.

"So that you could destroy it?"

Gryce shook his head. "I give you my word, de Grecque, that I will not touch it. I am merely curious to see a forgery that has been imposed upon so shrewd a man as the Comte de Grecque, late of the German army, and so capable a spy that he is entrusted with so difficult a rôle as the one you have chosen to play."

If de Grecque was startled he did not show it. Once again he smiled. "Now we are approaching an understanding. It is threat against threat, eh? I expose you and you will return the compliment. But, Gryce, I am not a silly old man; I am of the German army, and we Germans do not fear to die."

"Very good," said Gryce, "I *do* fear to die. I shall dread death until I have paid in double measure the trick that has been practised upon me. It is not pleasant to know that one has been a fool, deluded, blinded. It is not pleasant to know that one's honest views have been seized upon by spies who would ruin the country I love. My daughter has been right. I have been wrong. I am a silly old man, de Grecque—but—if I told you that I still packed a punch, you would not understand me. Well, that is slang. And I have grown too far away from slang—the speech of Americans. I shall get down to earth."

"Still bluffing, eh?" de Grecque's snarl was not good to see. "Because that paper, that letter which you wrote to Randall, can not be produced by me this moment——"

Gryce smiled. "A good poker player knows when his bluff is called, de Grecque. But what an asinine bluff! Why pretend to possess such a letter?"

De Grecque stared at him; he nodded slowly. "I see it, this Deems was employed by you. Naturally he brought the letter back to you and you destroyed it. You think that you are safe, eh? We shall see, Gryce."

Gryce shook his head pityingly. "You've been dreaming, de Grecque. But then, so have I—and now will you kindly step aside?. Put up your gun! The people in this hotel know me, you idiot! You can't get away with anything like—old man, am I? Did you forget that—I said—I—packed a—punch?"

De Grecque had no time to press the trigger. For all his bulk the publisher retained some of that muscular quickness that had made him so formidable an athlete years ago. De Grecque was a child in his hands. The revolver was torn from his grasp in a moment.

His almost-insane eyes rolling until their whites showed predominantly, his teeth bared, de Grecque staggered against a table. For a moment the two men faced each other. Then, before Gryce could raise the weapon, de Grecque was out of the room.

Evidently he had turned a corner in the hotel corridor and used the stairs as a means of descent, Gryce decided. He kept up the chase only to the first corner, then ran back to de Grecque's rooms. He called up the office, and warned them to detain the fugitive. But twenty minutes later it was certain that de Grecque had managed to escape by a side entrance. He could not be found in the hotel.

The house detective, learning that Gryce had been attacked, offered to escort the publisher home. But Gryce waved aside the offer. He would take care of himself, he proudly decided. By Godfrey, he hadn't lost the—er—old pep, yet!

Nor, on second thought, did he think it wise to inform the hotel people the reason for de Grecque's assault upon him. To set the police on the trail before he had conferred with Lydia might be to interfere with her plans. How, he could not imagine, but she had not been able to explain to her own father her mysterious actions. Anyway, the matter could wait fifteen minutes, and it was a shorter journey than that from the Hotel Gerald to his own home.

He was a power, was Gryce, in many ways. To his intimation that nothing need be said to the police of the affair in the rooms of the Comte de Grecque, the night clerk nodded humble assent; Stephen Gryce was too important a figure not to be heeded.

Outside, Gryce found a taxicab. It was not until he found himself staring into the eyes of Deems that Gryce found time to regret his failure to accept the hotel detective's offer of escort. One more man might have meant the capture of the assailants, might have been added proof against de Grecque; for that de Grecque was responsible for this attack Gryce did not doubt for a moment.

The policeman who had been running at the beginning of the struggle, and his companion called by the rat-a-tat of the night-stick, did not detain Gryce long. An ordinary attempt at hold-up they concluded it was, and Gryce said nothing to enlighten them. Then, having left the officers at his front door, Gryce put his arm through Deems's.

"I want to have a confab with you, youngster," he said.

Together they entered the publisher's mansion. Once again Deems's mind was too confused for him to utter protest. Lydia Gryce was a traitor, her father was a traitor, and yet—the very men with whom he believed Gryce to be in league had furnished the men who had tried to kill the publisher to-night. There was no end to contradiction. Silently he followed Gryce.

The aged man-servant whom he knew from his previous visits to the house headed the group of servants in the hall. Ferguson acted as spokesman.

"Mr. Gryce! Miss Lydia—officers came and took her. They accused her of murder—she is in jail——"

His jaw almost on his chest Gryce stared at his butler. The telephone rang. Mechanically, still staring at Ferguson, he picked up the instrument from the table on which it stood.

"Hello," he said.

"Father, this is Lydia. Has Ferguson told you? They weren't policemen. And I got away. I've been afraid to come home. They might be watching the house. I'm at a telephone in a lunch-room up-town, on Seventh Avenue, near One Hundred and——"

Her voice suddenly ceased. "Where, Lydia, where?" cried Gryce.

She did not answer. Practically Gryce moved the receiver up and down.

"Central, I've been cut off. Ring back that number!"

Five minutes, the sweat pouring from his forehead, he waited. Then Central told him.

"The party hung up, and the line don't answer."

The next instalment of ***"The Eyes of the Blind"*** *will appear in the November number.*

"The Enslavement!"

"This deed, with its monstrous and cynical cruelty perpetrated upon a cultivated people in the year of our Lord, 1916, at a moment in the history of the world, when, despite all its disillusions, it believed human slavery no longer possible, created a rage that was black, implacable, remorseless, a hatred that found its savage intensity deep down in the primeval instincts of the race.

"It transformed the faces of men; they grew hard, dark, stony, until a livid hue of passion lit them up; and then their eyes blazed, their jaws set and they could find no words to express their loathing of this foulest deed committed by man.

"L'esclavage!" (Slavery) they would say, with harsh, rasping voice, *"L'esclavage!"*

The full story of the Belgian deportations is given in the November instalment of

BELGIUM

by

BRAND WHITLOCK

United States Minister to Belgium.

EVERYBODY'S

for NOVEMBER

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE

To WAR SERVICE

For Those Who Seek a Place

"I WANT to do my bit before I go away" was the ending one of our readers—a minister and Civil War veteran of eighty years—gave to a letter in which he enclosed his blank asking our advice. This elderly but still eager patriot and the eleven-year-old and no less eager little girl who also filled in and forwarded her application promptly, indicate the gamut of inquirers for war work.

We have been tremendously gratified at the instant response to our offer of assistance even though it is, as we write this, only a week old. Gratified but not surprised, because it has been another indication of that ever widening permeation of win-the-war spirit that every one has felt.

When the papers reported, after our first real fight, after we had helped stop the latest German rush—that recruiting had jumped—it was a better indication of the inevitableness of final victory, than if recruiting had jumped after a defeat, because it showed, not possible desperation, but eagerness to get into the fight. And that's the spirit we are getting a new glimpse of every day in the requests for advice our postman brings from men, women and children.

One woman, with a husband in service and with little children to keep, wants to give two hours a day. Others offer special training of one sort and another, and many propose to give up their usual means of livelihood and devote their whole time and energy to the big job in hand. These need compensation, of course, and we are trying to show them the best possible way to get in touch with opportunities for paid positions.

We may fail our readers at times, as in the case of a young man who apparently didn't care much what he did as long as he could be secretary to a general—we were handicapped in this case by a somewhat limited acquaintance with generals. However, the same win-the-war spirit was in this application, as in all, and usually it is a very great help to know that some particular kind of work is sought.

If we do not help you the first time you write give us another chance—and if we do help you, let us know about it. But do not hesitate to write because you can't think of anything you could do. Write us if for no other reason than to show that you, too, have caught the spirit of the times—the feeling that because it is democracy's war it is *your* war and *you want to help.*

Readers seeking assistance from "Everybody's Guide" should, in their own interest, fill out the following form. It will save time and correspondence. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Please address
Mr. Hoyt, Care "EVERYBODY'S GUIDE"
Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

Name .... *Citizenship* ....
Address ....
Age .... *Color* .... *Married or Single* ....
Occupation .... *Religion* ....
Do you expect compensation? .... *Can you leave home if necessary?* ....
Can you give all your time? .... *If part only, how much?* ....
What language other than English do you know? ....

State any qualifications you have, such as knowledge of stenography or typewriting, any specific trade or profession, ability to write, or to speak in public.

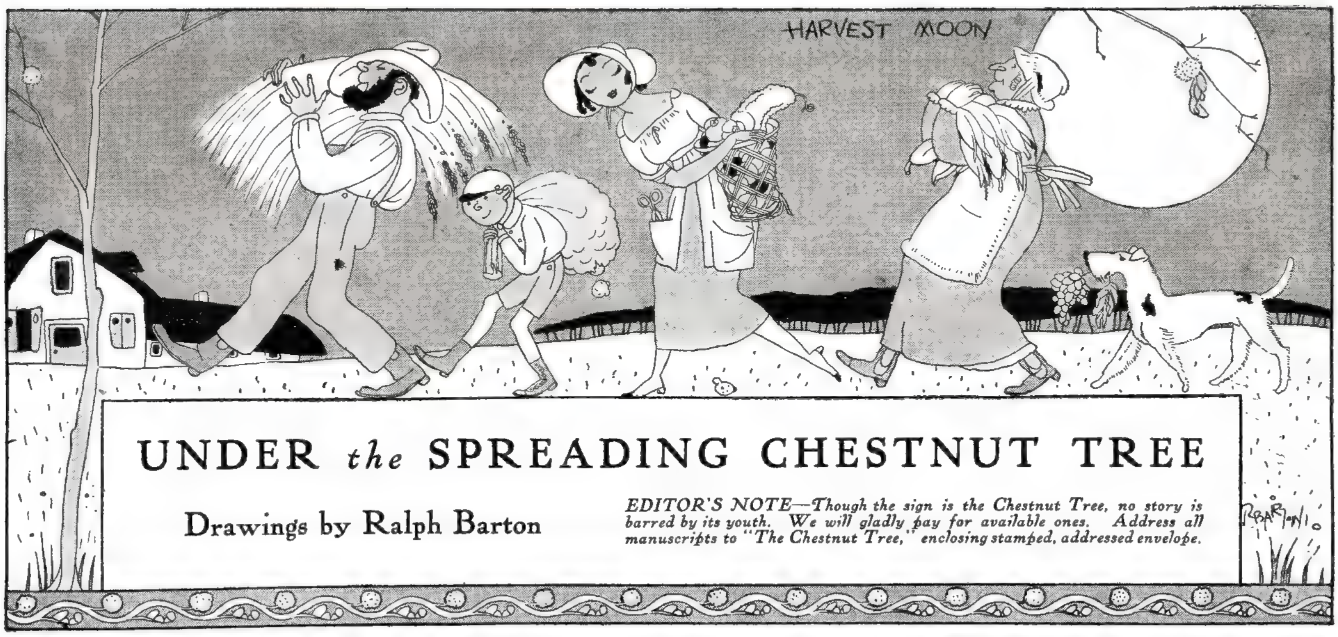
....

State what previous service of a public character you have rendered ....

....

State military experience, if any ....
If in the draft, give status ....

....



UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THIS is told in the Navy:

In a baseball game at Constantinople between Turks and the crew of the *Scorpion*, an American Navy boat, the score was tied.

With two men out in their half of the ninth inning, the hopes of the Turks centered on their star batter.

As he came up to the plate, he raised his bat before his eyes, pointing it to high heaven, and with uplifted glance he murmured: "Oh, Allah! Give me a good eye!"

"One strike," shouted the umpire, as the Turk missed the ball.

Again the Turk raised his bat toward the sky. "Oh, Allah! Give me nerve!" he supplicated.

"Two strikes," shouted the umpire, as the Turk missed again.

A third time the Turk held his bat pointing upward. "Oh, Allah! Give me strength!" he begged.

"Three strikes! You're out!" said the umpire.

An American sailor came up to bat. He, too, raised his bat before his uplifted eyes. "You know me, Al," he murmured fervently.

And then he knocked the home run that won the game.*

THE officers of a certain black regiment were having some trouble in prevailing on the soldiers to take out the life insurance offered them by the Government. But one day the scale was turned.

A husky fellow approached the sergeant on the subject. "How much do you want?" he was asked.

"How much can I git?" he demanded.

"Ten thousand dollars."

"All right, suh," he answered, in a loud voice. "I wants ten thousand dollars' worth, suh. I wants it all. Uncle Sam ain't going to take no chances with his ten-thousand-dollar boys. No, suh, they ain't goin' to be up in the front line. I's tellin' you it's them thousand-dollar niggers he's goin' to run his risks with. Give me ten thousand dollars' worth."

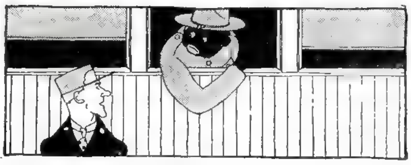
The orderly room was stampeded for ten-thousand-dollar policies.

IN A soldier's letter the following methods are given for dealing with "cooties" in the trenches. Their fame has reached the U. S. A., so you may know what's coming.

First—Counter-offensive method. The victim discovers an ant-hill inhabited by large and ferocious ants. He removes his clothing and puts them upon the ant-hill. The ants do the rest. Victim meanwhile runs around and enjoys himself.

Second—Countermarch method. Immediately upon discovering the vanguard of the cooties, the victim turns each layer of clothing inside out. This gives the critters the trouble of marching around to the other side. As soon as they have made their presence known again, clothes are turned right side out. Repeat *ad infinitum*. Finally the endless marching and countermarching wears the little devils out and they die.

A SOUTHERN lady went to see her colored cook, who was sick in bed. She gave the cook's small son, 'Rastus, a dollar to buy a chicken for his mother. As the lady in leaving, closed the door of the cabin, the cook was heard to say, "Gimme dat dollah, chile, an' go git dat chicken in de natchul way."



THE troop-train had just pulled into the station. A big, husky negro stuck his head out of the car window and shouted:

"Say, boss, what town you-all call dis?"

"This is Accotink."

"And, boss, what state is dis?"

"Virginia; Accotink, Virginia."

"Well, well. Ah dun been travelin' on dis yere train foah days and foah nights. Where de debbil am dis yere France, anyhow?"

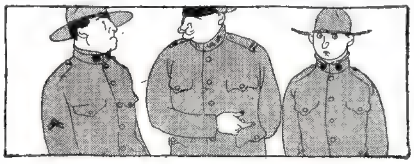
CHIEF YEOMAN HARDING'S baby girl was playing on the porch with a bunch of kittens. "I know you," she said "and I know all your sisters and brothers and your mother, but I ain't never seen your papa. I guess he must be a sailor."

Lucienne—"Did you go to the show?"

Yvonne—"Sure, I did."

Lucienne—"My, but you're back early!"

Yvonne—"Well, I looked at the program and it said 'Fourth Act same as Act One,' and I beat it out after the third act. Didn't want to see the same one twice."



THE "rookie" was reporting to the company commander bad treatment from one of the corporals. "He hit me, sir," he said.

The captain turned to the corporal. "What about this, Corporal Burke?" he asked.

"Do you think, sir," was the defense, "he'd be here to tell it if I'd hit him?"

A TRAVELING man went into a Southern restaurant for his dinner, and after looking in disgust over the meagre menu, he inquired of the gnarled and ancient darky who shuffled forward to take his order: "Well, Sam, have you got frogs' legs to-day?"

"No, sah, no sah," protested the darky; "it am jes' de rheumatiz dat makes me walk dis way."

---

*Mr. W. G. Shepherd received two dollars for this Chestnut. We are violating no professional secrets in saying that this is much lower than the famous war correspondent's usual rate.

The American "Khaki College"

By Robert Van Buren

"IF YOU go down the road and turn by the statue of Jenny Dark, you'll find the way."

The American soldier has become very familiar with Jeanne d'Arc, for in nearly every French town and village there is sure to be a chapel dedicated to the Maid of Domremy, a piece of sculpture, or a place named in her honor.

But the Maid is in a way something more than a physical landmark for the wayfarer. She is a mental landmark as well. Through her the American khaki-clad farmer boy, mountaineer or city dweller "over there" has come to feel a strange or renewed interest in French history. And through French history he has become interested in other history as well.

For, be it known, the "Yank" in France is of an inquiring turn of mind. True, there is serious business to attend to, and every man knows it. But that is not going to prevent one making the most of the opportunities afforded by a trip to Europe. Much can be picked up that will be of benefit after the war. The fact is that the flower of our American youth as represented in the American Expeditionary Forces as a whole is just as mentally alert and awake as it was before the war.

Some months ago—while the A. E. F. was really still in the embryonic stage—the enterprising Paris *Matin* published an edition in English. One hundred thousand copies of the edition were distributed through the American forces by the American Y. M. C. A. Among other things on the front page was a varied assortment of nineteen leading questions propounded to the American soldier readers concerning their desire for information. The men were invited to check the questions to which they desired replies.

Hundreds of answers were received. Many checked all the questions. Some sought entertainment only, others were keen for instruction, while still others were especially specific in their request for information. Of the books asked for, about sixty per cent. were for fiction, forty per cent. for non-fiction, which included history, geography, text-books, biography and the like. Many letters asked for information not covered in the questionnaire.

Among the requests were ones for a book on company administration, for a Spanish text-book, for all available information regarding platinum, for Cæsar in the original, and a great number of demands for French grammars and text-books.

Since *Le Matin* issued its special edition, that overseas army has doubled and quadrupled and then multiplied some more. The demand for things cultural and educational has increased proportionately.

The result is the founding of the greatest university in the world. It is unofficially known as the "Khaki College." It has the whole-hearted support of General Pershing, is being organized by the American Y. M. C. A. and will soon be as extensive as the American Expeditionary Forces themselves.

"What! Can war and education mix?" you ask.

They can if learning is made the servant of Mars. That is the aim in the establishment of the "Khaki College."

"The primary and immediate purpose of the educational work undertaken by the Y. M. C. A. for the American Expeditionary Forces is to help the Army win the war," says Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale and the modern educational Caleb who was sent to France to spy out the land, in his report made to the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. This report is the basis of the projected "Khaki College." "The secondary object is to help the Army 'over there' fit men better to discharge their duties as citizens on their return to America." The acid test, according to Dr. Stokes, of the value of any military educational program is whether it will improve the military efficiency and the fighting edge of the individual soldier. In a word, education in the Army must during the war be coordinated with the training of soldiers as soldiers, and must be subordinated to military necessity.

The question naturally arises as to just how Readin', Writin' and 'Rithmetic, together with certain more advanced branches, can put a keener fighting edge on the man in the ranks.

Dr. Stokes conclusively answers this question: "The American citizen, accustomed to the right of suffrage, is given to independent thinking. This national trait should be encouraged rather than discouraged in the Army. Moreover, our cause in this war is so just that it should be possible to drive it home to every member of the Army with convincing force. Nothing will do so much to give the soldier a keen edge for battle as the strengthening of his moral convictions as to the vital importance of defeating, at all cost, the armies now controlled by the military autocracy of Prussia. In fact, it is part of our thesis that education regarding the tremendous moral issues actually at stake in this war is a necessity if our soldiers are to meet triumphantly the severe test of trench warfare."

BUT there is a great morale-building advantage in mental pursuits of matters more ordinary than the economic and social and philanthropic background of the war. If they do nothing else, things of an educational nature strengthen morale by helping the soldier to pass away profitably the leisure time which he often has.

"I was present," says Dr. Carl Holliday, former dean of the University of Toledo, and now a member of the headquarters "faculty" of the "Khaki College" in Paris, "when a university president gave a talk to a group of American soldiers within a mile and a quarter of the Germans, with the pounding of guns in front of us, the constant buzz of air-planes above us, and the incessant coming and going of men to and from the trenches, and yet I noted there such attention as is seldom found in a college classroom.

"In another place a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a former college professor, gave lectures on psychology for twenty successive nights, and not one soldier deserted the class. Dr. R. O. Daly, professor of geology at Harvard, has given in the huts talks on astronomy and physical geography, and these subjects—which at home might have attracted only a highly intellectual group—held these boys spellbound. The Y. M. C. A. experiment of a few months' duration has absolutely proved that the American soldier is willing, indeed anxious, to receive not only practical instruction, but that which goes under the vague name of 'culture.' "

The subjects included in the "Khaki College" curriculum run the whole gamut of modern learning. Particular branches are being stressed to meet the immediate needs.

Heading the list is French instruction. In the hundreds of French classes maintained in the cantonments here in America by the Y. M. C. A. a foresighted and ambitious few of the American Expeditionary Forces

Harvey Stofflet of Michigan

I've Earned $2500.00

in the past six months by magazine-subscription work. It hasn't interfered with my regular business. In fact, my regular business improves because of it.

***Signed* HARVEY STOFFLET**

What does your spare time pay you?

It can be worth as much to you as Stofflet's is to him. If you have a few hours a day, or an hour a week—time that is ordinarily wasted—convert it into ready money. How much time have you?

We want more men in Stofflet's class—men with spare time to look after the subscriptions for *Everybody's Magazine*, *Delineator* and *Adventure*.

No matter what the size of your town, one hundred or one thousand people, if you have a spare hour—we need you.

Hundreds of *Everybody's Magazine* representatives began work in their spare time. Without previous experience and without cost to them, they built up a profitable business. Why not you?

You do not invest a cent. We furnish everything and tell you how.

MAIL THIS-TO-DAY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY,
Box 120, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York, N. Y.
GENTLEMEN: You need me. I need the money. Please tell me how we can get together.
Name.........................
Street.........................
City.........................
State.........................

applied themselves to mastering the rudiments of French during the leisure hours of their training period, but when they reached the other side the vast majority of the troops had a French vocabulary limited chiefly to "*oui*" and "*vive la France!*"

Set down in French cities or remote farming villages, the Americans have had brought home to them the usefulness of at least a conversational knowledge of French. Hence, perhaps, the most insistent demand from the Army now is for instruction in the language.

Next in importance of the aims of the "Khaki College" is that to acquaint the rank and file of the American Army "over there" with the character and history of the French and English people. This has a more immediate usefulness than giving the individual soldier a background of the war. The average soldier first lands at a French or British port. He stays there for a few hours, or a few days at the most, and then in a troop-train of freight-cars, or, at best, of third-class carriages, he is whisked across to the "Somewhere in France—or England," where his training will proceed. Thus the Americans have little opportunity to get acquainted with the country in which they land. Their first impression is almost sure to be an unfavorable one, and they are more apt than not to see and hear about the worst, rather than the better, side of our allies.

The third great type of education in which the "Khaki College" is now engaged in wide-spread instruction in the causes of the war and the reason for America's participation.

In addition to this fundamental educational activity, additional instruction of a varied nature is already in operation under "Khaki College." This covers practically the entire field of common-school, high-school and college curricula, from the most elementary "learnin'" to the providing, in certain areas where the demand has been voiced, for advanced training in engineering, law, medicine, literature, history, agriculture and so on. Fortunately, there is no lack of educational leaders in the ranks of Y. M. C. A. overseas secretaries. Men already at work on other tasks were available for this work. Among the overseas forces the Y. M. C. A. some weeks ago had ten university presidents, more than one hundred and twenty college professors, and innumerable school superintendents and principals serving in its huts in one capacity or another. This force has since been considerably augmented.

There is time, demand and practically unlimited possibilities for the "Khaki College." It is already propitiously launched and bids fair to justify its reputation as the greatest university in the world.

The DUCHESS *of* SIONA

(*Continued from page 58*)

When Bartoldi learned that Shimei—Hush! Whisper!—was in this up to the neck, the very lips of him—that his fortune, which was colossal, was to be freely ventured, was in fact to be drawn on by certain privileged persons at need—here Pedro nudged Bartoldi's bulging pouch with the ghost of a sly smile—why, he would readily gather that the future, already limned as heavy with strange and moving events, was no mere unsubstantial dream. The money was down; the money of a man known for solid, cautious, responsible; not to be drawn into your harebrained adventure. Shimei dealt in certainties.

Agreed. With a deep-drawn breath Bartoldi agreed.

Did he know Messer Shimei by sight? He fancied so.

Good, but now, did Messer Shimei know him, Bartoldi?

He would imagine not—in fact, pressed, was positive that the Jew had never seen him.

Good again, for now, on one condition that Bartoldi from that moment forget the Jew's name, wipe him out of all memory, he should meet him in person. "You start at that, you never guessed him here? Well, well, you've got your stick into affairs now, and find no bottom, I take it?"

Bartoldi admitted he felt no bottom. He felt, as a matter of fact, rather giddy, but he also felt his pouch, and dismissed hesitation. Up-stairs then.

Pedro clapped him affectionately on the haunch as he topped the stairs. "We go deep, Bartoldi, my blade, but, by God! We're men for deep waters."

BOTH gentlemen bore themselves admirably throughout the brief interview Pedro had so kindly engineered for them. Bartoldi was bluff, stalwart; coolness, discretion and intrepidity embodied. Shimei was wary, mum, watchful, respectful, polite and most discreet. Pedro was—Pedro. Serious, yet smiling, as of a man bearing the burden of great secrets easily; expansive yet strictly within the limits; eager, so eager to let both know more, determined, in fact, that they should know more, and that shortly, yet, in his turn, all discretion. Bartoldi and Shimei shook hands. "No names, gentlemen, but make acquaintance and be friends."

Then Pedro shook their hands in turn, warmly. Each envied the other his fuller knowledge of what was afoot. Each looked forward to their next meeting which each understood was to bring them fuller revelation. Each blessed his stars that had led Pedro across his path. Each promised to attend a meeting at the same place next week.

Bartoldi, riding home to Missona, slightly intoxicated, saw a golden if hazy future opening before him. It might have been the drink, it might have been Pedro's loquacity. But one thing was clear: Something very extraordinary was going to happen, which would involve all Italy, and Malatesta's ruin was part of it, but a great many other things would follow, and in the group of great minds that were to engineer this brilliant coup, he, Bartoldi, would figure. There would be a great deal of money in it. And this Pedro was a remarkable man, one of the most engaging fellows he had ever met, pleasantly simple and straightforward when you got to know him.

Shimei, Fat Jack having departed, sat up very late. Things were—moving. They were vague, but most undoubtedly in motion. They would be a great deal clearer next week. They were going to be very tremendous, and a lot of money might be profitably employed. He must make a deliberate effort to engage this man Pedro in the friendliest intimacy.

He wrote to his brother Menal at Venice, inquiring what moneys, in actual hard cash, could be made available promptly and recommended its transportation to his safekeeping at Tortolo at the earliest moment.

Pedro, obtaining passage to the castle, made no attempt to go to his room. He went to the stables, found a loosebox and lay in the dark on a pile of straw. He rolled, tossed, turned, sat up. He could not sleep. His brain was afire. He shrank his head into his shoulders, dropped his chin on his knees, stretched his finger-locked hands in front of him in an ecstasy.

"There's a kingdom—there's a kingdom waiting here, waiting for a man that dares make a stroke for it! Dare I? I dare—I dare! Who else would dare? None but I!" He saw clearly that none but him would venture. He flung himself on his back on the straw, gnawing at clenched fists. Then she should see! Proud—yes, damn her, but oh, she should see! A boaster, eh? A braggart boaster. Well, she should see! Malatesta, the Jew, Bartoldi, the Duchess herself—pshaw—a lot of puppets. He had all their strings in his fingers, and would make them dance any jig he liked to any tune he liked to whistle. He could do what he liked with them, snap their strings, fling them down, break them—break Malatesta, break Shimei, break Bartoldi, break—All at once he saw her again. There she lay in his arms, white, still, the loose hair or two of deep red curling about her ears—she'd lain there so lightly, while, his lame leg resting on the steps of her state chair, he had held her on his breast, quiet and still, for over a minute, looking down at her. He could break her—

"She's broken already, Pedro." He groaned it to himself, turned over on his face, clutched his fingers together behind his head, kicked savagely at the straw.

He was sullen and wordless next day. Amati, his master, saw it, and knew better by now than to try to get a word out of him.

CHAPTER TEN

Of Love and Friendship

IT BEING a very fine evening, the garden at its best, so prodigal of its beauty of flower and scent that merely to sit still in it under the great cedar by the terrace was like a foretaste of heaven—and with the beauty of the Duchess there was a very present heaven—the Duchess and her ladies and some of her gentlemen, and the young Count also, came out to sit a while there till it was time for supper. They had little diversion at the castle after supper, and since no one cared for early bedtime on these hot nights, supper they took at about ten o'clock. In the evening then, after the sun had gone down, and the stars were showing faintly, these ladies and gentlemen sat together and after the chattering had tired itself out, the Count must needs call on Pedro to talk to them.

I wish you to know that about this boy, spite of all his little affectations, there was a frank eagerness that was very lovable. He was a generous young man, giving praise freely and without stint, easily moved to admiration when he forgot to pose, and if Pedro had been the suitor of the Duchess he could have had no better advocate with her than his master was. So, Pedro, being sent for and led on by his master, began to discourse of strange things he had seen, happenings, adventures, some humorous, some wonderful, some tragic. When it grew dark, the Duchess seated on the seat that ran round the huge trunk of the cedar, with the Count on a cushion at her feet and all her ladies and gentlemen seated round her, some on cushions and some, heedless, on the dewy grass, torches were brought, and Pedro stood before them entertaining them very pleasantly. And though it was the custom of the Duchess to keep strict guard over her tongue whenever she might have occasion to address him, preferring to ignore him for the most part, yet spite of herself she grew interested. I think by this time she had begun to accept without question part at least of his famous boast. Long of head, ready of wit, clever of tongue he was, and it became easy also to believe him quick of blade. After a time you came to accept without question all he told of his own deeds. What in other men, in him also at first, would have seemed, and did seem, boasting, became at last convincing. He made no bones of speaking of his own valor. He mentioned it as casually as he might his boots, and expected you to believe the one as undoubtedly as the other. So he stood and talked to them, first by the faint twilight, then by the torchlight.

His tale to-night was of a most disastrous march from Stamboul to Cathay, which a company of sixty of them had undertaken, it having been represented to them that such stout men, all good soldiers and well armed, could not fail in that land and in the countries adjacent thereto to make handsome fortunes, every man of them. Whereas, in the end all perished, some by thirst, some by famine, some by the swords or arrows of savage peoples, one, the captain, in a love adventure with a king's daughter, and some being detained by the various monarchs.

Now this last tale moved the ladies very much, for as Pedro related it, the king's daughter had fled by night with the band of adventurers of whom her lover was leader, and in the morning when crossing a river they were all attacked by some horsemen and archers who had been sent after them by her father. By evil chance the lady was struck down in the boat by an arrow, which seeing, her lover abandoned to despair, refused to land, remained in the boat with the dying girl, and drifted down-stream and was never seen again. But from some word let slip it appeared that the captain was already married, having a wife in Venice. Thereupon the Duchess declared it a just vindication of God upon a lawless liver.

"Oh, but, Madam," declared the Count, "they loved each other."

"Then, if this is love," said she, "let us have done with it. I thank God I'll none of it. It seems to me to be a sinful passion, swaying men and women like grass in the wind. They sin without measure, and think themselves amply excused if they say: ''Twas because I loved.' "

At this there began among them all a dispute as to how far sin was sin if love could justly be pleaded in excuse, till at length the Count interposed by proposing that Pedro's opinion should be sought. "For, Madam," says he, "you must know that this man of mine is by way of being a philosopher. On my word, though I believe him to be a very great wanderer and adventurer, yet at times I do think that he makes also voyages in the minds of men, and has made astonishing discoveries there, so that whatsoever I propound to him that may be taken to have exercised men's thoughts, he is never at a loss for an answer or advice. And wonderfully good advice, too," he added generously.

Now, without saying so in so many words, the Duchess let it be understood that she was not willing to hear Pedro's pronouncement, but all the ladies and gentlemen, most of whom by this time had begun to know Pedro as a bright and lively fellow, with a habit of saying disconcerting things, pressed him for a judgment. Thereupon he asked what exactly the point was that was to be settled. "Oh," answered the Count, "whether or no sin is pardonable if it be brought about through love. By love," said he, "I mean the true, undoubted passion."

THEN Pedro, who knew very well what was passing in the mind of the Duchess and that nothing could be more distasteful to her than that he should venture to pass an opinion on such a subject in her presence, got out of it very cleverly, I think. "This is a very fruitless matter," he said. "We speak of love and sin. Now these two things are matters not of hearsay but of experience, and love and sin can mean nothing save to those who are both lovers and sinners, and since it is notorious that her Grace is neither, she is neither to be convinced nor confirmed."

All laughed, even the Duchess, to her own surprise, and the ladies asked Pedro to tell them of this same adventure.

He spoke quite modestly, and in such a manner that all there felt no doubt of the truth of his story, and I dare say the ladies were thinking in their minds of the strength and endurance of this man who came safely through the adventures and temptations that had overwhelmed his companions.

"You say you got no gain for all your journeyings?" asked the Duchess.

"Ah, no, Excellency," replied Pedro, "I said not that. I gained much, not in gold nor gear, but in that knowledge of men that goes far beyond riches. I learned what friendship, what fidelity, can flower among men who risk their lives together in a common enterprise. And another thing—how much a single brave heart can dare and do. Take here and there a man, here high, there low, and you shall find in the breast of each by chance a spirit so indomitable that only the might of God can withstand it. That was the jewel I brought back with me from Cathay, though I walked in rags through the streets of Corinth—that if a man will be stubborn, if he will endure, if he will walk among fears with heart and hand sure of each other, he shall cheat defeat and despair, and so claim equality with the gods."

He said this in a voice so ringing, his dark face so set and hard, glowering in the torchlight, that all sat silent and much moved. Then the Duchess spoke, smiling, and I think, almost for the first time pleased with Pedro, and also it seemed finding a pleasure in seeing from all their faces that they, too, had fallen under the spell of his strong spirit.

"Spite of your hardships, you like adventure?"

"Trust me, Madam," said the Count. "Why, after that he served with Genghis Khan."

"Is that true?" asked she.

"True, Excellency," answered Pedro, and stepped up to her where she sat; "here's a bracelet he gave me." And with that he stripped up his sleeve on his left arm, and there on his wrist was an armlet close-clasped. The Duchess looked at it with interest.

"Gold," says she, "and these stones—this has a value——"

Pedro slipped the sleeve down again. "True, Madam," he answered, "but not for the metal or the stones, but for the sake of the great man who gave it to me." And, bowing, he stepped modestly aside, out of the circle of lords and ladies.

Now at these words, spoken very simply and evidently sincerely, the Duchess was startled. "That was no servant soul that spoke," she said to herself, and sat a moment silent, thinking, looking at Pedro in the darkness. The torches were going out, but the moon was up. "Count," said the Duchess suddenly, "I take a fancy to your man's bracelet."

Up jumped Amati. "Then, 'tis yours," he said, and coming over to Pedro, "Pedro," he said, "I would buy your bracelet."

Said Pedro, "It is not for sale, my lord."

Said the Count, "Yet, I would buy it. What's its price?"

Answered Pedro, very coldly, "No price, my lord. I will not part with it."

The young Count laughed. "Tradesman," said he, "you'll make me bid up for it. Well, no matter for that, I'll be liberal, put your own price on it and give me the bracelet."

Said Pedro, turning away, "My lord, I can not part with it."

At this young Amati was in a fine huff. After all, he was a great gentleman, and saw no reason for allowing his lackey whims. "What's here?" says he. "Am I master? Her Grace has a fancy for it, and you must therefore sell it to me. I intend it for a gift to her." He held out his hand, expecting to receive the bracelet. The Duchess all this time had stood, not close up, but within easy ear-shot, listening to every word. The ladies and gentlemen were engaged on other talk. Now the Duchess came close up, and stood beside the Count. Pedro, very stiff, and a stark look on his face, never budged.

Then the Duchess, smiling—a rare thing for her—looked at him with great friendliness, and, "Will you not sell the bracelet?" asked she.

At that Pedro, rough and uncouth, in fact as hostile in his manner as he was usually diplomatic, said very bluntly, "No, your Grace."

Still sweetly, half holding out her hand for the bracelet, "Not if I ask to buy it?" A little emphasis on that "I."

He flushed. "Your Grace," said he almost rudely, "what's this poor bracelet to you? The gold's worn thin; the stones are none too rare."

"Well then," returned she, "all the more lightly might you part with it." Still he made no answer, or offer to give her the bracelet, but remained looking down, sullenly. "Then," she went on, smiling, as if enjoying his evident anger, "if you will not sell it, will you exchange? See here, on my arm, are bracelets."

With that she stripped up her sleeve and—oh, my God, her arm—such skin, such texture, such a color, such a shape, with half a dozen baubles of gold and stones drooping on it, suddenly shone like that, flashed in front of his face as it were, it took Pedro's breath away. And mark you this, for all she was truly a virgin duchess, and a pillar of good conduct, I say by that wonderful instinct that sooner or later takes charge of every woman, she knew, for all her innocent words, what she was doing to that man. "Choose one of these," she said, "and do you give me yours."

He tightened himself up. "Madam," he said to her very coldly, "in my wanderings I have found one thing whose price is far above gold or stones."

"And that——?"

"Is—friendship. This armlet was the last gift to me of a great man, who counted me his friend, as I believe I was his. Here and there the barren years have brought me something beyond any man's purchasing—or any woman's. This bracelet is one. I will not part with it."

She knew, I think, that she was beaten, but she pushed it home to the pointblank refusal again.

"If your master commands it?"

He gave a little smile. "Not even for that."

"But if I ask it—as a woman. Think," and she lifted that arm of hers before his eyes again. "Come, if I let you have your choice of one of these—and you do me a favor?"

He looked at her, he looked at her arm, he stripped up his sleeve, he fumbled for a second at the fastening, the bracelet was in his hand, then she saw his face flush dark red in the darkness, his nostrils swelled, he looked at her as dour as his hard face could manage. "I will not," said he. "Still, I will not."

She gave a little laugh of such pleasure that it rippled over him with the tingling pleasure of a cool stream on a hot man's tired body on a blazing day, and in her eyes was a moisture. "Then, stanch friend," she said, "keep your bracelet, and wear this with it, from me." She stripped from her arm one of her bracelets, and gave it to him.

"See," she said, "'tis fashioned much as yours, stones set in a thin band, but I know you now to be a man looking further than money's worth."

He stared at her, and then at the bracelet, and turning away, confused, began to slip it and his own on his arm. Looking away from him to the Count, who had stood by all this time without speaking, "Count," she said, "in my life I have had many gifts, but never a gift that pleased me as much as this denial." She put her hand out impulsively to Amati. He offered to kiss it, and, wonder of wonders, she let him.

For the rest of that evening she conducted herself like a new woman. She appeared happy, she smiled, conversed with animation, was gracious, laughed frequently, flushed at times at nothing in particular. What was it? I make no explanation. Who shall explain what is going on in a woman's heart? She was kind to Amati. He ventured on a few love-rimes, for which she chid him gently. He kissed her hand again when they said good night. It was but the second time. She had indeed been coy of favors. It sent him to his room, raving, swearing by all his gods he would not, could not, lose her. He kept Pedro with him till two of the morning, talking, talking, talking. Pedro scarcely answered, but there was no need.

Next day she was her old reserved self again, cold, aloof. As it happened, Amati kept Pedro much about him, so that he was in continual traffic with the Duchess. She ignored him. Whatever she had felt on the previous evening, she had taken alarm at herself. Once or twice she let her glance fall on Pedro, when he was looking another way. In some way he was aware of her scrutiny. His behavior was uneasy. He lost all animation, all vivacity. He seemed to be keeping himself in hand, afraid lest he should make a false step. He was invited again before supper to regale the ladies with tales, but proved most damnably dull.

Now the following evening all were again in the garden, and you must know that according to the arrangement made on his first challenge, the next day was to be Amati's last day at the castle. To-morrow he was to put the Duchess to the question, lay his fate on her knees, venturing, he told himself, and doubtless believed it, his whole future happiness on her nod. Naturally this was in the minds of the whole party, and explains why every one was heartily bored, crotchety, absorbed and nervous. Night drew on, conversation prosy, formal, drooping or spasmodically revived with an effort till you might plot its curve as that of a caterpillar crawling in loops, was flickering out, smothered under a dead

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weight of boredom, when just as torches were being set the Duchess caught sight of a woman's figure dressed in black, which, emerging from under the tower, passed up the steps on to the terrace, and went along there.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Giolina, Madam," answered her ladies, and Francesca added, "She shuns us still."

"Poor girl," said the Duchess; "bid her come to me." Two of the ladies ran up on to the terrace, calling, "Giolina." The Duchess turned to the Count. "Do you know her?" she asked.

"I have seen her on occasion, I think," he replied, "but I have not spoken to her, nor she to me."

"This is one of my ladies. She fell in love with one of my gentlemen, a mere youth, and he with her. She was jealous—that's the first passion this precious love you speak of brings in the way of gift—and they had a quarrel. He flung off in anger, vowing to see her no more. Either he would die in fight, or seek some other love. How much of that is true, who can say? But the poor girl droops. Think of that, Amati, a girl of scarce eighteen. Dressing in black, never a smile on her face, avoiding us all. That's what love brings to a woman."

"That's unfair. Was she happy? Ask her that. And what's her heart's desire? To forget? No, I'll swear not. To love and love him still."

"Aye," said the Duchess with a sigh. "Love, it seems, is thirst that's not quenched by drinking. Giolina," she said, as the mournful figure, slowly descending the terrace steps, approached her and stood waiting, "is there to be no end to this mourning?"

The girl lifted a pair of black, burning eyes, set in a face of deathly paleness, to her questioner. "What else shall I do but mourn?" she answered bitterly. "I have lost my lover; I drove him away."

"Come to me," said the Duchess. Giolina moved slowly, unwillingly, toward her, threw herself at the feet of the Duchess and buried her face in her lap.

The Duchess laid her hands on the girl's shoulders. "Come, come, you blame yourself too much. Maybe he lives safe, happy——"

"Happy!"

"Would you not have him happy?"

"Away from me? And I——"

The Duchess looked despairingly at Amati. "Oh, this love. Still your grief, my child. How many lovers go to the wars and return safely? And why not yours?"

No answer, save sob and sob.

"Where is he? Have you not heard?"

"No, he sent no word; he is still with Malatesta."

"Could he find no better master than that?" She curled her nostril. "Where is he fighting? Against Foresi?"

The girl nodded.

"Believe him true, and that he'll return."

"He'll not return. Ah, God, how I am punished. He vowed that—never to see me more."

"Come, Giolina," said the Duchess, "this will be madness soon. Dry your tears. Put off that dress of despair—yes, I insist, you harbor your grief and urge it to grow. Have courage, girl. Go change your dress. Put on something that pretends gaiety, at least."

GIOLINA rose unwillingly enough. "If you would let me be by myself, with some corner to hide myself in——"

"You must do what I tell you. I shall be wise for you. Go now, change, and come to me. Giolina, my dear, I love you and I'll be kind to you."

Rising, the black-draped figure went slowly away, a very image of grief cherishing its bitterness. "I praise God daily," said the Duchess, "that I am a sane woman, and spared these agonies."

"You may know them yet," answered the Count.

"Would you wish them me?"

"No, never fear that your lover should leave you as hers did. But you speak of sanity, and I say make no boast of immunity from that madness."

"I'll offer prayers for safety. Count, you and she are a pair. If my lady's lover come not back, I'll make a match of it between you two."

At this moment Guidomari entered. "Excellency!"

"What is it, Signor Guidomari?"

"Excellency, there is here a gipsy, a bold fellow asking a turn for his trade. He is a singer, a tale-teller, a jester."

Said the Count, "Let's have him in, Duchess. Confess, we are all dull to-day."

"But the time!" she replied. "See how late it is; supper comes and then to bed."

"Oh," he answered, "let us have at least one song. Ask your ladies."

They were all crowding near, and a glance at their faces settled the matter.

"Bid him in," the Duchess commanded, and Guidomari, hastening away, returned directly with a short, stocky, dark-faced lad, black-ringleted, black-eyed, dressed in colors wild and bizarre, now stained and faded into an outlandish vagabond costume, guitar under armpit. He made a profound bow to the Duchess, another to the Count, a third, sweeping and comprehensive, to the ladies and gentlemen. His face was almost negro dark, and his white teeth grinned as if his whole presence there were a joke of the finest.

"Fellow," said the Count, "you can make us laugh?"

"Excellency, I have tales, of a sort, and songs."

"Your tales I fancy would go better in the guardroom. Sing a song fit for ladies' ears."

"I will sing of love," answered the gipsy. "Listen, ladies, to this song of lovers, who parted, and met again. God send it so to us all." He languished at them. They giggled. The Duchess looked properly unmoved.

Tinkle, tum, on the guitar. A chord, a fumble, and then, pleasantly enough, in a tenor voice, clear if not sweet, this song:

"Parted lovers, newly met,
  Have such joy in their first meeting,
  Longing lips together set,
  Hearts that feel each other's beating.
  Deeper than deep seas, the bliss
  When lovers, parted, meet and kiss."

All the ladies praised the song. They clapped their hands, fee'd the singer—the Duchess sat looking at them in wonder and amusement. Amati was sad. All day a gloom had possessed him which he had striven in vain to throw off. He gave the gipsy a coin.

"You should have come earlier and given us a dance."

At this the ladies swarmed round the Duchess, entreating leave for one dance, but she refused. It was late. The dew was falling. No.

"Well, then," said the Count, "let's to supper. Duchess, shall we give the gipsy supper? He sang well."

She assented, and all began to move away, save Pedro, who remained quietly and unobtrusively there by the tree.

"Come, Pedro," said Amati. "Ah, I forgot. You still fast?"

Pedro bowed.

The Duchess, the Count, the ladies and gentlemen having disappeared, Pedro took three steps across to the gipsy and seized him by the neck. "Francis—mountebank—what's this?"

"You know me then, Pedro?" grinned the gipsy, wriggling free.

"Know you—aye. But why this masquerade, manikin?"

The gipsy struck a chord with a swagger. "My new trade, Pedro," he said; "I turn wanderer like you."

"Come, come," said Pedro.

"Pedro," said the gipsy, "I am sent from Missona, by—you know whom?"

"A message."

"Aye, a message. Bartoldi bids me tell you not to look for him this evening. Something's in the wind at Missona."

"What?"

"Oh, what! He can not say yet. Something's hatching between Malatesta and Guilielmo. Elizabetta, Guilielmo's woman, is packed off, and Guilielmo goes about smiling."

"But what else? Come, surely Bartoldi has more to say."

"All ranks are warned for service

early to-morrow morning." Pedro stared blankly.

"What's forward?"

"Not a word's given out. Inspection of all arms to-day, horse and foot. Malatesta came himself."

Here was news. Pedro grew more and more thoughtful. "Tell Bartoldi to be all ears till he gets me news. See him to-night—you are returning?"

"Yes."

"Then bid him send me to-night any scrap of news. Tell him I'll pass the night with the guard at the river gate. Any messenger he sends shall get at me there."

He pondered this news of Francis's; his face grew more and more thoughtful each second. The gipsy took him by the arm.

"Pedro——"

Pedro came out of his thoughts. They had brought him nothing but puzzlement.

"When we lay wounded side by side after Guerrada I told you of my lady love?"

"I recall," said Pedro gravely, "some occasional mention of that subject."

"You've seen her?"

"Not so long ago."

"Pedro—I must see her. I vowed never to look on her face again, and now I'm sick with longing. Tell me, you know her, does she wear about her neck a fine gold chain?"

"Oh, the ring," Pedro interrupted him, smiling, "you young sentimentalist! That's gone, long ago!"

The boy stared with a face of stone. "Gone."

"A friend of yours has it—she gave it to him."

"Are you sure?"

"I saw her give it."

"She gave it—my ring—to whom? No—no matter. Gave it, gave my ring."

"You left her."

"Oh, but in my heart of hearts I told myself she would not part with that." His lip quivered. He drew a ring from his hand. "Here's the one she gave me. Every night I kissed it——"

Pedro took the boy's hand in his and examined it. On his own hand a ring glimmered. Suddenly Francis gripped Pedro's hand, stared at the ring on the little finger, flung the hand away. "You!" he cried, "You, then——"

Smiling, Pedro slid the ring off, and held it out.

"For you—for you. Never quarrel with me, dear lad. Your lady gave me this ring because I brought news of you, and every night I swear she prayed that the ring might somehow catch your eye and lead you to question. Take it, take it—and put it on her hand again."

Francis took the ring, kissed it, caught Pedro's arm eagerly in both hands. "Pedro, get me a sight of her again——"

Pedro mused, conning the boyish face lifted to his, recalling the tragic little figure in black, now reluctantly changing her dress.

"Francis, get to hiding a while. Come here, into the garden, when the castle's asleep, and either she shall be here, or I to give you news of her." The boy panted. "And lend me the ring she gave you——"

"There's a charm in it."

"There shall be worked a charm for you."

Francis gave him the ring. "Let the charm work happiness for me, and for her."

"As to that," said Pedro dryly, "we may know more in ten years' time. Now, away." Francis went off. Pedro sat on under the cedar in silence, feeling faintly the beauty of the night in this lovely garden. The torches flared boldly out, but now the moon was up, superbly riding above the thin veil of mist that had dimmed her light so far, and pouring an ocean of brilliancy over lawn and shrub, towering trees and towering castle. Enchantment seemed to inform the whole scene, and something of its power touched the soul of the solitary man, seated in the dense shadow of the cedar, where the moon did not intrude.

He lifted his head. A footstep came slowly along the path—Giolina was passing, head bowed, still mournful, but by the moon's light her dress showed, no longer black, but changed to something more in keeping with the gaiety she had lost—lost—she felt, forever. Pedro moved near her. She stopped, startled. "Lady," he said, "that's a more courageous color. Let your mood match it."

She shook her head sadly. "I have no courage left." A deep sigh broke from her. "He never comes."

Pedro spoke encouragingly. "Come, I've a message for you, and if you have a woman's proper pride it should nerve you to fresh courage."

She leaned to him. "A message—from him?"

He held up the ring Francis had given him. She put her hand out to take it, then, as if turned to stone, stood still. "Oh," he heard her say faintly, "my ring——"

"He sends it to you again." He watched her closely. "By a messenger he sends it, through me, and he has taken his own again."

She was speechless, her face working. Pedro went on. "Maybe if you had sent him word——"

"Oh, God!" It was pitiful. "Why did I not—Francis—Francis——"

"Is it hard?"

"God knows it is hard. Oh, why did I not send—Francis—oh, how cruel."

Pedro stayed her. "Listen to me—if it were not too late——"

"Not too late—Pedro—help me. Send

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word to him. Tell him to come back."

"You want him back?"

"Yes, yes."

"When—to-night?"

"Oh, God! Are you mocking me?" She had his hands, her eyes staring wildly into his. She was so fragile, and so helpless in the grip of her emotions, that he felt a great wave of pity sweep through him. "Listen," he said almost tenderly, "steal out into the garden when all's quiet——"

"To-night—to-night? You mean it? You are not mocking?"

"Come into the garden, I say, and see who waits for you. Little lady, you and your Francis shall change rings again."

She was crying, great tears welling from her eyes unheeded as she stared at him, but now with a little choking laugh she caught his hands in hers and held them to her bosom.

"Pedro—Pedro—Pedro—my heart will burst—" She was weeping, yet laughing; she kissed, kissed, kissed his hands in a passion of happiness and gratitude.

He would have avoided her, would have kept his hands from her, but she thought of nothing but the message of new joy, and her gratefulness to the messenger. She took no heed of what his quick ears had caught—the footsteps drawing near. The Duchess, the Count, a dozen ladies with them, came along the path, into the shadow of the cedar in which the two stood, and halted to survey them.

Giolina turned to the Duchess, ran and caught her hands and kissed them.

"What is it—Giolina?" asked the Duchess. "Tell me, child."

"Oh, Madam, Madam, I am so happy."

"At what—why, tell me—let me be glad, too."

"At what I have heard."

"What is that?"

Giolina made an effort to compose herself and failed. She threw out her arms and cried, "No, no—my secret!" and laughing, let the tears again pour down her face.

"Why do you cry, child—is that happiness?"

"Oh, your Grace, such happiness." The girl covered her face with her hands. She could not bear that any one should see the happiness in her face. There were tears, too, to hide.

Beatrice turned to the Count. "Amati, explain. She wept, because her love had left her and she grieved. Now she is happy, for some news of him, I may guess, and again she cries. Tell me, does love to a woman mean only tears?"

Amati answered her gravely. "Madam, something there is in love that shows itself in tears, but it is happiness, for all that."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, this love! How glibly the word slips from the lips of men!"

"It shall be heard on your lips. Yes," as she moved away, "I have faith that you, too, shall love."

She held her head high, making an effort to be scornful. "When miracles come again."

He followed close behind her as she moved across the grass, her face set and serious. He was full of his longing for her, full of doubts, and this night was the last he might see her. To-morrow he was to demand her answer.

She was of an unearthly beauty in the moonlight as she turned to speak to him. That magic brilliance subdued to its own range the color of her cheek, her lips, eyes, hair, dress, and, challenging with its hard, unsparing blaze the lines of her beauty, revealed them perfect. Amati's heart was wrung with the sense of her loveliness, and in his voice the lover's adoration touched his speech with a passionate appeal that could not but move her.

"You shall see the miracle. I tell you your heart is like a garden waiting in the dark for the coming of the dawn, and when the sun shines all your life shall bud and blossom, and bloom in loveliness as will this garden to-morrow."

He had her hand. Almost timidly she withdrew it. He took it again with sudden desperation. "Beatrice—oh, Beatrice——"

"Press me no more," she said, breathing fast. She was pleading.

He held her hand fast. "Let me speak, Beatrice, you must yield. You can not, you must not, stand hostile to the one thing of all others divine—love, the wonder and the crown of life. To-morrow before all your ladies and gentlemen I shall tell you what you know well—that I love you. And now I feel that I scarcely care what your answer to me will be, if only I could know that your heart had opened to love. Love, Beatrice, love. To-night in your room look in your mirror and tell yourself if it is right that so much beauty should set itself against God's plain purpose."

He spoke rapidly, tremulously, his handsome face almost tragically earnest. In his voice and attitude were expressed the effort his hopes and his fears were making in unison, and in hers she showed that for all her pride and her strength she was compelled to rally all her forces in resistance.

"Let me go—no more of flattery, Amati. Your compliments can not move me. It is late. Let us go in. Ladies, to bed. Amati, I must go; I am tired."

*The next instalment of **"The Duchess of Siona"** will appear in the November number.*

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

What We Are Trying to Do

AT THE beginning of this school year — the third year of the High-School Volunteer effort—we address this word of explanation and a plea for clearer understanding to all the high schools which are about to begin military-training work this fall, and to all Americans who are interested in the development of a better American citizenship.

These two years have been spent in work that we considered purely preliminary.

We had, first, to awaken some degree of interest in military training itself in more high schools in the country.

We had, second, to create in more high schools giving military training an appreciation of the differences between the right and the wrong forms of military training.

We had, third, to interest more schools in the Steever plan and in the idea of a national organization of schools giving training under that plan.

We have tried to do this through the volunteer efforts of the officers in speaking and writing, by the pages of this department contributed by Everybody's, and by the literature and clerical assistance which Everybody's has also contributed.

We have been fairly successful in this preliminary work, so far as the mere interest in military training goes. There has undoubtedly been an increase in active interest in military drill, despite the difficulties in obtaining equipment and instructors due to the war. But it is a question how much of this interest is not itself due merely to the war-interest in things military.

In 1915 there were only one hundred and thirteen public high schools in the country giving military drill of any kind, and including only 14,481 boys. Exact figures are not available; but on the basis of the increase from 1915 to 1916, there are at present three times as many schools giving military drill of some kind.

At this writing, one hundred and ten of these schools are associated with the H. S. V. U. S., forming a loose organization of a kind. A constitution and membership arrangements have been devised. Headquarters has issued regular bulletins to the associated schools, arranged for competitions, assisted schools in obtaining equipment and instructors, and corresponded with many thousands of interested persons desiring information and pushing the movement in their communities.

The schools are divided into six territorial divisions, comprising thirty regiments. Several interschool competitions within these districts, and two national competitions have been held. Two training-camps for instructors and boys have been conducted with the cooperation of military academies who have offered their grounds and facilities.

The first handbook and manual of the H. S. V. U. S. plan of training has been published, giving the regulations, the plan of the first year's military training and the method of organizing a Volunteer Corps.

In some isolated cases the Corps of Volunteers have rendered their communities real civic service and served as an inspiration in practical good citizenship.

But the larger results we have aimed at have not been achieved. *There is little understanding among the high schools of the place of military training in their work, of the possibilities of it, and of the necessity of uniformity in it, and of the real need of a national organization of the schools.* The work in most of the schools is dealt with largely from the military point of view, and little attempt is made to coordinate it with the rest of the educational scheme. Then, too, the spirit of localism exists everywhere, and the schools are not inclined to take the national view-point in this work.

The High-School Volunteers is not interested merely in pushing military drill in the high schools. If this were its sole purpose there would be no excuse whatsoever for the organization's existence. The High-School Volunteers is based on a broad educational idea—a sound, practical, tested, educational idea—namely, that good citizenship can be taught directly through a certain plan of activities, engaged in by boys and girls organized under leaders on a competitive basis, and having the support of the public-school system.

This is the idea behind the Boy Scouts, except that it includes boys below high-school age, both in and out of school. The High-School Volunteers aims to carry on and extend the work of the Boy and Girl Scouts to the boys and girls of high-school age.

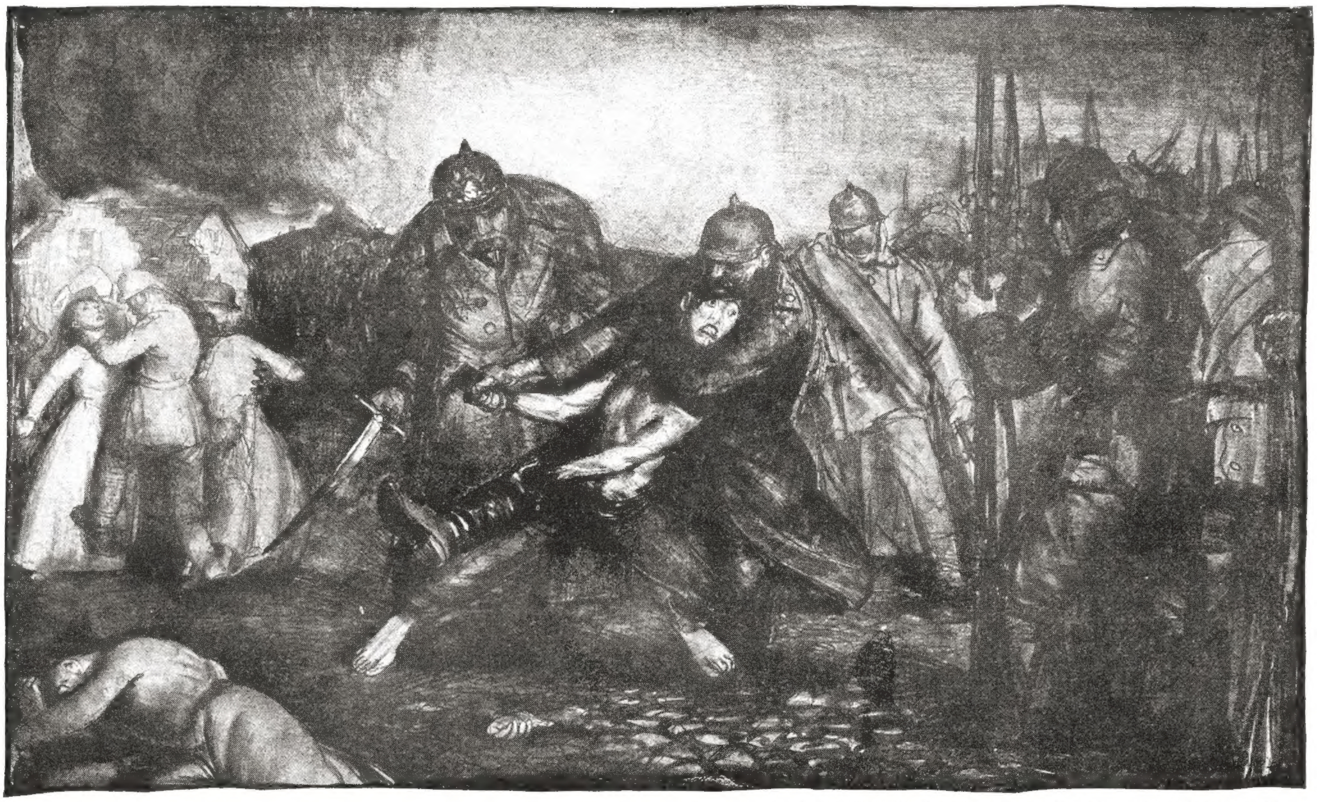
Military drill is only one part of its plan of activities. We believe with the United States Bureau of Education and the most prominent educators that military drill, unrelated to a wider scheme of training, is worse than valueless. It may be harmful. Experience has shown, however, that a cadet corps organized on sound military lines is the best possible nucleus for the citizenship training of the high school. It affords a basis to work on. That, and that only, is why the H. S. V. U. S. is interested in the extension of the cadet-corps idea. But the H. S. V. U. S. is *not* concerned with any high school that wishes to confine its work to mere military drill.

We believe that the character of the high-school boy and girl, the high-school system, the competitive cadet-corps idea form a combination of unique possibilities for direct training in practical citizenship that has not been utilized as the Boy Scouts idea has utilized the younger boys. The manual by Colonel Steever is but one part—a minor part—of the series of larger manuals of citizenship training which we are planning, covering all kinds of school, community and civic activities which can be treated as the raw material of citizenship practise and experiment.

Such a plan of training must be national in scope. It must include as many schools as possible to make its competitive features valuable. It must have a standard of procedure, regulations and equipment in order that the competitive features be possible at all.

To develop and standardize this scheme of training and to arrange and coordinate the interschool, interdistrict, and national competitive features of the plan, a central headquarters with a certain amount of control is necessary, and the headquarters should be maintained by the schools for this purpose. It is a part of the educational service which no single school can supply for itself adequately. All who are interested in it should supply it together, and control it themselves.

The High-School Volunteers, as the only national organization of high schools aiming to promote better citizenship in all its aspects, has a definite function to fulfil and a clear service to perform. It is one of a few national organizations, like the Boy Scouts and the American League for Citizenship, all working toward the same end—to develop a better citizenship in America —and which should be working hand in hand with the help of every American.



FROM A LITHOGRAPH, DRAWN ON THE STONE BY GEORGE BELLOWS

This is Kultur

THERE is no sharper contrast between German Kultur and the civilization that our forefathers died for, than the difference in the attitude of the two civilizations towards women and children.

Kultur in Belgium, and other devastated countries, is a tale so terrible that never yet has one dared more than whisper fragments of it. Yet the wrongs of Belgium, as a State outraged, pale beside the wrongs inflicted in savage, bestial revenge upon its defenceless women and children.

Such a civilization is not fit to live. And God willing, it shall be mended or ended. To this task America summons every loyal heart and hand. It is a Crusade, not merely to re-win the tomb of Christ, but to bring back to earth the rule of right, the peace, good will to men and gentleness He taught.

To carry on this crusade of modern righteousness means not merely that our young men shall cross the seas to fight the Hun. It means that we at home shall uphold them. It means that we shall back them with all things spiritual and material. It means that we shall lend, not merely from our plenty, but that we shall save and serve. It means that we shall give up many things that are dear to us; sacrifice, that our Crusaders may save us and our children from the horrors that have come to the little ones of Belgium and of France.

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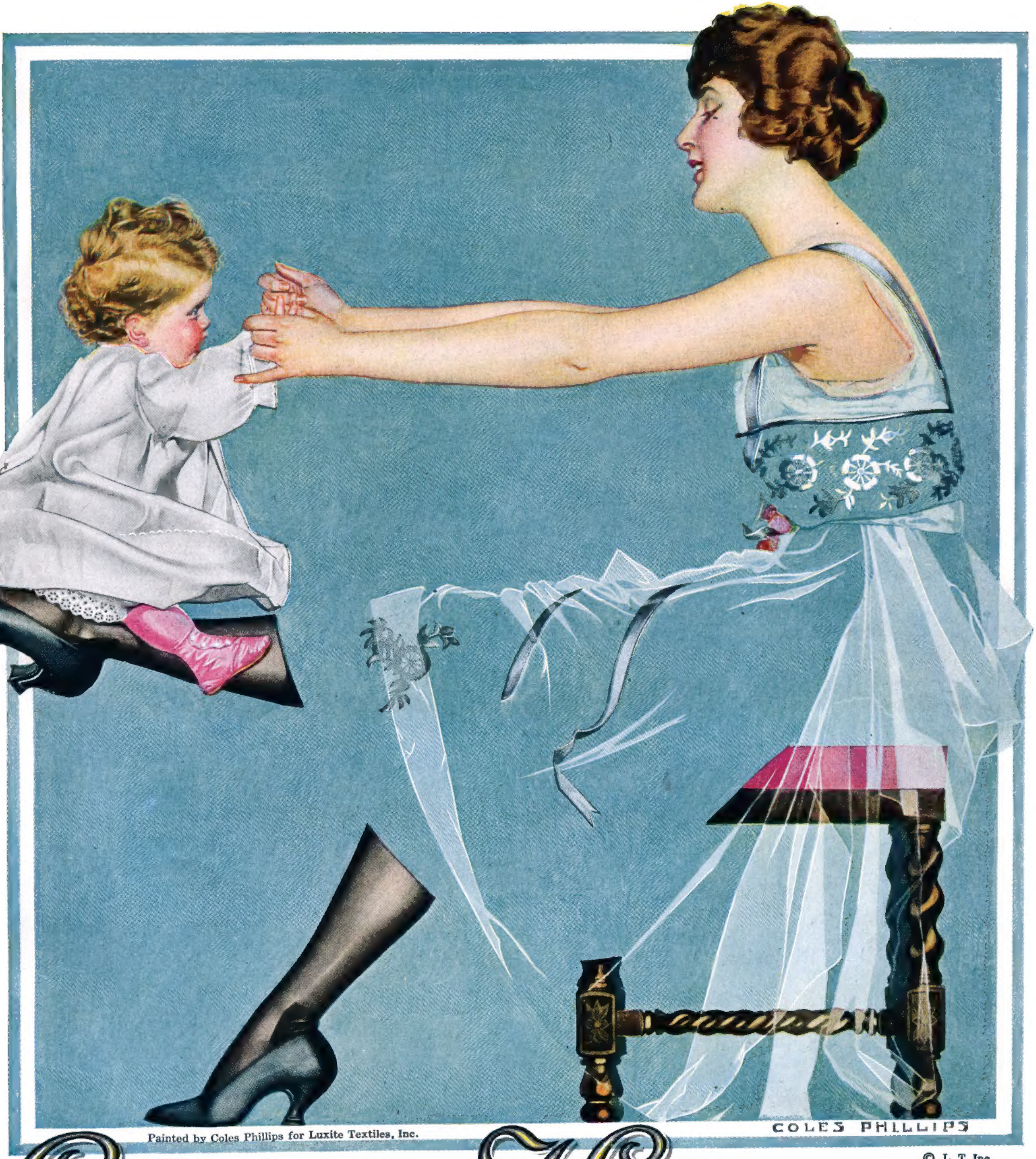

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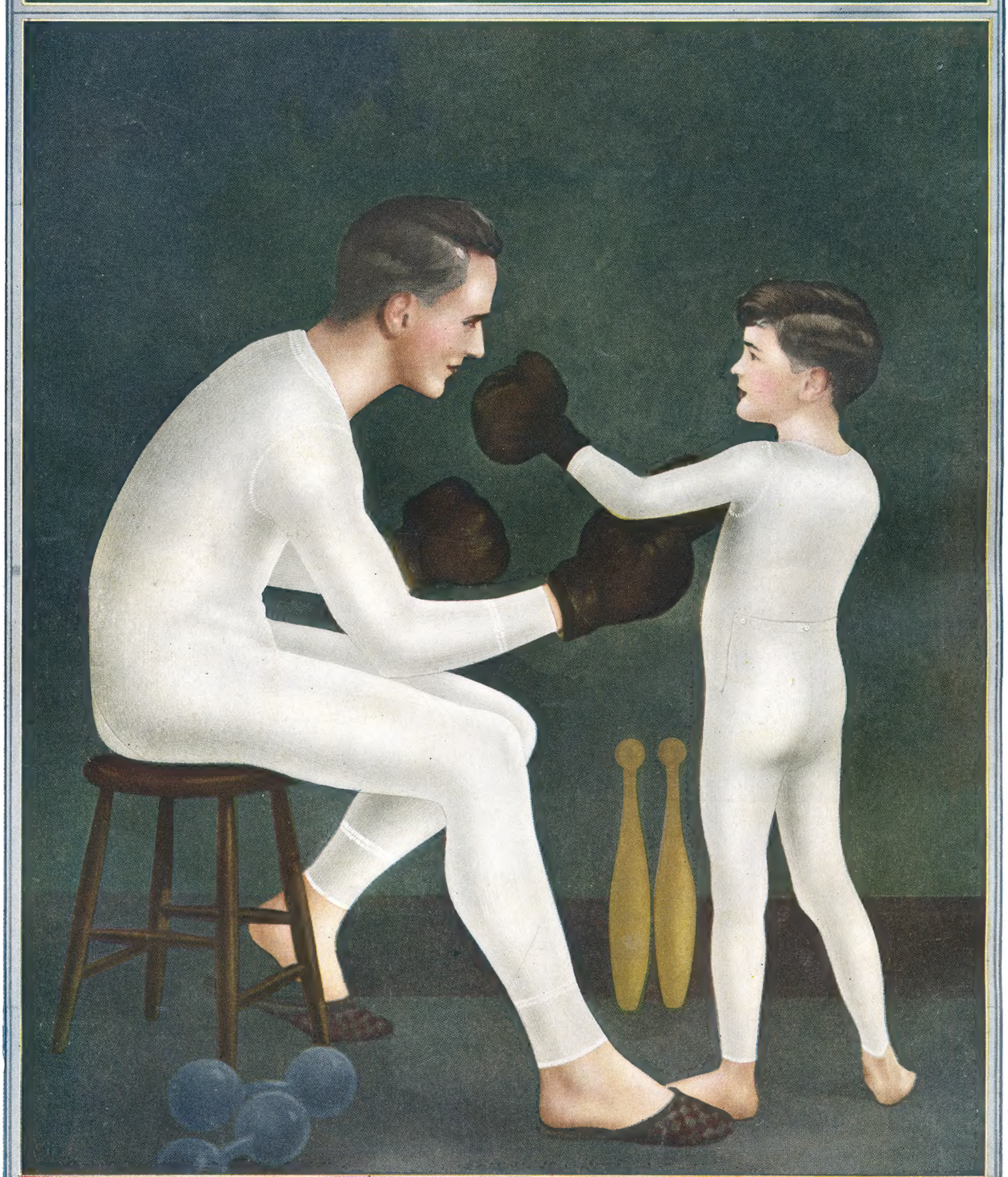

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